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THE NEW YORKER

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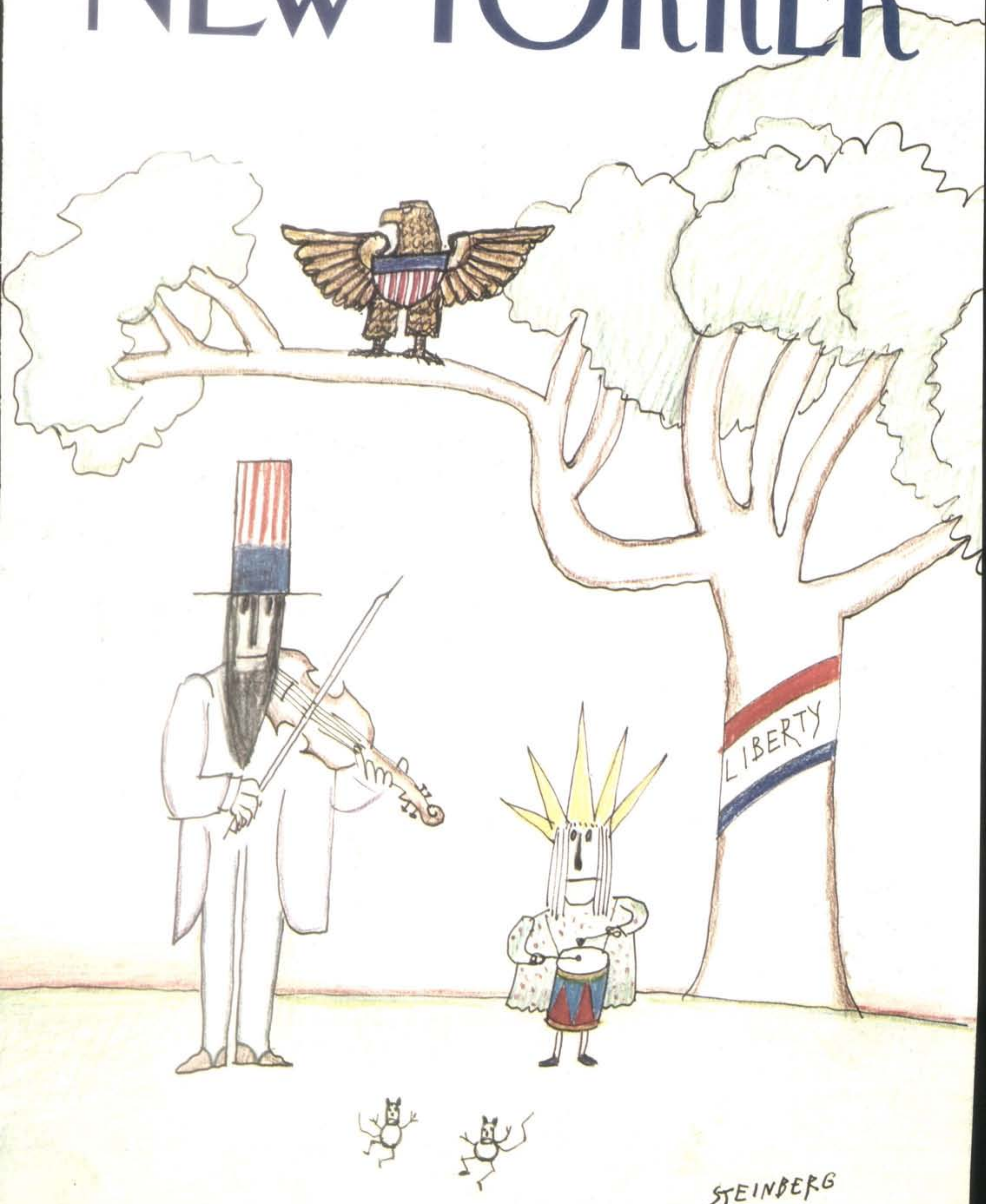
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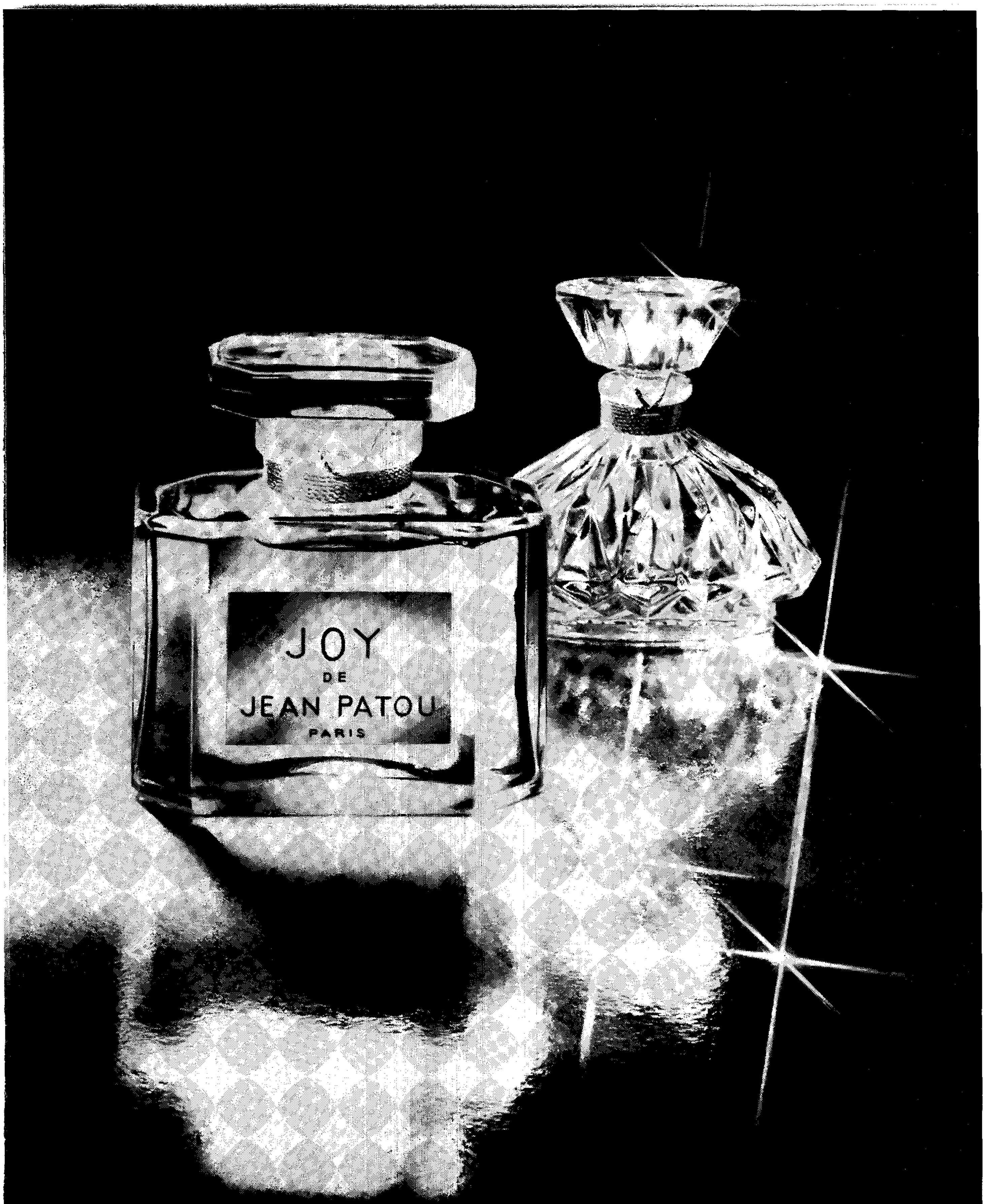
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Place Theatre—Two plays in repertory. **THE IMPOSSIBLE H. L. MENCKEN,** an expanded version of the one-man show seen here last summer, with John Rothman again portraying Mencken. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material more than carries the day. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **SIM: ONE NIGHT WITH A LADY UNDERTAKER FROM TEXAS,** a one-character comedy by William Osborn, with Mary Bozeman. Sundays and Mondays at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

The Bacchae—Michael Cacoyannis has translated and directed a version of the ancient tragedy by Euripides that comes to life only when Irene Papas dominates the stage, and that is for only a few minutes late in the evening. Philip Bosco is her co-star. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—What could make for a thinner evening in the theatre than a young Chicagoan pretending to be Hal Holbrook pretending to be Mark Twain as he strums hard at the banjo and tells stories? The Chicagoan's name is Stephen Wade. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. (Frank Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Brigadoon—The Lerner-Loewe musical is getting on in years, but then so is eighteenth-century Scotland, where the scene is laid. A flawless score, admirably sung, and the de Mille dance numbers are executed with zest and accuracy, Miss de Mille having been on hand to oversee them. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. The dramatist is twenty-three. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

The Connection—A revival of Jack Gelber's strong play about heroin addiction, with the dynamic Morgan Freeman as Cowboy (the "connection"), and four fine jazz musicians. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Sondheim-Gelbart-Shevelove musical **A FUNNY**

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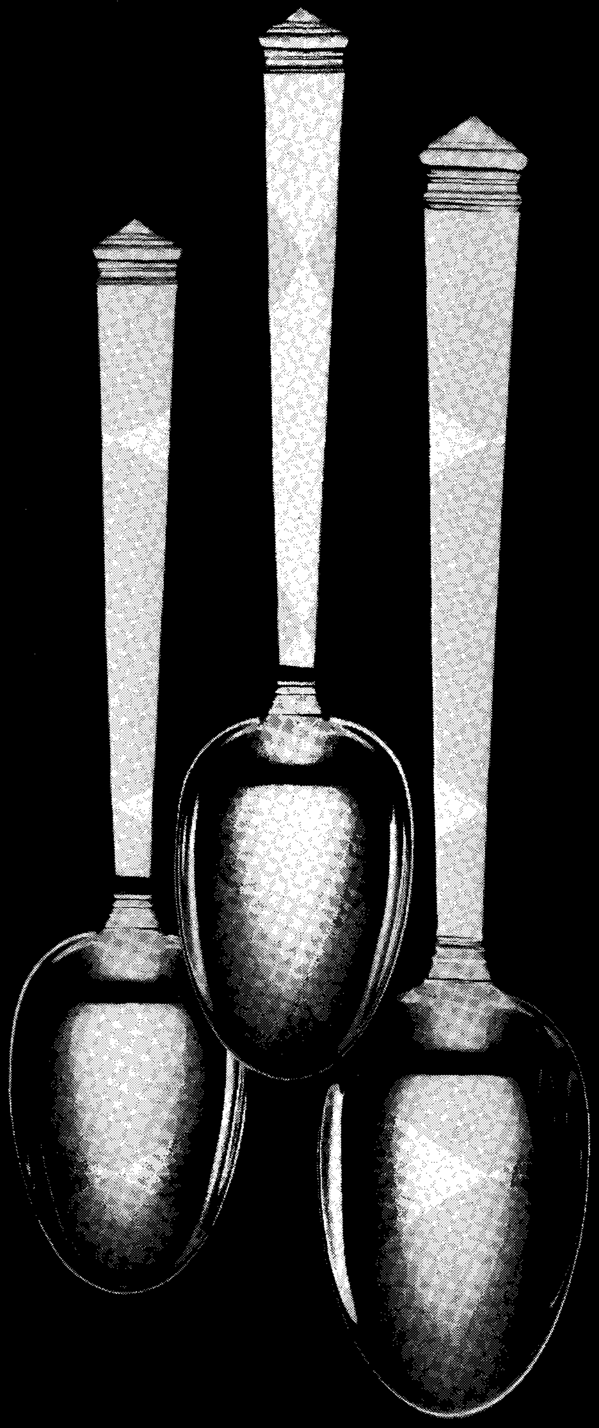

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—Christopher Reeve heads the cast of a new production of Lanford Wilson's comedy (the opening play in the Talley-family cycle). Marshall W. Mason is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 5. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life—A play by Hugh Leonard that develops the character of the Irish civil servant Drumm in his play "Da." Roy Dotrice portrays Drumm. Pat Hingle, Aideen O'Kelly, and Helen Stenborg are also in the cast. Directed by Peter Coe. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 1. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 2. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Election Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **THE SIXTEENTH ROUND** is the first in this season's series of four productions, and is the company's first venture in its new uptown theatre. A punch-drunk, guilt-ridden fighter, the young woman who loves him, and his former sparring partner, who doesn't, are the three characters on hand. The play has some strong scenes and some weak ones; the acting of Rosalind Cash, as the young woman, and of Roscoe Orman, as the partner, is a wonder to behold. Horacena J. Taylor directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

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Phoenix Theatre—Michel Tremblay's distinguished play **BONJOUR, LÀ, BONJOUR**—about a young Québécois who returns to his tangled family in Montreal—is given the distinguished production it deserves by the Phoenix, under the direction of Steven Robman. William Katt is the hero, and Dianne Wiest, Veronica Castang, Judith Drake, Fred Stuthman, and Cara Duff-MacCormick are some of his relatives. Marjorie Kellogg designed the beautiful setting. The first in a series of five productions. (10/27/80) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Quick Change—Michael McGiveney portrays twenty-seven characters in an entertainment devised by himself. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 5.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Suicide—A comedy written in Russia in the nineteen-thirties but never performed there. It is the story of a nebbish who makes good by announcing that he is about to commit suicide. Derek Jacobi is superb in the leading role, but the play lacks invention and has been preposterously overproduced. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tintypes—Five young people, all exceptionally talented, singing and dancing and making delightful fun of our turn-of-the-century forebears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tricks of the Trade—George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere in a mystery by Sidney Michaels. Gilbert Cates is the director. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 29, through Wednesday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Winslow Boy—A revival of a play by Terence Rattigan. Remak Ramsay heads the cast. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,528 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND *TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:*** A *night-club singer with* strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to *the good old days of black vaudeville, in good* old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Election Day at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. *982-9292.* Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Acrobats of Canton—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 3; Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Makarova and Company—"Studies," "Ondine," and Act II of "Paquita." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Night" (première), "Monotones II," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Mythical Hunters," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Momentum," "Fanfarita," "Illuminations," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Mythical Hunters," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Night," "Monotones II," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Momentum," "Fanfarita," "Illuminations," and "Suite Saint-Saens." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Celebration," "L'Air d'Esprit," "Mythical Hunters," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Helena" (première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Celebration," "Random Dances," "Mythical Hunters," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Night," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Helena," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Fanfarita," and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 23.)

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Nureyev and the Boston Ballet—In a full-length production of "La Sylphide," with Ghislaine Thesmar. Opens Thursday, Nov. 6, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. *Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sun*days at 3.)

Jean Erdman—With her company, presenting "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 29-Nov. 2, at 8. Matinée Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Indrani and Sukanya—In a performance of classical Indian dance. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 873-1300, Ext. 566.)

Manuel Alum—A program of solo works. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29; Saturday, Nov. 1; and Monday, Nov. 3, all at 8. For tickets, call 832-1155, Ext. 50.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **DIANE GRAY:** Wednesday, Oct. 29, and Friday, Oct. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2. . . . **CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

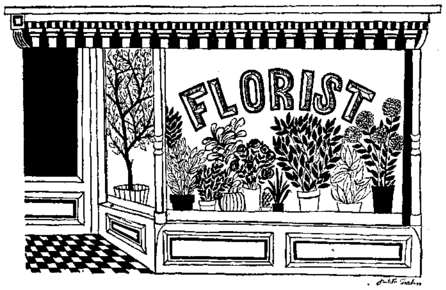
Solomons Company / Dance—Performing "NŌZ," a punk-rock work, and a new work featuring three six-foot-four dancers. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 1-2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors—they form the wainscoting on the side dining-room walls, and there are panelled mirrors in back of the bandstand at the far end of the room. Trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio through Sunday, Nov. 2; on Tuesday, Nov. 4, saxophonist Phil Bodner's trio will take over. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied line-up: Scottish folkie Robin Williamson on Thursday, Oct. 30; the Uncle Floyd Show on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1; percussionist **AIRTO** and his vocalist wife **FLORA PURIM** on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 3-4; the **ROCHES,** three folk-harmony-singing sisters, Wednesday, Nov. 5; John Kay and his rock band, Steppenwolf, and Richard Belzer, a very funny comedian, on Thursday, Nov. 6; and tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine *and midnight. Dining. Closed Wednesday,* Oct. 29.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **AL DAILEY** and a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 1, and pianist **HORACE PARLAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** starting Monday, Nov. 3. On Sunday, Nov. 2, Michael Moriarty, the actor, will be singing at the piano, with bassist Jay Leonhart backing him up. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** holds court with his trusty sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Social Climbers on Wednesday, Oct. 29; Major Chill and Drongoes on Thursday, Oct. 30; Student Teachers, Colors, and Cooties on Friday, Oct. 31; and Revelons and Cheap Perfume on Saturday, Nov. 1. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

The Conservatory, *in the Mayflower Hotel,* Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is once again in action conserving American popular music, along with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down-hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Nov. 2, saxophonist Bob Kindred will head a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and positively first-rate jazz. **TEDDY WILSON,** the pianist who did magical things for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday, is being discovered by a whole

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new generation of jazz admirers; through Sunday, Nov. 2. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** will arrive with a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, bi-level square room that has brought in **NANCY WILSON,** a very fine singer when she isn't being theatrical. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family—Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks is the name they go by—perform here through Sunday, Nov. 2; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 6-9, will belong to singer **CHRIS CONNOR.** On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with bassist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Sundays, from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired player, is present through Saturday, Nov. 1. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—will begin a month-long visit. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall perform for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 29, Snakefinger and Disturbed Furniture; Thursday, Oct. 30, the Spectres and Superheroes; Friday, Oct. 31, the Spectres and the Shades; Saturday, Nov. 1, Speedies and Dizzy & the Romilars; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, ROVA Saxophone Quartet and Public Servants. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, the guest musicians will be **RED RODNEY** and **IRA SULLIVAN** on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1; and trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8. On Sundays, percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** co-pilot a combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. The musicians they'll be listening to are **BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, composer, music professor, and National Public Radio star, and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** Tuesdays through Saturdays; and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambiance is more representative of Austin than Dallas. The musical standouts: Bobby Bare on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30; Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Nov. 2; **JAMES BROWN** on Monday, Nov. 3; **LEVON HELM** on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 4-5; and Gary Stewart on Thursday, Nov. 6. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN,** a wonderfully rich baritone, whose best recording still may be the one he cut years ago with John Coltrane, is here now. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 29, National Emergency, Brodoff, and Intensions; Thursday, Oct. 30, Nitecaps and Minx; Friday, Oct. 31, Cheetah Chrome and the Blessed; Saturday, Nov. 1, Johnny Thunders' So Alone Revue and Sirius; Sunday, Nov. 2, Wheels, Disturbance, and Yellow Jackets; Monday, Nov. 3, Popular Science, 2nd Thoughts, and Flint; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, Wild Ones, Skin, and Jetz. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television critic, sings music-hall numbers with John Chilton's Feetwarmers through Saturday, Nov. 1. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, Carolyn Leigh will sing some of the songs she wrote the lyrics for. They include "Hey, Look Me Over," "I Gotta Crow," "Witchcraft," and "When in Rome." The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, will be claimed by drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his 1980 edition of the **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will lead his jazz-rock outfit; on Friday, Oct. 31, two rockabilly singers, Billy Burnette and Will Rambeau, will trade sets; on Saturday, Nov. 1, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** will play some original rockabilly; and on Thursday, Nov. 6, folkies **JIM RINGER & MARY MC CASLIN** will perform. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An upstairs jazz room and bar. On Wednesday, Oct. 29, bassist **RON MC CLURE,** saxophonist **ALEX FOSTER,** pianist **JIM MC NELLY,** and drummer **BILLY HART** team up; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, singer Diane Snow's quartet will be on hand; on Sunday, Nov. 2, **RON CARTER,** who has switched back to the double bass, will lead a trio; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 3-5, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will work with a drummer; and on Thursday, Nov. 6, singer Carol Fredette will bring in a combo. Music from about ten. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his band play bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco. A very large ballroom—the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet—remodelled in 1935 to accommodate neighborhood ethnic social-club affairs, and then used for nearly twenty-five years as an RCA recording studio. Now it belongs to the post-Pepsi generation. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 29, **TODD RUNDGREN'S** theatre-pop-rock band, Utopia; Friday, Oct. 31, the Surf Punks and Stiff Little Fingers; Saturday, Nov. 1, Angel City; Sunday, Nov. 2, the Slits; Monday, Nov. 3, guitar wizard **RY COODER;** and Tuesday, Nov. 4, **BURNING SPEAR,** many people's favorite reggae band. Music after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, an uninspired tribute to Gershwin is underway, with **NELL CARTER,** Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty; and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Convenient to SoHo (South of Houston), NoHo (North of Houston), Tribeca (Triangle Below Canal), and Benthwesh (Beneath the West Side Highway). **JIMMY MC GRIFF,** a jumping organist, leads his jumping band through Saturday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday, Nov. 4, the fine hard-bop trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will bring in a quintet. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 29, French horn soloist **JOHN CLARK;** Thursday, Oct. 30, pianist and composer Charlie Smalls; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his hard-bop sextet, the Rising Sun; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 4-5, Jorge Dalto's Latin-jazz band. Music from ten to two nightly. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to pianist

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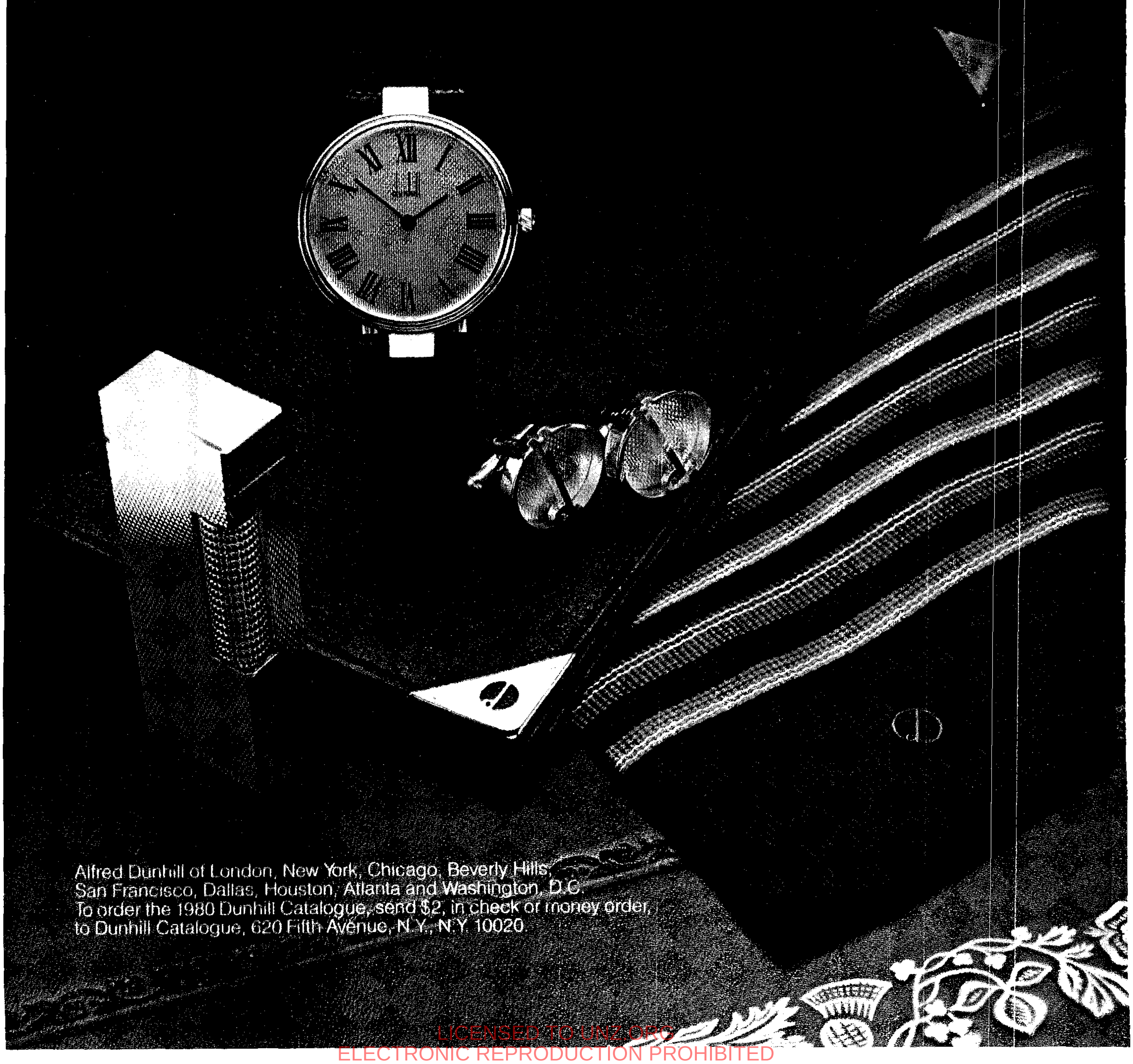

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JUNIOR MANCE and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Nov. 1, and to pianist **EDDIE HEYWOOD** beginning Tuesday, Nov. 4. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN'S** quartet performs through Saturday, Nov. 1; Sundays belong to a fine foot-stamping blues singer (and a vibrato-laden ballad singer), **DAKOTA STATON;** and on Tuesday, Nov. 4, saxophonist **PETE YELLIN** will move in with his combo. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; solo pianist **DWIKE MITCHELL** alternates with the trio Thursdays through Saturdays; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS,** pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA** will be there, too. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at eight-thirty. Mondays are claimed by vibraharpist **WARREN CHAISSON** and bassist **RICK LAIRD** at nine-thirty.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock jazz, ska, and blues lineup. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** will sing about prison, wimmin, hurricanes, bad luck, and trouble, and play a few of his favorite guitar chords. On Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6, **SAM & DAVE,** who are usually clad in pink- or apricot-polyester tuxedos, will sing some frenetic, high-pitched soul music. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St. near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Oct. 29, Johnny Barnes; Thursday, Oct. 30, Soldier and **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool; Friday, Oct. 31, Blotto; Saturday, Nov. 1, Billy Burnette; Monday, Nov. 3, Short Stuff; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, John Hiatt and Zenith Nadir. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** play uplifting and absolutely irresistible dance music from the thirties and forties, and the management has obligingly installed a dance floor in the barnlike downstairs room. The Sultans play Fridays from ten and Saturdays from midnight. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** still a flame-throwing tenor-sax soloist, leads his quintet through Sunday, Nov. 2; on Tuesday, Nov. 4, the **HEATH BROTHERS** (saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY**) and three family friends—pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** drummer **AKIRA TANA,** and guitarist **TONY PURRONE**—will take charge. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Sadik Hakim Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, will be given over to saxophonist Percy France. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GRATEFUL DEAD—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 7:30.

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FRANK ZAPPA—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8. Extra performance Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

HUBERT LAWS AND FAMILY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

THE CRUSADERS—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 31, at 9.

ANNE MURRAY—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.

LES LUTHIERS—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8.

TALKING HEADS—Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

POINTER SISTERS—With Ray, Goodman & Brown. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

SONIC UNION—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 964-3776.

SPYRO GYRA AND TOM BROWNE—With Sea Level. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

TRIBUTE TO ROY HAYNES—The lineup: Ray Barretto, Gary Bartz, Joe Albany, Clifford Jordan, Mel Lewis, Eddie Gomez, and Red Rodney, among others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

SUNI PAZ, WENDY BLACKSTONE, AND MARTHA SIEGEL—Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3. Admission by contribution.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Oct. 31: Screamin' Jay Hawkins and the Misfits. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1: The Photos. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8: Ultravox. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows start about 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays: Jam Session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30: Sadik Hakim trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1: Arthur Rhames quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Oct. 30: Paul Burwell, Leslie Dalaba, Wayne Horvitz, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1: Steve Lacy quintet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5: ROVA Sax quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6: Henry Kaiser. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7: Eugenio Arango and Totico y Sus Rumberos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8: Sonny Sharrock. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER (1856-1915)—Idealized figures and other paintings by an American Art Nouveau stylist who was enormously popular in his lifetime. Through Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HORST ANTES—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ELEANOR ANTIN—Currently, this protean artist has transformed herself into the ballerina Eleanora Antinova, and her memoir of life with the Diaghilev troupe is set forth in her own handwriting, accompanied by delicate wash drawings and antique-looking photographs. Through Nov. 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Strange constructions involving antique building blocks, mannequin heads, brass bells, old toys, and so on. Through Nov. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GANDY BRODIE (1925-75)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with sources in nature—"Emerald Lichen," for example. Through Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JACK BUSH (1910-77)—Paintings in which two or three large, simple abstract forms are distributed on the canvas and painted in contrasting colors. The artist was a Canadian. Through Nov. 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

REBECCA DAVENPORT—Large oil paintings of interiors, done with unusual exactitude by a Washington, D.C., artist, who seems attracted by rumpled beds, stacks of old newspapers and magazines, antique dolls. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON (1913-80)—A small memorial show of paintings and drawings culled from the works he did in the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Nov. 12. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

JAN HOLCOMB—Ceramic figures, three or four feet high and mostly grotesqueries, plus a few ceramic wall pieces in relief. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

GYÖRGY KEPES—Recent works—oil and sand in abstract patterns. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Sculptures designed as playhouses for children. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

DAVID LUND—Pastels. Through Nov. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROGER MÜHL—Alpine landscapes done in pale colors by a painter who works mainly with a palette knife. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Rather stiff oil paintings—portraits of Michelle Stuart and Maureen Connor, nude males, and tondo full-face studies. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

WALTER STEIN—An installation of eight three-dimensional paintings called "Music Room." Through Dec. 6. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

N. C. WYETH (1882-1945)—Paintings of the Wild West by this master of the hell-for-leather genre—bronco-busting, Indians on the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **A. M. ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: European masters are represented in this exhibition of thirty or so recently acquired drawings, among which the works of Pascin and Picasso stand out. Through Jan. 10. . . . **ARMAN,** a recently opened gallery at 817 Madison Ave., near 68th St.: A sheaf of trompe-l'oeil: Fragments of what look like ancient classical frescoes by Peter Saari; paintings (on shaped canvas) of ordinary United Parcel packages by Daniel Douke; and shadows of living-room furniture done on the panels of a screen by Jack Radetsky. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings; among the earliest, a sixteenth-century self-portrait of Annibale Carracci; the most recent a twentieth-century watercolor by T. Panov. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Forty-four prints and watercolors by German

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Expressionists (Böckstiegel, Dix, Heckel, Rohlfs, and others) from a private collection. Through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, among them Alexej Jawlensky, Gabriele Münter, and August Macke. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings of interiors by five gallery artists: Frank Holmes, Frances Cohen Gillespie, Helen Miranda Wilson, Christin Couture, and Tommasi Ferroni. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **KRASNER,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A watercolor of a docked ocean liner by Reginald Marsh and an oil pastoral by Milton Avery are among the stars in a showing of newly acquired works. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **MATHES,** 19 E. 71st St.: "American Flower Painting 1850-1950," a survey that includes works by Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Glackens. Through Dec. 6. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A recently acquired Braque, dated 1926, is among the sparkling works in the current exhibition—Léger, Dufy, Vlaminck, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **REED,** 120 E. 78th St.: Self-portraits by Americans. Those on view for the first time are by Alice Neel, Audrey Flack, Warren Brandt, Ben Schonzeit, and Ellsworth Kelly. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 29. (Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—Accomplished paintings and drawings by an Israeli artist who depicts everything around him—his sleeping wife, slices of bread, the landscape out the window, himself. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

JAMES BISHOP—Minimalist paintings done in layers of white. Through Nov. 12. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RICHARD BOSMAN—Desperate situations depicted in an elementary style and bright, thickly painted oils—a sailor who is trying to unfurl the mainsail while the sail above him burns, e.g. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GARY BOWER / EMILIO AMBASZ—Narrative paintings in which sketchily drawn figures (for the most part) illustrate the artist's notions about Matisse and a number of disparate other topics. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. / Drawings for and models of a projected underground summer house in Spain. Through Friday, Nov. 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

FRANCO CIARLO—New work in his established style—ancient-looking fragments of fresco paintings (his own) transferred to sheets of sheer cotton fabric about eight feet tall and four feet wide. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLOUGH—Collages by an artist who glues clipped reproductions (of de Kooning, Delacroix, Courbet) to paper in random patterns, paints abstract swirls of enamel over them with his fingers, and cuts out the result for hanging on a wall. Also paintings based on these works. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Pam Adler, in a new location at 37 W. 57th St.)

RACKSTRAW DOWNES—Two allied exhibits of wide-view landscapes of New York City and Maine: paintings at Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 29), and the working drawings at Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 22).

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Watercolor caricatures of life in Tunisia. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Severely formal abstract works in which rectangular areas of color are worked over, and transformed, by shading done with a hard pencil. Through Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Paintings of Moroccan and French landscapes, plus still-lifes of big red onions, peaches, asparagus, red cabbage. Through Nov. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

KYOHEI INUKAI—Landscapes, most of them done with special attention to the sky. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Suzuki, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD KALINA—Decorative paintings whose central figures range from sea horses and lighthouses to tornadoes. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

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ELLEN LANYON—Gently surrealist drawings and paintings on avian and nature themes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RAY LEWIS—Circles, semicircles, and arcs done in acrylics, pastel, and charcoal on cotton duck that has been stained here and there. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIZA MOORE—Collages combining cutout and painted wood, steel, and paper. Through Nov. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

RODRIGO MOYNIHAN / AUGUST SANDER (1876-1964)—Portraits along with stark still-lifes of artists' tools. / Photographic portraits of German artists, including Mahler. Through Nov. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DOMENICO PALADINO—A member of a prominent group of Italian painters who both rebel against and make use of their aesthetic tradition. These works—paintings and drawings—are mostly abstract. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

J. ESTEBAN PEREZ—Variations on a checkerboard theme done in fired enamel on steel panels by a Chilean artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAMES RISSER—Collages on paper reflecting the artist's travels in Europe, Mexico, and Japan. Several of the works incorporate Japanese maps upon which a child's arithmetic lesson is superimposed by a transfer process. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—A show of new works includes the controversial "Gay Liberation," which looks unexceptionable enough in this setting. Among other figures are two steel puddlers standing before the door of a white-hot blast furnace. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, in new quarters at 110 W. 57th St.)

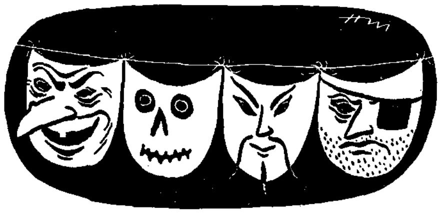
SYLVIA STONE—Abstract wall reliefs consisting of contiguous sheets of Formica, brass, and Plexiglas. Through Nov. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAULE VEZELAY—Paintings, drawings, and constructions done over the past fifty years by an eighty-eight-year-old woman who is said to have been the first British artist to work in a totally abstract manner. She lived in Paris for years and was a friend of Arp, and there is a similarity in their work. Through Nov. 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN WILLENBECHER—Painted sculptural works consisting of a dozen good-size wood or Masonite cones, spheres, and pyramids (in varying combinations) strung like a necklace on heavy rope. There are also other wall pieces, called "Grottos," which suggest cathedral entrances. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN WILMARTH—Dark-toned encaustic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Three hundred woodcuts (by Will Barnet, Childe Hassam, Anne Ryan, and others) dating from 1850 to 1950. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: German portrait drawings that date from the late nineteenth century to the thirties by Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Palmer, Richard Mayhew, Robert Vickrey, and Emlen Etting. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **OOSTEROM,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works in which the human figure is an element, by seven artists, among them Ed Askew, Pinchas Cohen Gan, and Philip Guston. Through Tuesday, Nov. 4.



NOTE—Pierre Cardin, to celebrate the opening of his fashion salon at 53 East 57th Street, has put on display a hundred paintings and sculptures selected by the French critic André Parinaud to show what has been going on in the art world outside the United States since 1950. Many of the artists are already well known here—Balthus, Christo, Botero, Dubuffet, Matta, Tinguely—but there are surprises enough in the collection, and the setting is very high-toned. Through Friday, Oct. 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN BALDESSARI / ALBERT RENGER-PATZSCH (1897-1966)—A small group of photographs, entitled "Fugitive Essays": a sleeping zebra, say, or a man's bare back / Vintage photographs of industrial sites and architecture. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Two huge murals, reconstructed for this show by the artist from the original sketches done for two W.P.A. projects, are seen to advantage on the walls of this new SoHo branch of the Washburn gallery, at 113 Greene St. Other Bolotowsky works, dated 1935-45, are on view at the uptown gallery, at 42 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 1.

JONATHAN BOROFSKY—A carnival of the artist's fantasies—hanging from the ceiling, drawn on the walls, appearing in leaflets scattered on the floor, and issuing from video installations. He's the one who numbers his works, and he is high up in his second million now. Through Nov. 15. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

PAUL BROWN / TOM CLANCY—Large oil canvases on which simple, goblet-like forms are painted in bold colors on contrasting grounds. / A hundred and twenty pages of *Times* want ads that have been dipped in paraffin wax are laid out in what appears to be a single sheet, thirty-six feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MURIEL CASTANIS / DUANE HANSON—In these ghostly sculptures, clearly outlined classical figures seem to be present under voluminous shrouds, but there is nothing there at all except the drapery, which is made of cloth stiffened with resin. / A new group of this artist's life-size, super-lifelike painted sculptures—a seated man with his leg in an autographed cast, a cleaning woman with all her paraphernalia. . . . ¶ In the front gallery are three massive sculptures by Jay Wholly—oak tree trunks sawed down the middle and supported on Corten-steel frames. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

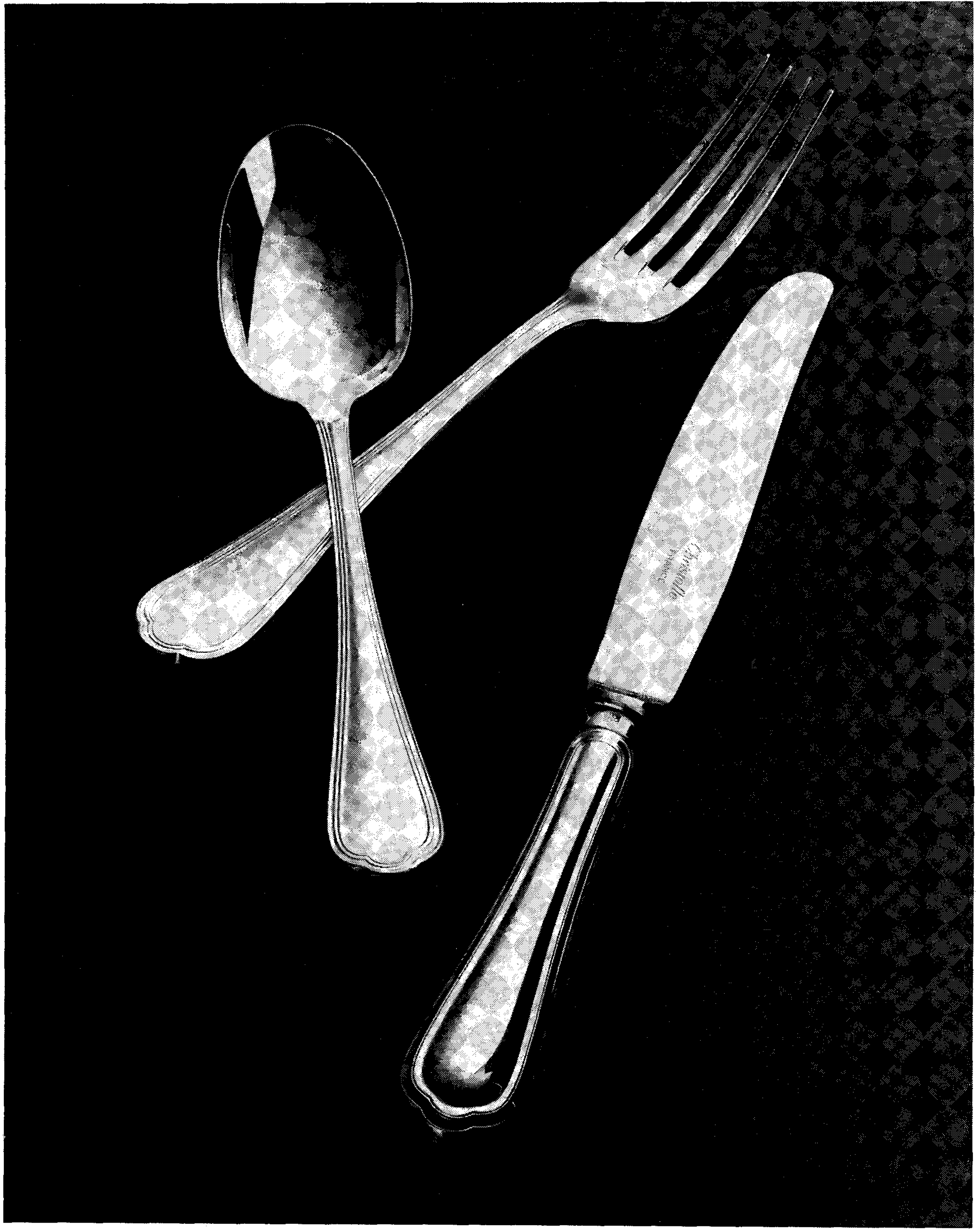
HILO CHEN / SUSAN PEAR MEISEL—Photo-Realist paintings of nudes, often basking on a downtown rooftop. / Sketchily painted acrylics of Washington, D.C., architecture. These, by the way, are shown in one of several new rooms just opened by the gallery. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

MARILYN CROCKETT / MARK MELOY—Checkerboard arrangements, five feet square, of graduated colors painted on linen. / Constructivist compositions of large, hard-edge geometric shapes painted in primary colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MARY GRIGORIADIS—Pattern paintings done in a thick impasto and in Byzantine designs that might have been borrowed from old-time movie-palace decorations. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

ELAINE HUYER—Large, gentle abstractions in

☐ AT BACCARAT, NEW YORK AND OTHER SELECTED STORES • PATTERN: SPATOURS ☐



J.E. CALDWELL, PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON, D.C. • J.B. HUDSON JEWELERS, MINNEAPOLIS

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Christofle sur la table

which a triangular figure recurs. Through Nov. 9. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Kathlyn Ince / Andrew Jansons—Large paintings of greenhouses, some of them run-down and full of weeds and others doing well. / Small abstract paintings in violent acrylic colors. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Mario Merz—Unstretched canvas with neon lights. Through Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Mueller—Large canvases on which a single ambiguous organic form emerges from a rather misty background. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Graham Nickson—Huge, strange paintings (one is thirteen feet long) of figures in mysterious settings, which the artist says are archetypal landscapes, blending Italian, Balkan, and American scenery. Through Nov. 15. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ann Norton—Craggy sculptures hacked and sawed out of big blocks of cedar. The artist calls them "Gateways." Through Nov. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Ed Puls—Allegorical paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Twenty drawings and collages by a naif Mexican artist who spent most of his life in a mental hospital and worked on whatever scraps of paper he could find. His representations of trains are especially remarkable. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Paul Rickert—Nocturnal paintings, for the most part, in which the lights of a railroad station or along a rainswept highway form spectral cones in the misty darkness. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Paul Sarkisian—Large trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Stephen Seemayer—A series of small collage drawings in which the Los Angeles skyline is afire and the artist's Social Security number is emblazoned among the flames. A video installation depicts the same theme. Through Nov. 12. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Francesc Torres—Two installations, one given over largely to half a dozen video screens showing Carter and Reagan campaigning, and the other to a portrait of Lenin hanging on the wall above a sort of altar of liquor bottles. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—Recent paintings by an artist much attracted to wooded landscapes. Some of the pictures are abstract, some realistic. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

William Wegman / Donna Dennis—20 x 24 Polaroids made at the Polaroid laboratories in Cambridge with a camera the size of a refrigerator; the subjects are a dog and a woman (who in one series is making faces at the lens). / The sterile bleakness of tiled subway entrances is caught in drawings and small maquettes by this artist, who specializes in the field. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Drawings, models, and plans for houses designed by Emilio Ambasz, Peter Eisenman, Vittorio Gregotti, Arata Isozaki, Charles Moore, Cesar Pelli, Cedric Price, and Oswald Mathias Ungers. Through Nov. 15. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **marino**, 489 Broome St.: Works by ten artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Beth Ames Swartz, and Rosalind Archer, in which fire is the subject and, quite often, the medium (words scorched on paper, or holes burned in it). Through Nov. 15. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs. Through Nov. 21. (La Maison Française, Columbia University, East Hall, Broadway at 116th St. Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5.)

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Peter Gourfain—Semi-abstract watercolors and ink drawings of the sea—off Block Island, in the stormy mid-Atlantic, in the Channel, off Coney Island. Through Nov. 15. (Rentschler, in a penthouse at 450 W. 24th St.)

Peter Lobello—Abstract drawings in colored pencil on dark-toned paper with a strip of metal superimposed, plus several sculptural pieces, including a model of his enormous sunburst of bronze rods that decorates the lobby of the new Hyatt hotel. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Carlson, 33 Bleecker St., between the Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Margot Robinson—Abstract sculptures—small ones in bronze and larger ones in wood—plus paintings in oil or acrylic. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Thomas A. Rose / Larry Clark—An enclosure, built with wood and hardware cloth, that holds ladders, chairs, toys, and so forth. / Photographs of teen-age habitués of Forty-second Street. Through Nov. 15. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Elfi Schuselka—Gauzy abstract paintings. Through Nov. 15. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Kurt Vonnegut—Fifty felt-tip-pen drawings: semi-abstract figures, faces, and objects. Through Nov. 15. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruffin Cooper, Jr.—Photographs in a series entitled "Taos Church." Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Victor Keppler—Advertising photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Soft-focus color prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, photographs, and photoplastiks. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

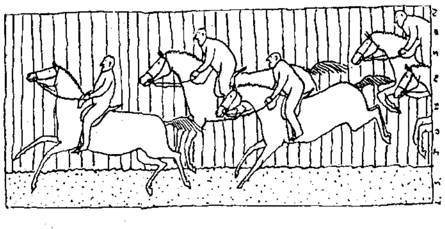
Hans Namuth—Photographs of Jackson Pollock in his studio in 1950-51. Through Nov. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Arnold Newman / Luigi Ghirri—Portraits of four decades. / Photographs of contemporary Italy. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Walter Rosenblum—Documentary photographs of the schools, hospitals, streets, and citizens of the South Bronx. Through Nov. 26. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Keiichi Tahara—Photographs of views from Paris windows. Through Nov. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photographs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of gardens. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)



Fashion Photography—Two shows: Works by George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68), an early contributor to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . ¶ A selection (by Diana Vreeland) of fifty black-and-white photographs, including portraits of Josephine Baker, Chanel, and Audrey Hepburn, by Horst, Irving Penn, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Both shows through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Rembrandt, Gauguin, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Motherwell's graphics. Starts Thursday, Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large three-dimensional aluminum mural and other works, fifty-five in all, by Yaacov Agam. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 2.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the celebrated paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Brancusi opens at 1:15 Wednesdays, and closes at 12:30 Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials—from the contents of a Bedouin tent to a Siberian *yakut*—as

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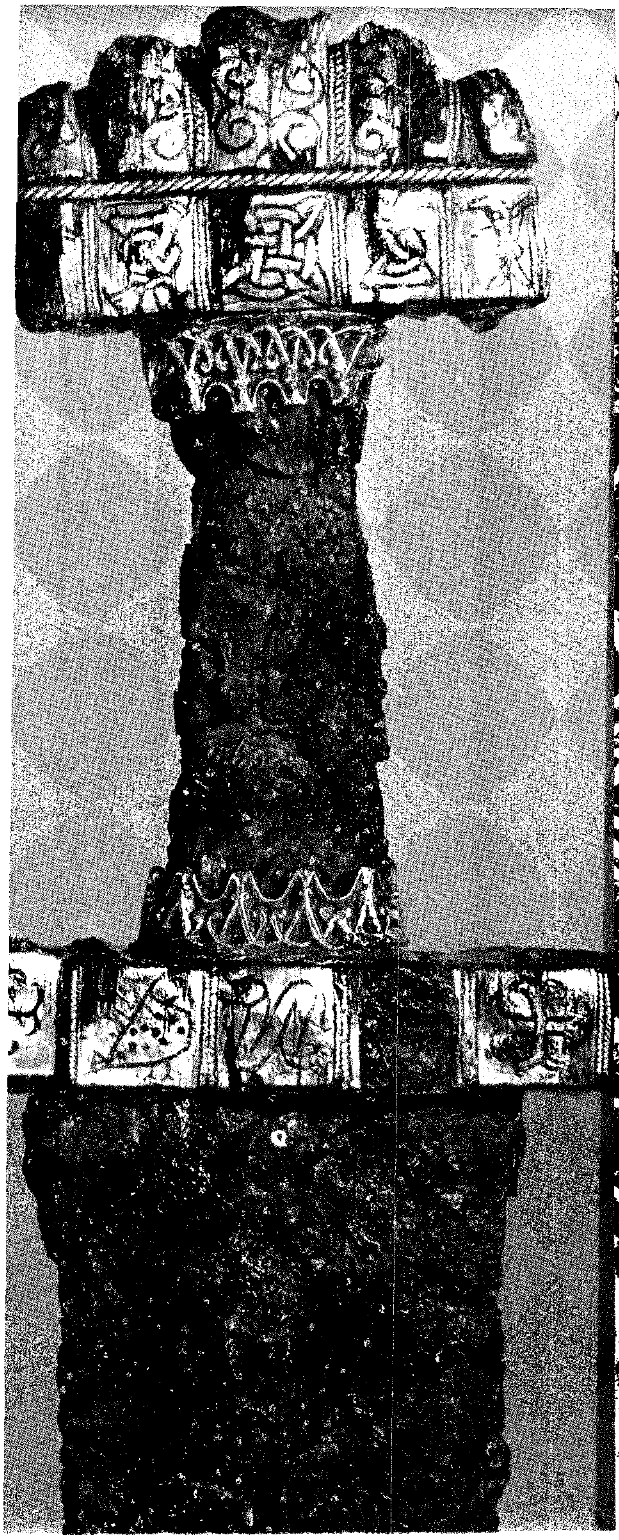

The Vikings. Their art was

For a thousand years the gleam of Viking swords has blinded us from seeing the true artistry of these bold adventurers.

But an important new exhibition now at The Metropolitan Museum of Art shows their other side. They were shrewd administrators, skilled artisans, and avid traders who sailed the periphery of much of the known world, and beyond.

It's through these collected artifacts

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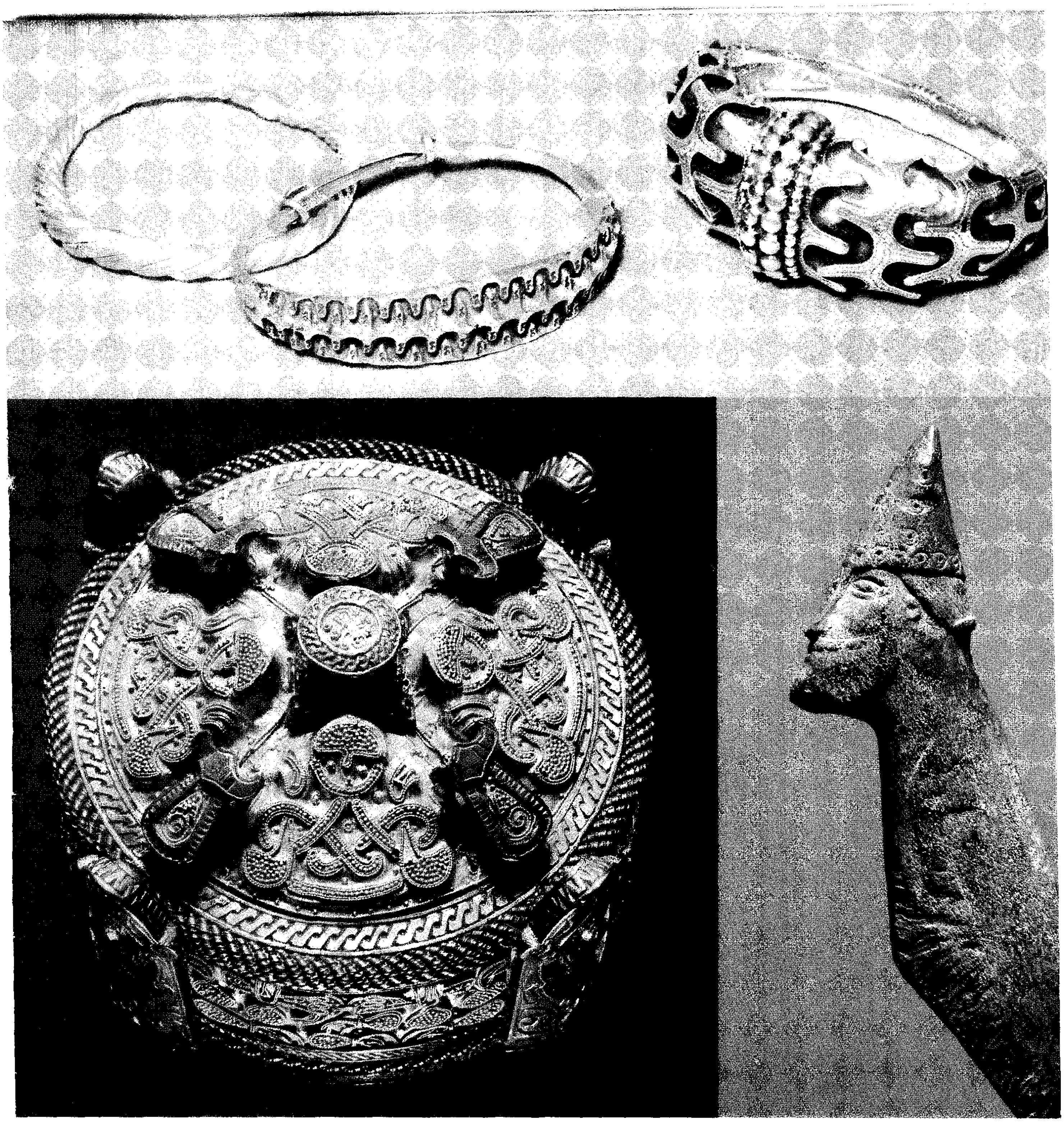

as awesome as their sword.

and treasures that we gain new insight into this culture, a glimpse into the very life of the Vikings, and a part of their heritage we may not have known or appreciated.

American Express® is very pleased to be able to bring this highly acclaimed exhibition to the United States. We believe that an understanding of different cultures can help make it easier for the peoples of the world to talk to one another.

The Vikings at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Now through Jan. 4, 1981.
Made possible in part by a grant from the American Express Foundation.

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

"THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CAR OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY."

Don Sherman: Car and Driver, July 1980

"I hereby nominat the Volkswagen Ra bit as the most signif cant car of the las quarter-century. It's the only automobile in the world that actually anticipated the energ cataclysm we've suffered through for the las six and a half years and conducte its affairs accordingly.

"The Beetle put millions of peopl on wheels, but it was the Rabbit th introduced them to efficiency. By efficiency, mean the most people-miles per gallon, a index the Rabbit established roughly si years ago. The pretenders to this throne ar ten deep at last count, and still more are wa ing in the wings.

"We all love this car as family sedan, a

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iesel car, as sports coupe (Scirocco nd also as convertible while our own ankee ingenuity has spawned the VW ickup Truck. As if this weren't enough, olkswagen engineers have testified hat a Rabbit capable of 80 mpg is well vithin the realm of possibility. You'd be olish to doubt their word.

IMPROVED.

How do you imrove the most signicant car of the last uarter-century? Signifiantly. But not recklessly. Or mindlessly. he magic change for 1981 is improved passing power *and* improved conomy at the same time. EPA estimated 8 mpg, 42 mpg highway estimate. se "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.) The 1981 interiors are lavish. (If you woke up in a Rabbit, you'd never guess it was a Rabbit.) The headlights, taillights and grille are sleeker and even more functional.

The thing to remember is that the improvements started with the Rabbit itself.

We are proud and pleased to have been honored by *Car and Driver*, but not totally surprised. An awful lot of work went into it.

We will keep on working. And we hope to do as well in the next quarter-century.

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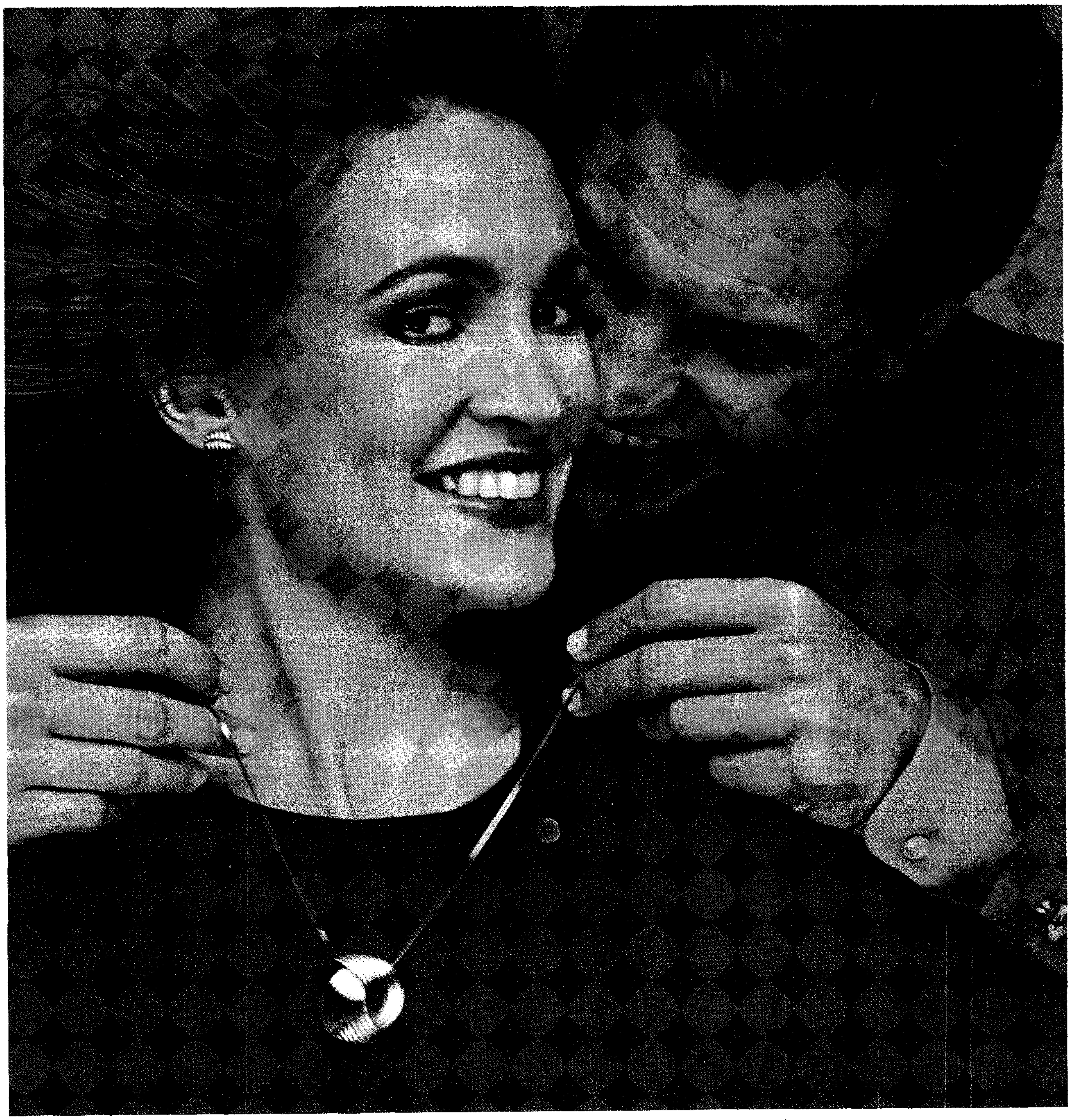
Give her a food processor. Or give her a present.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well as rare art objects. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of silver pieces from the permanent collection—two eighteenth-century works are Claude Ballin II's candelabra and Thomas Heming's rococo tea urn; Joseph Angell III's claret jug made its début at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—H. L. Mencken's centenary is the occasion for a show of his manuscripts, correspondence, first editions, and periodicals. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

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Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Election Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A show of three-dimensional paintings (by nine artists, including Stuart Diamond, Betty Parsons, and Frank Stella) that date from the past five years. Through Nov. 15.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographs by seven artists; Kevin Noble has gold and silver painted photographs of drawings of couples, and David Kulik has color works that simulate electron photomicrographs. Starts Saturday, Nov. 1.

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. 825-1494. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—The former police station that is the new and permanent location of this organization has inspired an introductory exhibit of a number of pertinent on-site installations. In one (by Mimi Gross Grooms), a papier-mâché woman figure is leaning on the bannister of the imposing raised sergeant's desk; others (by Lucio Pozzi and Sandy Gellis, for instance) are set up in cell blocks. Through Nov. 15.

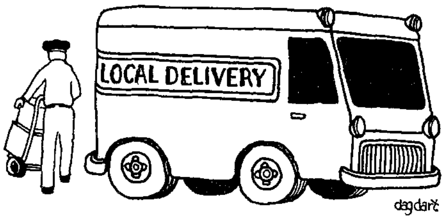
Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—James Green (audio works), Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; an exhibition of still photographs and slides by Michael Ritter, through Saturday, Nov. 1; a show of copies of *291, Dada*, and other publications from the years 1909-29, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art, through Nov. 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Edouard Lock and Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8:30; Carles Santos (music), Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; Derek Bailey and Evan Parker (music), Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; a videotape by Frank Gillette, through Saturday, Nov. 1.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in this former school building. Through Nov. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512, and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, June Anderson, Dana Krueger, Rockwell Blake, Alan Titus, and James Billings; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Judith Rhodus, Carol Vaness, Joanna Simon, Nadia Pelle, Michele Molese, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, June Anderson, Dana Krueger, Rockwell Blake, Alan Titus, and James Billings; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Carol Gutknecht, Herbert Beattie, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Judith Rhodus, Carol Vaness, Joanna Simon, Nadia Pelle, Michele Molese, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 2, and Tuesday evening, Nov. 4: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Delia Wallis, Diane Curry, Robert Hale, Dominic Cossa, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Barbara Carter, Marianna Christos, Stephanie Sundine, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 6: "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, RoseMarie Freni, Rockwell Blake, Alan Titus, and James Billings; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Delia Wallis, Diane Curry, Robert Hale, Dominic Cossa, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Carol Gutknecht, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and Herbert Beattie; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Barbara Carter, Marianna Christos, Stephanie Sundine, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 790-0374 or 790-0355. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

The Vampire—An opera by Heinrich Marschner, based on the novel by Byron and Polidori. Michael Feingold is responsible for the English translation. (Good Shepherd Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2. For information about tickets, call 575-1558.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, James Conlon conducting—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: With Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: With Gidon Kremer, violin.

San Francisco Symphony—Edo de Waart conducting a program that includes the New York première of David Del Tredici's "Happy Voices," with Isaac Stern, violin, and Judith Blegen, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

London Symphony Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Kiril Kondrashin conducting a Rachmaninoff-Shostakovich program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Kraemer conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Neil Black, oboe. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Minnesota Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Neville Marriner conducting—Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: With Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 8, at 8: With Bella Davidovich, piano.

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8, with Magda Tagliaferro, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8, with Jorge Bolet, piano.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Bach-Wagner program, with Albert Markov, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

I Musici—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. The first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Aaron Copland directing a program of his own works, in celebration of his eightieth birthday. With Linda Wall, soprano, and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Karl Loewe's oratorio "Die Sieben Schlaefer von Ephesus," with Michèle Boucher, Barbara Hocher, and Susan von Reichenbach, sopranos; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, Gene Tucker, and Sidney Johnson, tenors; Robert Briggs and Robert Shiesley; baritones; Richard Crist, bass-baritone; and the Canterbury Choral Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chamber Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Paul O'Dette—Lutenist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Malcolm Bilson—Fortepiano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first two in a series of eight concerts of music from medieval and Renaissance times. With George Mgrdichian, oud. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Players Three—Linda Comparone, flute; Daryl Goldberg, cello; and Elizabeth Rogers, piano; with Carol Ann Page, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Rebecca La Brecque—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, with Rafael Druian, violin, in the second of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5.)

Raili Viljakainen—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

Isaac Stern and . . .—A program of solo and chamber music, with Leonard Rose and William De Rosa, cello; Yefim Bronfman, piano; Cho-liang Lin and Joseph Swensen, violin; and Vincent Lionti, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Bruno Leonardo Gelber—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Steet Y. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music.

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(Church of St. Luke-in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Charles Rosen—Piano, in the second of two all-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Chamber Music—Curtis Macomber and Holly Ovendon, violin; Sarah Ricketts, viola; and Frederick Wise, cello. (Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Ann Schein—Piano, in the second of six all-Chopin programs, this one with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

William Matthews and Frank Hoffmeister—Guitar/lute and tenor. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, in an all-Schumann program, with Lou Ann Wyckoff, soprano, and Jerold Siena, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

David Tanenbaum—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Peter McCutcheon—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Michel Piquet Baroque Ensemble—A program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

James Houlik—Tenor saxophone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Curtis Macomber and Edmund Niemann—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of sonatas and concertos played on original or copies of original baroque instruments. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in a program of Beethoven lieder. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Jean-Bernard Pommier—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Composers String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Anne Chamberlain and David Holzman, piano; Richard Frisch, baritone; and others, in a program of music that ranges from the baroque to the contemporary. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:05. . . . **rutgers university athletic center** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Nov. 8. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 1:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Holy Cross, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 8:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. William and Mary, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Maine, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 2: Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa Bay. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 8. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 4-9, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1; the Discovery Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 2; and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Young America, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 1, and the Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 8.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Final night Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8, from Thursday, Oct. 30, through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 4; the hours for voting are from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Grace Paley reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . .

¶ Thom Gunn and D. M. Thomas reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Fall Antiques Show—An Americana show, including Shaker furniture and accessories, nineteenth-century tin advertising signs, and Art Deco objects. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 2, noon to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, including a group of German works from the estate of Helen Janssen Wetzel, as well as two allegorical paintings by Gustave Doré. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:15: American and European paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: Colonial paintings of Latin America, from the collection of Dr. James F. Adams. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 7, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from the estate of Nelson A. Rockefeller and from other sources. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3690. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2; Friday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:15: French and American furniture; Berlin, Meissen, and Viennese enamels; Continental ivories; figural and animalier bronzes; English, Continental, and American silver; clocks; and rugs—all from the Victorian Era. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: Decorative works of art, furniture, and rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 31, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10 and 2: Chinese works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Election Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1: Art Nouveau and Art Deco furniture, glass, and silver. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 2.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 11 (Detroit), Nov. 15 (Cleveland), Nov. 18 (Philadelphia), Nov. 22 (Golden State), Nov. 25 (Houston), Nov. 29 (Portland), Dec. 2 (Indiana), Dec. 6 (Milwaukee), and Dec. 9 (Washington). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nov. 12 (Denver), Nov. 16 (Detroit), Nov. 19 (San Antonio), Nov. 21 (Houston), Nov. 28 (Utah), and Dec. 10 (Knicks).

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 15: Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 22: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 29: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, NOV. 9: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 16: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 23: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 30: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 7: Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 14 (Pittsburgh), Nov. 16 (Hartford), Nov. 19 (Philadelphia), Nov. 23 (Vancouver), Nov. 26 (Boston), Dec. 1 (Minnesota), Dec. 7 (Chicago), and Dec. 10 (Washington). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Nov. 11 (Minnesota), Nov. 15 (Buffalo), Nov. 20 (Hartford), Nov. 22 (Rangers), Nov. 25 (Winnipeg), Nov. 29 (Detroit), and Dec. 2 (Colorado).

Music—At AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Alfredo Kraus, tenor, Dec. 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ I Musici, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 17 and Dec. 10-11. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 25 and Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ José Carreras, tenor, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dec. 5. . . . Simon Estes, bass-baritone, Dec. 7. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 9-11 and Nov. 21 and 23. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 12-13 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ James Levine, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Joseph Villa, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Julian Bream, classical guitarist, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Ann Schein, piano, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 9 and 13 and Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Nov. 15-16 and Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Mischa Dichter, piano, Nov. 22. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Music from Marlboro, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, and Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Igor Kipnis, harpsichord, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, and David Soyer, cello, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 6.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Lunch Hour," a new comedy by Jean Kerr, will have Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche taking direction from Mike Nichols. . . . ¶ Blythe Danner, Frank Converse, and Edward Herrmann will head the cast of a revival of Philip Barry's play "The Philadelphia Story." . . . ¶ "The American Clock," by Arthur Miller (which played preview performances here last spring before an engagement at the Spoleto Festival). It was inspired by Studs Terkel's book "Hard Times," and will have in its cast Joan Copeland, John Randolph, and William Atherton. . . . ¶ Athol Fugard's play "A Lesson from Aloes," will star James Earl Jones, Maria Tucci, and Harris Yulin. . . . ¶ "Shakespeare's Cabaret," an entertainment that ran briefly Off Broadway last season, will move to Broadway. The show consists of extracts from plays, sonnets, and poems set, improbably, to contemporary music by Lance Mulcahy. . . . ¶ A musical, "Perfectly Frank," with Frank Loesser songs and a book by Lenny Solms. The cast will include Jill Cook, Wayne Cilento, Don Carreia, and Jo Sullivan.

Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 11-Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at City Center, Dec. 3-21.

Other Dates—Veterans Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the Coliseum, Nov. 20-23. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, at Nassau Coliseum, Dec. 3-14. . . . ¶ Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 5-7.

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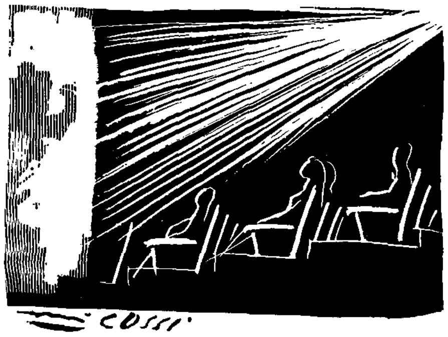
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 26. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Nov. 3.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 4: "Cousin, Cousine" and "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From Nov. 5: "Maîtresse" and "Story of Sin."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 30: "My Bodyguard" and "Rich Kids."
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "My Brilliant Career" and "The Divine Nymph."
Nov. 4-6: "The Tin Drum."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Loving Couples."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The First Deadly Sin."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 30: "Middle Age Crazy."
From Oct. 31: "Motel Hell."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Private Benjamin."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Oct. 30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Worlds Apart."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Elephant Man."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 30: "Fade to Black."
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Oct. 30: "Gloria."
From Oct. 31: "Touched by Love."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Loving Couples."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 30: "Motel Hell."
From Oct. 31: "The Awakening."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 6: "One-Trick Pony."
From Nov. 7: "Resurrection."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"It's My Turn."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 30: "My Brilliant Career."
Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "My Bodyguard."
From Nov. 7: "The Great Santini."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Oct. 30: "Hopscotch."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 30: "Schizoid."
From Oct. 31: "Borderline."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The First Deadly Sin."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Loving Couples."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Motel Hell."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Fade to Black." From Oct. 31: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 30: "The Great Santini."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Private Benjamin."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Fade to Black." From Nov. 7: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End."
Theatre 3: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 30: "Middle Age Crazy." Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Halloween." From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Divine Madness."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 6: "Song of the South."
From Nov. 7: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Times Square."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Hopscotch."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 30: "Loving Couples."
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Oct. 30: "Make Room for Tomorrow."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Airplane!" From Oct. 31: "The Awakening."
Theatre 2: "Song of the South."
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: "Middle Age Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Oct. 30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
From Oct. 31: "Rockers."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 30: "The Great Santini" and "Just Tell Me What You Want."
Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Halloween" and "It's Alive."
From Nov. 7: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "Somewhere in Time."
Theatre 3: "Hopscotch." (†)
Theatre 4: "Fame."
Theatre 5: "Divine Madness." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 30: "Fists of Fury" and "The Chinese Connection."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 30: "Loving Couples." (†) From Oct. 31: "Fists of Fury" and "The Chinese Connection."
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 30: "Terror Train." From Oct. 31: "Dressed to Kill."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Motel Hell." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"It's My Turn." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The First Deadly Sin." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Fade to Black." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 30: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" and "Supervixens."
From Oct. 31: "Borderline." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Oct. 30: "The Exterminator" and "Prom Night."
From Oct. 31: "The Awakening." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Oct. 30: "Schizoid." (†)
From Oct. 31: "Halloween." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 29: "Love in the Afternoon" (1957), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier; and "Two for the Road" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Oct. 30: "Samurai, Part II: Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kyoshiro: A Trail of Traps" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Ikehiro, with Raizo Ichikawa.
Oct. 31: "The Exorcist" (1973), directed by William Friedkin, with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Linda Blair; and "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977), directed by John Boorman, with Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow.
Nov. 1: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
Nov. 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.
Nov. 3: "Gates of Heaven" (1978), a documentary, directed by Errol Morris.
Nov. 4: "Samurai, Part III: Duel on Ganryu Island" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Satan's Sword, Part I" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.
Nov. 5: "See You at Mao" (†) and "Masculine Feminine." (†)
Nov. 6: "Samurai, Part IV: Swords of Death" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Tomu Uchida; and "Satan's Sword, Part II" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.
Nov. 7: "Hair" (1979), directed by Miloš Forman, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

Nov. 8: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Oct. 29: "The Pawnbroker" (1965), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

Oct. 30: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington; and "She Married Her Boss." (1935), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.

Oct. 31: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, and Nancy Allen; and "Obsession" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Cliff Robertson and Geneviève Bujold.

Nov. 1: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Nov. 2: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Howard and Wendy Hiller.

Nov. 3: "Manon" (1949), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Cécile Aubry, Michel Auclair, and Serge Reggiani; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Nov. 4: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Nov. 5: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Virgin Spring." (†)

Nov. 6: "The Divorce of Lady X" (†) and "The Prince and the Showgirl." (†)

Nov. 7: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Nov. 8: "Hardcore" (1979), directed by Paul Schrader, with George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; and "Midnight Cowboy." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 30: "The Tin Drum." (†)

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Nov. 2-3: "Nijinsky" (1980), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña; and "The Turning Point" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Sherritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne.

Nov. 4: "The Ladykillers" (†) and "Waltz of the Toreadors." (†)

Nov. 5-6: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

Nov. 7-8: "All That Jazz" (1979), directed by Bob Fosse, with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 6: "Motel Hell." (†)

From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Divine Madness." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Oct. 30: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne; and "Lady in the Lake" (1947), directed by Robert Montgomery, with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, and Lloyd Nolan.

Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "A Life of Her Own" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Lana Turner, Ray Milland, and Tom Ewell.

Nov. 3-4: "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown; and "Our Blushing Brides." (†)

Nov. 5-6: "Butterfield 8" (†); and "The V.I.P.s" (1963), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, and Margaret Rutherford.

Nov. 7-8: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967), directed by Mark Robson, with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, Susan Hayward, and Paul Burke; and "Three on a Match." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 29: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa; and "The Candidate" (1972), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, and Melvyn Douglas.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.

Nov. 2-3: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.

Nov. 4: "The Emigrants." (†)

Nov. 5: "The New Land." (†)

Nov. 6-8: "The Westerner" (†) and "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 29: "Ladies in Retirement" (1941), directed by Charles Vidor, with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester, and Isobel Elsom; and "The Trouble with Angels" (1966), directed by Ida Lupino, with Rosalind Russell and Hayley Mills.

Oct. 30: "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jane Fonda, David Warner, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox; and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952), directed by Daniel Mann, with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), directed by George A. Romero, with Duane Jones; and "Carnival of Souls" (1962), directed by Herk Harvey.

Nov. 2: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), directed by Leo McCarey, with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby; and "Indiscreet." (†)

Nov. 3: A program of cartoons by Bob Clampett; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated feature, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Nov. 4: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (†); and "One Hour to Live and Love" (1943), in French, directed by Yvan Noe, with Fernandel, Charles Trenet, and Gaby Morlay.

Nov. 5: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "Outrage" (1950), directed by Ida Lupino, with Mala Powers and Tod Andrews.

Nov. 6: "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown; and "Family Life" (1971), in Polish, directed by Krzysztof Zanussi.

Nov. 7-8: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 29: "Laughter" (1930), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with Nancy Carroll, Fredric March, and Frank Morgan; and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, and ZaSu Pitts.

Oct. 30: "Salome, Where She Danced" (1945), directed by Charles Lamont, with Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, and Albert Dekker; and "White Savage" (1943), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

Oct. 31: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "Mark of the

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Vampire" (1935), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Carol Borland, and Lionel Atwill; and "The Devil Doll" (1936), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Frank Lawton.

Nov. 1-2: "The Secret of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, and Edward Arnold; and "The Uninvited." (1944), directed by Lewis Allen, with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

Nov. 3: "The Male Animal" (1942), directed by Elliott Nugent and Wolfgang Reinhardt, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda; and "Three Men on a Horse" (1936), directed by Mervyn LeRoy and Archie Mayo, with Joan Blondell and Frank McHugh.

Nov. 4: "The Browning Version" (†); and "Separate Tables" (1958), directed by Delbert Mann, with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller.

Nov. 5: "Satan Met a Lady" (1936), directed by William Dieterle, with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth; and "That Certain Woman" (1937), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise.

Nov. 6: "The Blue Angel" (†); and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge.

Nov. 7-8: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from Scandinavia, with English subtitles: Oct. 30 at 2:30: "The Revelation" (1977), a Norwegian film, directed by Vibeke Løkkeberg, with Marie Takvam. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 4: "Conversations with Ingmar Bergman" (1976), a Swedish documentary, directed by Jörn Donner. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Faro Document 1979" (1979) a Swedish documentary, directed by Ingmar Bergman (who will be present). . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8:30: "In My Life" (1978), a Danish film, directed by Bille August, with Claus Strandberg and Kirsten Olesen. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Men Can't Be Raped" (1978), a Finnish/Swedish film, directed by Jörn Donner (who will be present), with Anna Goedenius and Gösta Bredfeldt. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6: "Marmalade Revolution" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Erland Josephson (who will be present), with Josephson and Bibi Andersson. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at noon: "I Am Maria" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Karsten Wedel, with Lise Lotte Hjelm and Peter Lindgren; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Father-to-Be" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Lasse Hallström (who will be present), with Magnus Härenstam and Anki Lidén. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 5: "Land and Sons" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Agúst Gudmundsson (who will be present), with Sigurdur Sigurjónsson and Jon Sigurbjörnsson. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at noon: "I Am Maria." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Antti Treebranch" (1976), a Finnish film, directed by Heikki Partanen (who will be present), Katarina Lahti, and Riitta Rautoma, with Maritta Vitiamäki and Pertti Hilkamo. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5: "The Revelation." The director Vibeke Løkkeberg will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at noon: "The Second Shift" (1978), a Norwegian film, directed by Lasse Glom, with Mona Malm and Gunnar Enekjaer. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "In My Life." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Linus" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Vilgot Sjöman, with Harald Hamrell, Viveca Lindfors, and Harriet Andersson (who will be present). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at noon: "Himnahurdin Breid?" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Kristberg Óskarsson, with Kjartan Olafsson and Ari Hardarson; an opera, with no subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Marmalade Revolution." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "The Second Shift." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Raven's Dance" (1980), a Finnish film, directed by Markku Lehmuskallio, with Pertti Kalinainen and Paavo Katajaasari. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 4: "Land and Sons." The director Agúst Gudmundsson will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Men Can't Be Raped." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 8:30: "Father-to-Be." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Antti Treebranch." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "The Guardians" (1978), a Norwegian film, directed by Nicole Macé, with Vibeke Løkkeberg and Helge Reiss. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at noon: "Elvis! Elvis!" (1977), a Swedish film, directed by Kay Pollak, with Lele Dorazio, Lena-Pia Bernhardsson, and Fred Gunnarsson. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Raven's Dance." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5: "Me and Charly" (1978), in Danish, directed by Morten Anfred and Henning Kristiansen, with Kim Eduard Jensen and Allan Olsen. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75 St.—Through Nov. 2: Videotapes of a performance of "Chevrolet Training Film: The Remake," a nineteen-sixties training film for Chevrolet salesmen, with Chip Lord and Phil Garner as a pair of aggressive salesmen. Shown hourly from noon to 5. Lord and Garner will be present on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 6: "Dachau" (1975), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot, who will be present on Nov. 6 at 3:30. Showings every forty-five minutes, from noon until 5:15 (6:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 29 at 3: A program of four video films by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: A program of films (1943-46), all silent, by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Prästänken" (1921), a silent Swedish film, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Fluxus Film" (1963-70). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 11 A.M.: Two video programs—"WGBH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" (1969) and "Video Variations: Boston Symphony Orchestra" (1972). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2: A video program by Terry Fox. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: "Michaël" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 3: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: "Vampyr" (1932), in four languages, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "Vredens Dag" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: A program of three silent films—"Symphonie Diagonale" (1922), directed by Viking Eggeling; "Anemic Cinema" (1927), directed by Marcel Duchamp; and "Stachka" (1924), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5:30: A program of films by Anita Thacher and George Griffin. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: A program of films by Lynne Tillman, Sheila McLaughlin, Marjorie Keller, and Ernie Gehr.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 30.)

The Awakening—With Charlton Heston, Susannah York, Jill Townsend, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Mike Newell. (Gemini 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Oct. 31.)

Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and New Yorker 2; through Oct. 30.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Guild, and Olympia; starting Nov. 7.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their own fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. With Hans Albers. Songs by Friedrich Hollaender (later Frederick Hollander). A 1959 American remake directed by Edward Dmytryk starred Curt Jurgens and Mai Britt. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

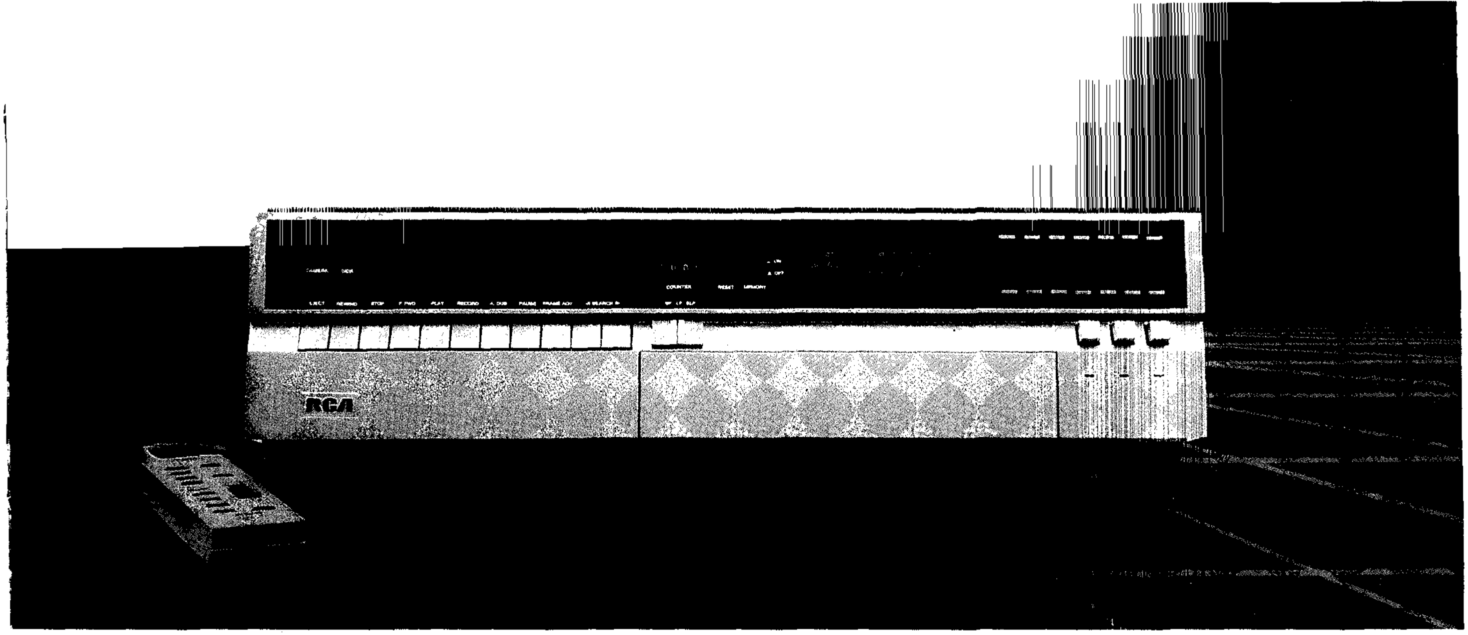
Borderline—With Charles Bronson, directed by Jerrold Freedman. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Oct. 31.)

The Browning Version (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor. In this version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not give Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 5-6.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to



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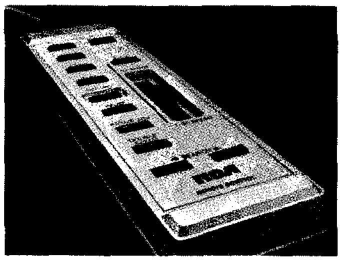

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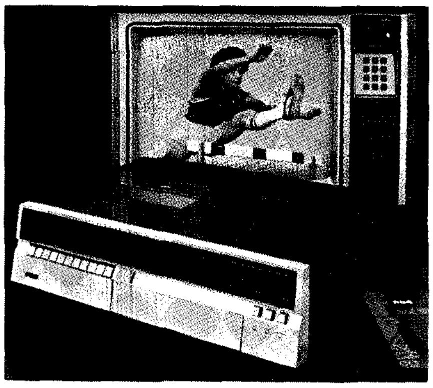

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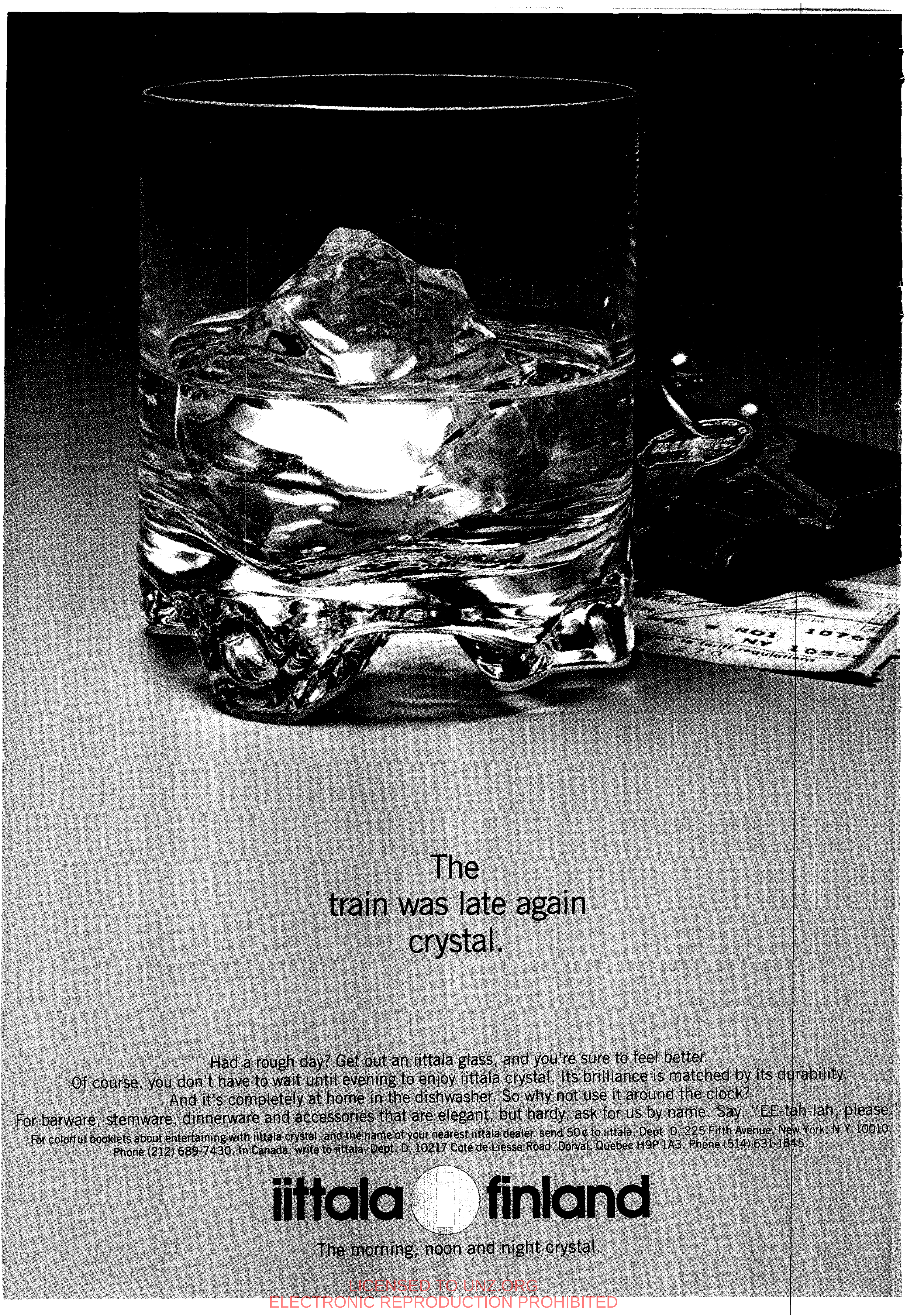

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marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—The director of this Australian film, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art; through Nov. 4.)

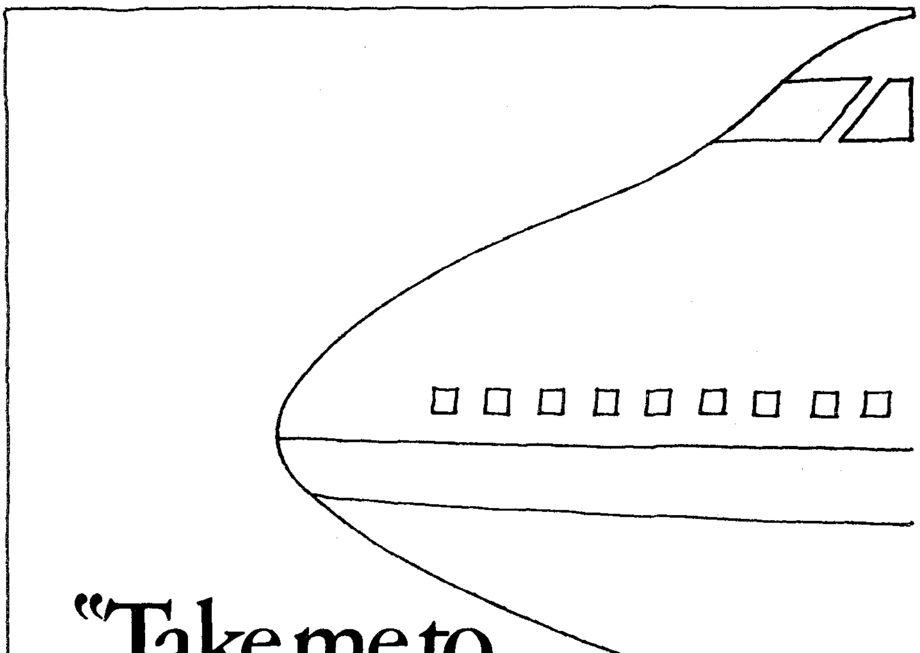
Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

The Divine Nymph—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

The Divorce of Lady X (1938)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather foolish and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Alexander Korda produced; Tim Whelan directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Festival.)

The Emigrants (1971) and **The New Land** (1973)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work. Troell's achievement is prodigious. At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wants to go on and discover if the survivors among the immigrants found what they had hoped for.



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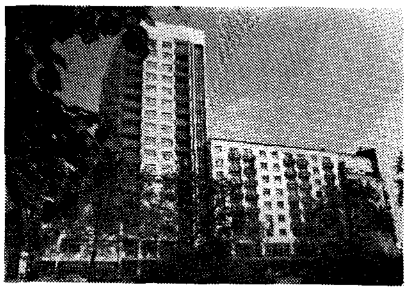

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In "The New Land," Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann (in both) have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Regency. "The Emigrants" Nov. 4, and "The New Land" Nov. 5.)

Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Fade to Black—With Dennis Christopher, directed by Vernon Zimmerman. (National. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 6.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 2.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 31.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Olympia; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 7.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. "Halloween" keeps you nervous and jumpy rather than pleasurably excited. Yet it has been a huge box-office success, and a lot of people seem to be convinced that it's a classic. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, P. J. Soles, Nancy Loomis, and Tony Moran as the monster. Music by Carpenter; he also wrote the screenplay, with the producer, Debra Hill. Shot in Los Angeles. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; Oct. 31-Nov. 6. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Oct. 31.)

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Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly, Cinema 3, New Yorker 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 30.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy—the most preposterous work of art ever written. Wit cascades through the play in a natural flow. Considered too high-style (and too dry-style) for general consumption, it was never filmed until this production, in color, directed by Anthony Asquith, who also did the adaptation and left the play alone as much as possible. The film is stagy, but highly enjoyable; Wilde's multiple-entendres about love and money are delivered in the required exquisite high, dry style by an extraordinary cast. Michael Redgrave is Jack Worthing; Edith Evans is triumphantly larger than life as Lady Bracknell; Joan Greenwood is the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax; Michael Denison is Algernon Moncrieff; Dorothy Tutin is Cecily Cardew; Margaret Rutherford, her great jaw wobbling with emotion, is Miss Prism; and Miles Malleson is Rev. Chasuble. People who have seen this movie have been known to giggle with pleasure years later as they recall the timbre and phrasing that Edith Evans gives to such lines as "Prism! Where is that baby?" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out a cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (Thalia; Nov. 2.)

It's Alive (1977)—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Olympia; Oct. 31-Nov. 6.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill, victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Olympia; through Oct. 30.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers as Harry, the plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howard as the barrow boy. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick, written by William Rose. (Cinema Village; Nov. 4.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

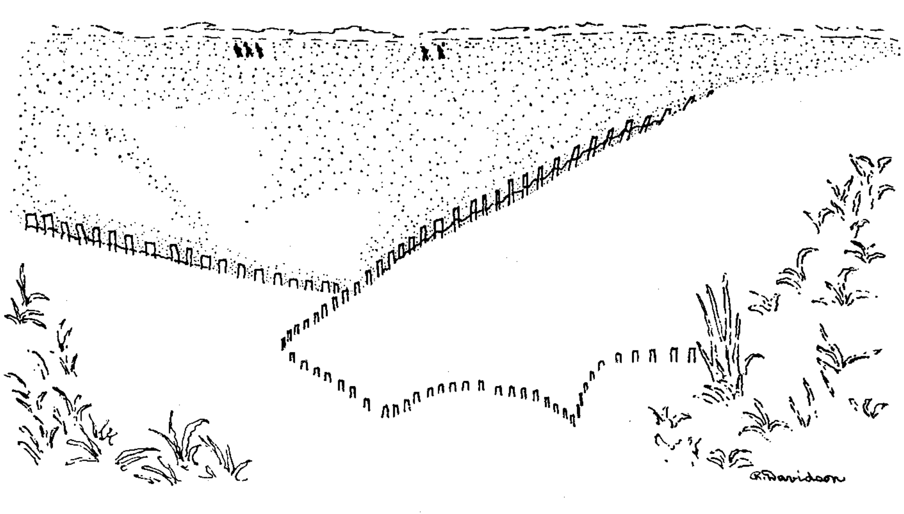
Loving Couples—With Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon, Sally Kellerman, and Stephen Collins; directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum 2. . . . ¶ Paramount, and Embassy; through Oct. 30.)

Maîtresse (1976)—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 5.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 30.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a yé-yé singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty—she seems alive only when she's looking in the mirror toying with her hair. The film—a combination of journalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes toward love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief, when government policies are accepted with the same contempt as TV commercials. The two lovers and their friends are united by their disdain for the world of adults, and by the pop culture which they love. The film includes informal boy-to-boy conversations about women and politics; there is a phenomenal six-minute single-take parody interview conducted by the hero with a Miss Nineteen; and there are two boy-girl sessions which define the contemporary meaning of masculine and feminine. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal—the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones,



with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robard's Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman.)

Middle Age Crazy—With Bruce Dern and Ann-Margret, directed by John Trent. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 8.)

Motel Hell—With Rory Calhoun, directed by Kevin Connor. (86th St. East, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Oct. 31.)

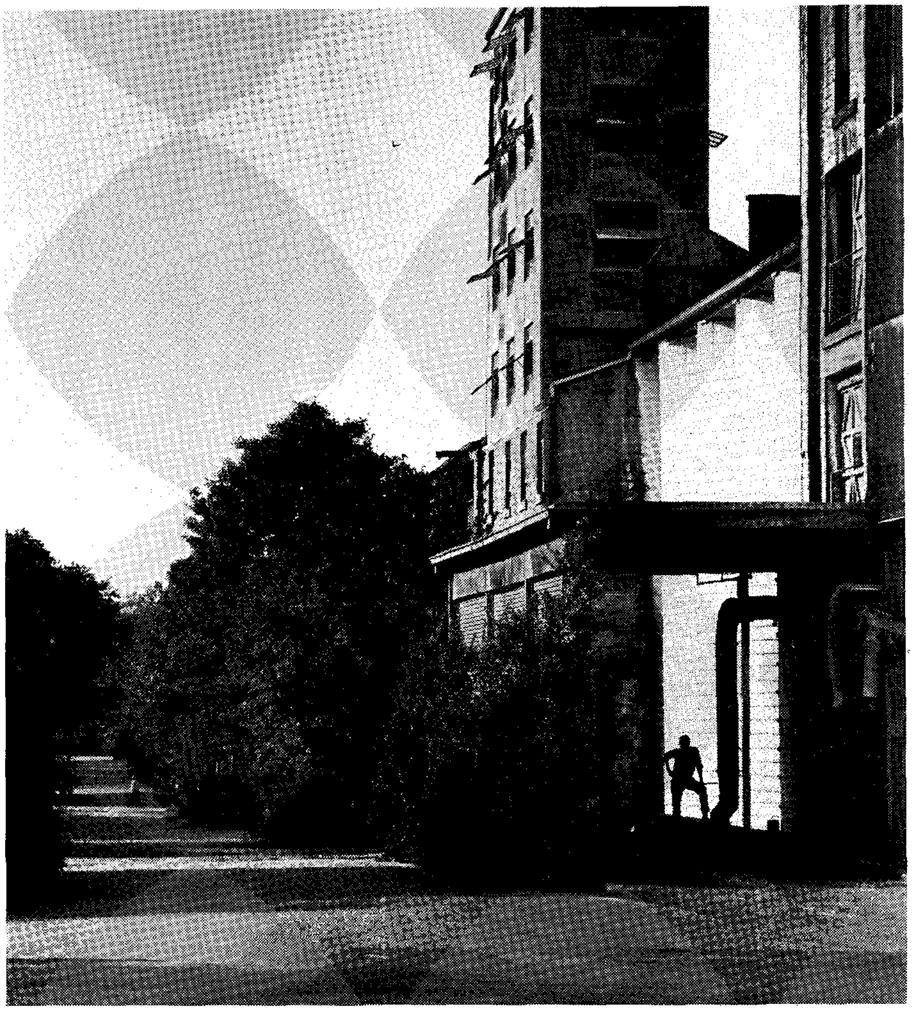
My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Oct. 31-Nov. 6.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2; through Nov. 6.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Our Blushing Brides (1930)—The title is decep-



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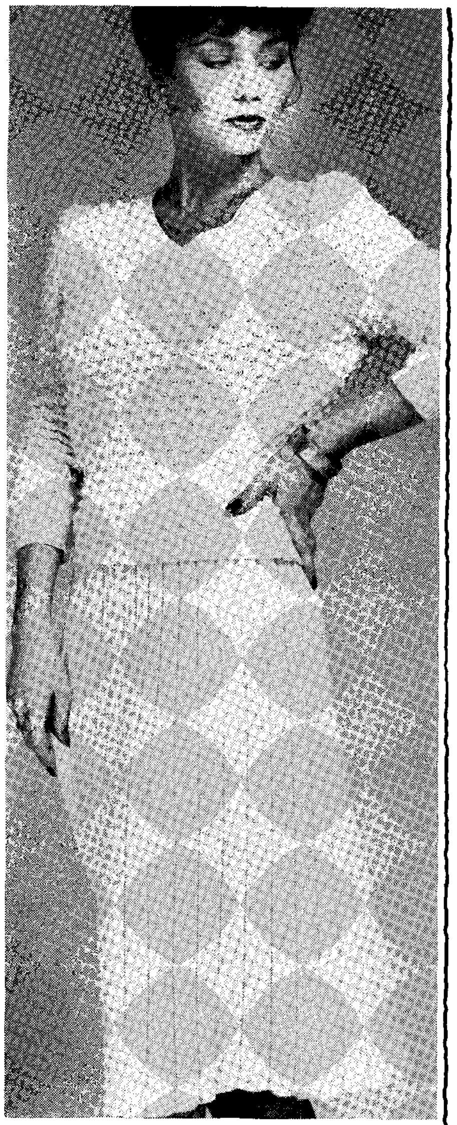

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tive; it's a lavish, lively popular film of the period, about whether working girls ought to Take the Easiest Way or Wait for Mr. Right. Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian are the roommates who work in the same department store (the vivacious Crawford as a model, the other two as clerks). Their dreams of luxury get them in trouble with, respectively, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett, and John Miljan. It's high-mindedly moral but not seriously so, with an arrest for theft, a suicide, a fashion show on a Long Island estate, and an Albertina Rasch ballet all tossed in together entertainingly. Harry Beaumont directed; the writers were Bess Meredyth and a pre-Marxist John Howard Lawson. With Hedda Hopper, Martha Sleeper, Albert Conti, Edward Brophy, and, among the mannequins, Claire Dodd. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 3-4.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this uningratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seems able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. The drawback of the film is that Terence Rattigan's script, though it improves on his play "The Sleeping Prince," still lacks invention and wit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2; starting Nov. 7.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

Rockers—A Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, with Leroy Wallace, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos. (New Yorker 2; starting Oct. 31.)

Schizoid—With Klaus Kinski, Mariana Hill, and Craig Wasson; directed by David Paulsen. (U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Oct. 30.)

See You at Mao (1970)—An hour-long film by Godard. Radical politicking to a degree that will drive some people mad with its deliberately battering didacticism. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 7.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Guild, and Olympia; starting Nov. 7.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 6.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Story of Sin (1976)—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (Art; starting Nov. 5.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey, O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Nov. 3.)

Three on a Match (1933)—Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak (who goes through some steamy emotions) are the girls who grew up together and, after several years, meet again in the big city. At lunch one day, they light three cigarettes on one match, and, according to the superstition (which is said to have been invented and publicized by Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king), there's bad luck ahead. A modest, entertaining little melodrama from Warners, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. With Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, Humphrey Bogart, Patricia Ellis, Edward Arnold, Jack LaRue, Grant Mitchell, Clara Blandick, and Allen Jenkins. Written by Lucien Hubbard, Kubec Glasmon, and John Bright. (Remade in 1938, as "Broadway Musketeers," with Marie Wilson in the Davis role.) (Mini Cinema; Nov. 7-8.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Art; through Nov. 4.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema Village; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4-6.)

Touched by Love—With Deborah Raffin, Diane Lane, John Amos, and Michael Learned; directed by Gus Trikonis. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 31.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Waltz of the Toreadors (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after his kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately invalided wife, whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (Cinema Village; Nov. 4.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 4.)

The Westerner (1940)—There are agreeable overtones of Mark Twain tall tales in this good-humored, though uneven, version of the paradoxical life of Judge Roy Bean, with Walter Brennan in the part. The hero, Gary Cooper, a travelling saddle bum, delays being hanged by the Judge (on a false charge of horse thieving) by spinning a yarn about his close friendship with Lily Langtry (the Judge's obsession). The handsome production was directed by William Wyler; with Fred Stone and Doris Davenport. (Regency; Nov. 6-8.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Manhattan 2.)

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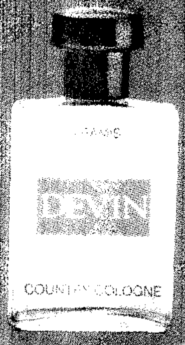
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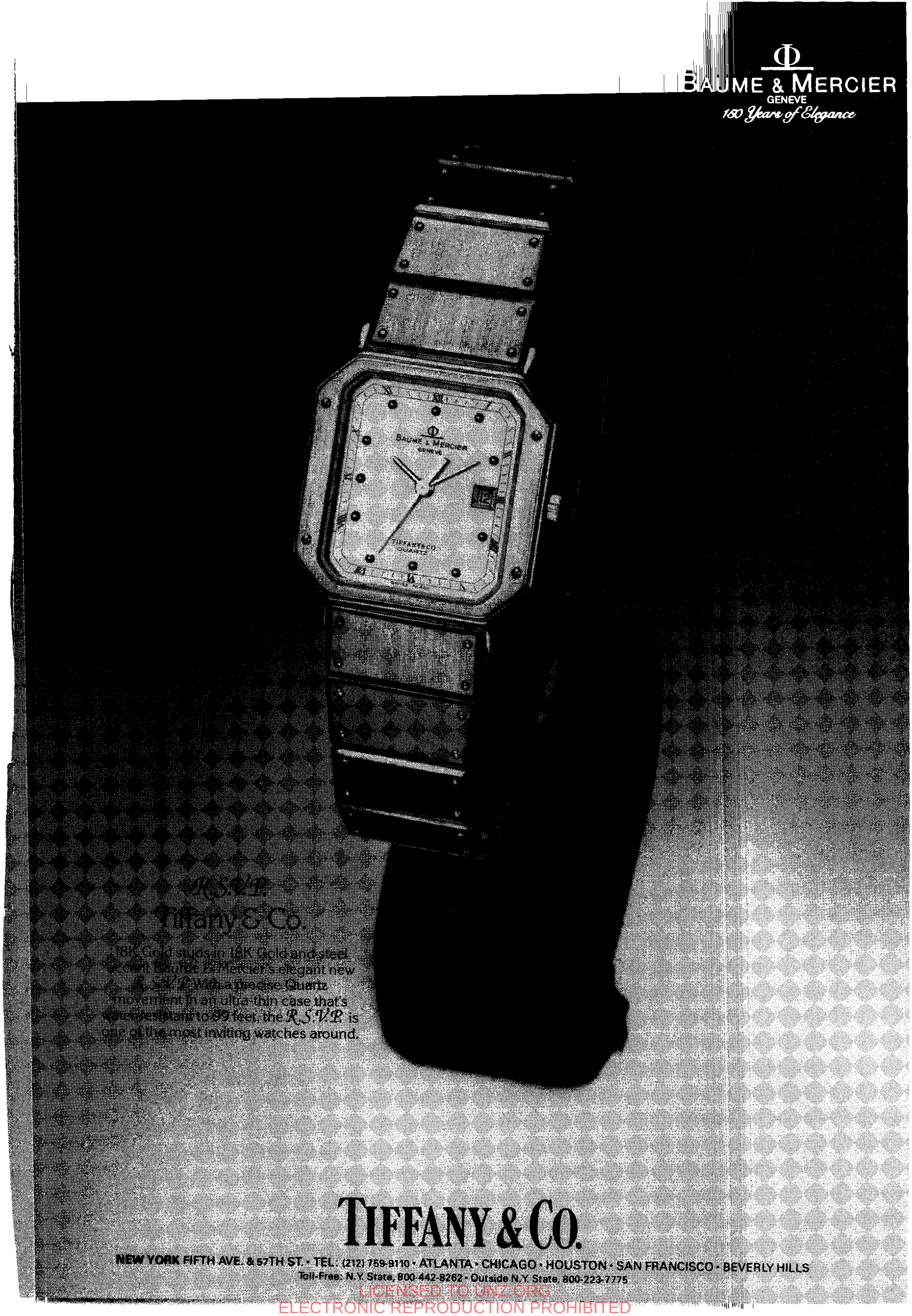

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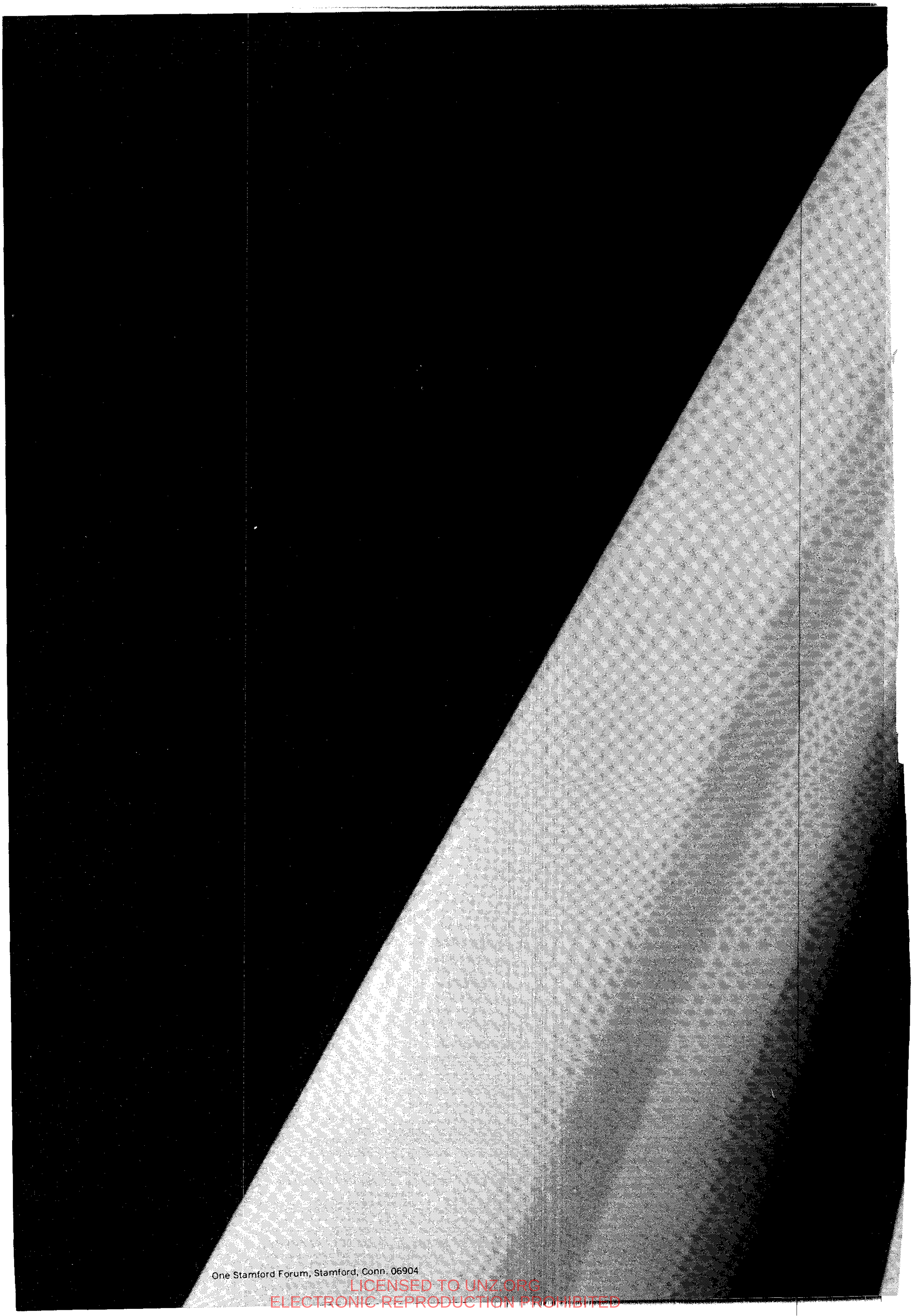

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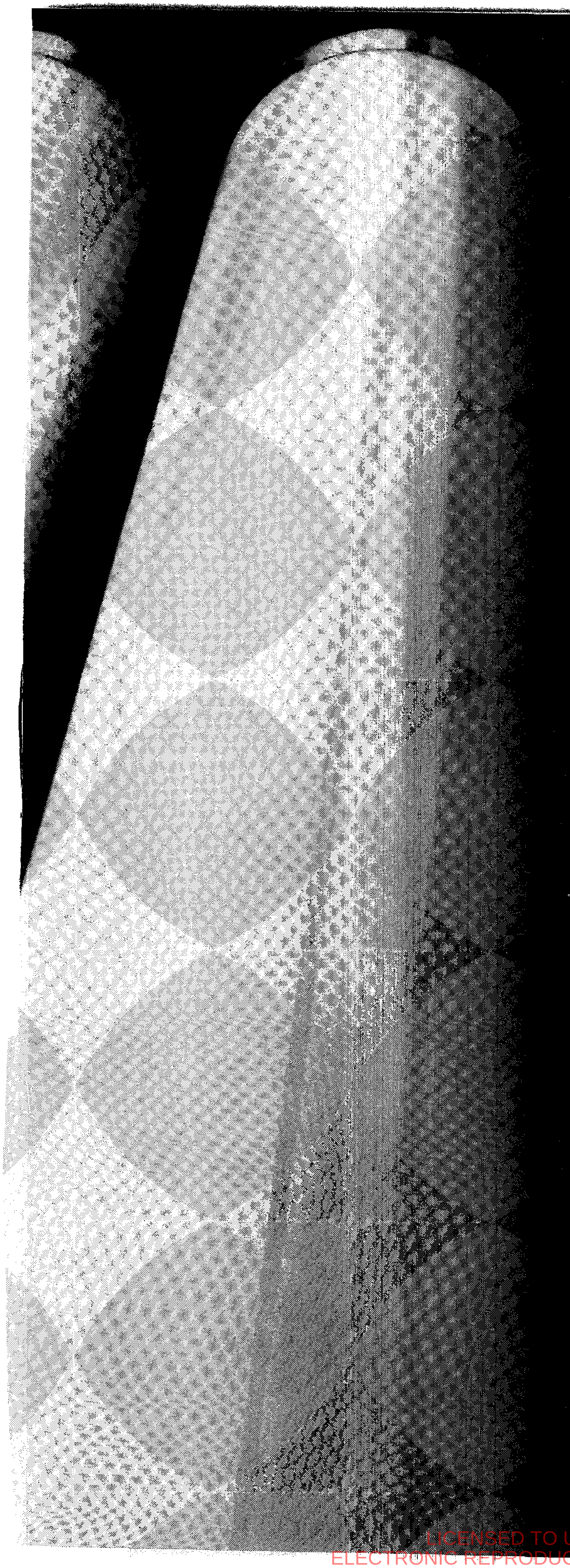

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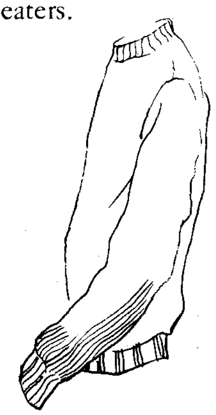
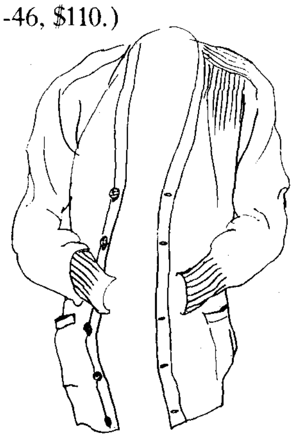
Once we had a favorite cereal that took a long time to prepare. When we bought it again, it was new and improved: an instant disappointment.

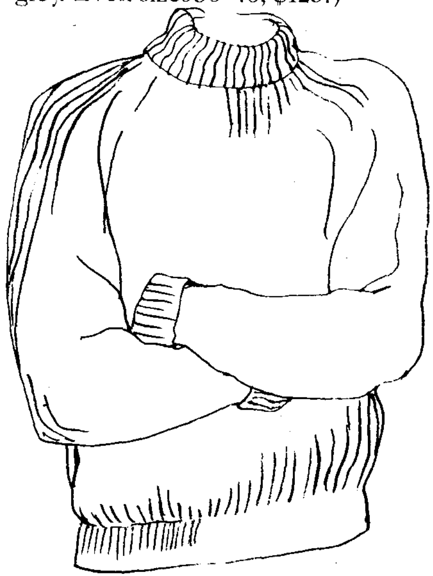
Once we bought our favorite things from old-fashioned companies and backward looking people who often kept us waiting for our order. We still do. And we think you'll see why as you browse through our store. For example, consider these magnificently unimproved sweaters.



Superior things are often made of yarn-dyed wool. Not so the sweater above. It was dyed in the wool, before its four-ply yarn was spun, which gave even greater depth and fastness to its rich, heathery mix of colors. Then it was hand-knitted on a hand-frame in a cottage in the Shetland Islands. (Wine, red, grey, navy or a blue/green. Even sizes 38-46, $110.)

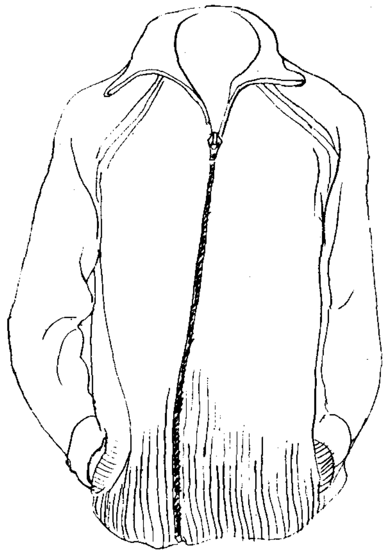


Everyone knows that the wool of lambs is soft, the wool of merino lambs still softer. But this ribbed, two-ply cardigan is softer still. Its wool comes from *the first clipping of merino lambs*, before they are nine months old. We also appreciate the old-fashioned buttons that the Scottish maker put on this full-fashioned, saddle-shouldered sweater. They're woven leather with leather loop shanks that are woven in, so that they can't pull out. (Natural, navy, or grey. Even sizes 38-46, $125.)

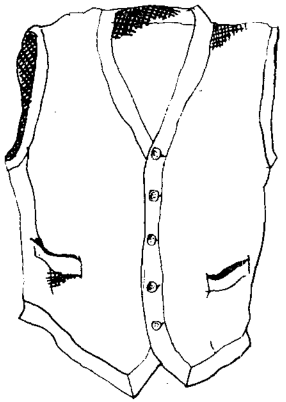


If you were a shepherd, you'd talk about the way water runs off a sheep's back, not a duck's. Sheep are naturally water-proofed by the oil in their fleece. And that oil was retained when the yarn for this sweater was spun. Moreover, that yarn is made of four plies of the same English wool that keeps the sheep warm as well as dry through the English winter. And it's knitted in thick ribs, to make it even warmer. We got it from an English company who still take the time to make a sweater like this because they really understand raw weather. (Ecru or navy. S,M,L,XL, $95.)

If there is anything colder and damper than an English winter, it's a winter-crossing of the English Channel. Just such a crossing gave rise to this Channel sweater. We can't make any particular point about the wool except that it's four-ply, shorn, spun and knitted in England. And you can see for yourself that it's heavily ribbed and zips up to a turtleneck. But it might mean something to you that we first advertised it six years ago, and have reordered it ever since. And each year we draw a deep breath when it comes in unchanged. (Ecru, navy or soft heather green. S,M,L,XL, $135.)



Among other sweaters which have just arrived is a ribbed cashmere cardigan that requires the fleece of at least six cashmere goats. This sweater is so rare that we only have sixteen of them to offer.



Also newly arrived is one of those wonderful knitted vests with points, like the vest of a suit, that have looked good to us ever since we first saw our grandfather wear one. (The colors are wine, navy, grey or heather brown. S,M,L,XL, $65.) Like so many things we admire, it keeps being revived because it's not new and improved, but proven.

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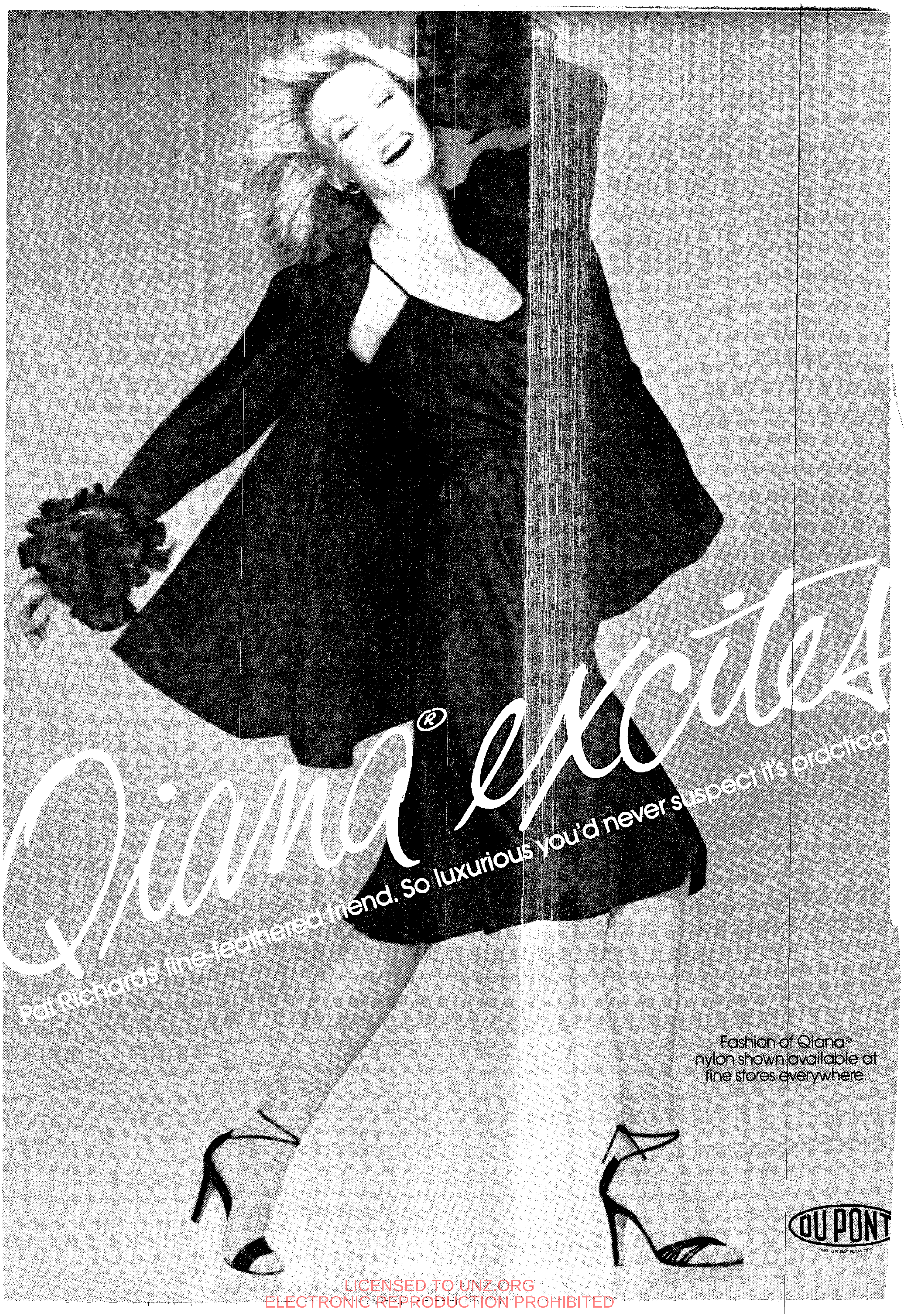
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GREAT-AUNT EDWINA turned eighty in mid-September, but we didn't get out to the seashore to say happy birthday until last week. We found her at the top of a twenty-foot aluminum ladder, trimming some wisteria from the side of her house. She looked fine: curly white hair; lean; sneakers, slacks, sweater. We called out birthday greetings.

"Oh, pish-tush," she said, descending. "Getting old is humiliating—especially when your muscles go. Yesterday, a friend and I went for a swim. There were wonderful big waves, and Margaret got knocked over. She was too old and frail to get up, and I was too old and frail to pull her up, so we stayed there, laughing our heads off, until a huge wave rolled us both up onto the beach. Bite of lunch?" She led us into the kitchen, saying she was expecting a call from her husband, Great-Uncle Frederick. "He drove off to town to do an errand, but by the time he gets there the old dearie usually forgets what the errand is, so he calls from town, if he can remember our number. Peanut butter?"

Fine, we said.

She made a peanut-butter sandwich, using the kitchen table as a plate. "Lettuce?" she asked, offering us an old head of iceberg. It had spots on it. "Oh, that's just good clean dirt," she said, wiping it on her slacks.

We remarked that she was looking well.

"People in my family live forever," she said. "Uncle William was ninety-six. A wonderful man. Always wanted to be a farmer, but he went into business. Fortunately, he went completely bankrupt, so he moved to a friend's farm and took care of the cows, which he adored. All he cared about were books and his teeth and his boots. He did have a fine mouthful of teeth. His farming boots were made by Peal, in London. If they didn't fit just right, Uncle William would come down to Mother's apartment in New York carrying his boots wrapped in newspaper, so he could take them to Mr. Peal's representative at the Ritz. Mother said, 'William, you can't go to the Ritz with a bundle of newspaper dripping manure.' 'Well, can't I,' said Uncle William, and he did, and Peal fixed his boots. Speaking of manure, my Uncle Arthur in Rhode Island gave me some advice I've never forgotten. (Arthur had been a faint beau of Mother's, but Mother didn't much like him. She told her sister Agatha she'd never dream of marrying such a dreary man. A year later, Agatha married him.) The advice he gave me was, 'When you want to drive your buggy across the trolley tracks, make sure you cross them at right angles; otherwise, the wheels will catch and get twisted.' It may be excellent advice, but it hasn't come in handy so far. I don't remember if he even had a buggy. I do remember he had a lot of manure, though. I believe he raised artichokes, why I don't know. Uncle Lewis used to come to New York and take us nieces and nephews to the circus or the theatre. First, we had lunch at his sister's brownstone. Uncle Lewis was very finicky about being prompt, and during dessert he'd start looking at his pocket watch. Dessert was always charlotte russe: a circle of ladyfingers standing on end, whipped cream in the middle, and a cherry on top. We loved that, and would have liked seconds, but Uncle Lewis had ordered a closed, horse-drawn cab to take us to Madison Square Garden, and it would be standing at the door on the dot of twelve-thirty. We abandoned the charlotte russe and climbed into the cab, which was upholstered in green felt and smelled of camphor and mold. I can smell it now. The ride took, oh, fifteen or twenty minutes to Twenty-sixth Street, and the circus didn't begin until two, so we always sat for an hour in an absolutely empty arena. More peanut butter?"

We declined.

"When we went to the theatre with Uncle Lewis, we always got at least half an hour of asbestos curtain," she continued. "I remember seeing William Gillette in Civil War plays. He was tall and, oh, so handsome. In one play—I think it was called 'Held by the Enemy'—the enemy was attacking with cannons. On one wall of the room was a large crack: the outline of the section that would fall off when a cannonball came through. I kept watching that crack throughout the third act. Of course, war was romantic in those days. Nobody knew anything about it. My father used to take me to the opera, because Mother hated it so and wouldn't go. Well, she finally did go, after she got a pale-blue evening coat with an enormous fur collar. Mother liked to see and be seen—at a musicale at somebody's house once, Stanford White leaned over and whispered that she had a very pretty ear, and Mother probably felt that a little Mozart was not too high a price to pay for *that*—so once she had the blue coat she would go to the opera, because when the music began she could prop her head up against the big fur collar and go to sleep. I've never been wild about music—the only song I can sing is 'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' and I can't sing *that*—but I did like to dance. As a child, I went to Mr. Dodsworth's dancing class, and learned the waltz, the polka, and the court quadrille. All the girls had to stand with their feet turned out at the same angle as the boards of the parquet floor. Mr. Dodsworth always wore white tie and tails. At a certain moment, the little boys would enter from behind a green curtain, and Mr. Dodsworth would say, 'Take your partners.' They would all rush for the prettiest girl, which wasn't me by a long shot. The best dance I ever went to was at a ranch in the Big Horns, near Sheridan, Wyoming, around 1920. The way people were invited was the forest rangers spread the word, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the cowboys started arriving. They were lovely, handsome young men in big hats and boots. They'd throw their horses into the corral, and come in and start dancing. The more chivalrous removed their spurs. The dance went on until dawn—mostly square dancing, although the bank clerk from Sheridan knew how to fox-trot. There were almost no women out there in those days, so I danced all night, and when the sun came up the cowboys got back on their horses and rode off to work."

The telephone rang. "There's the old dearie," said Great-Aunt Edwina, and went to answer it.

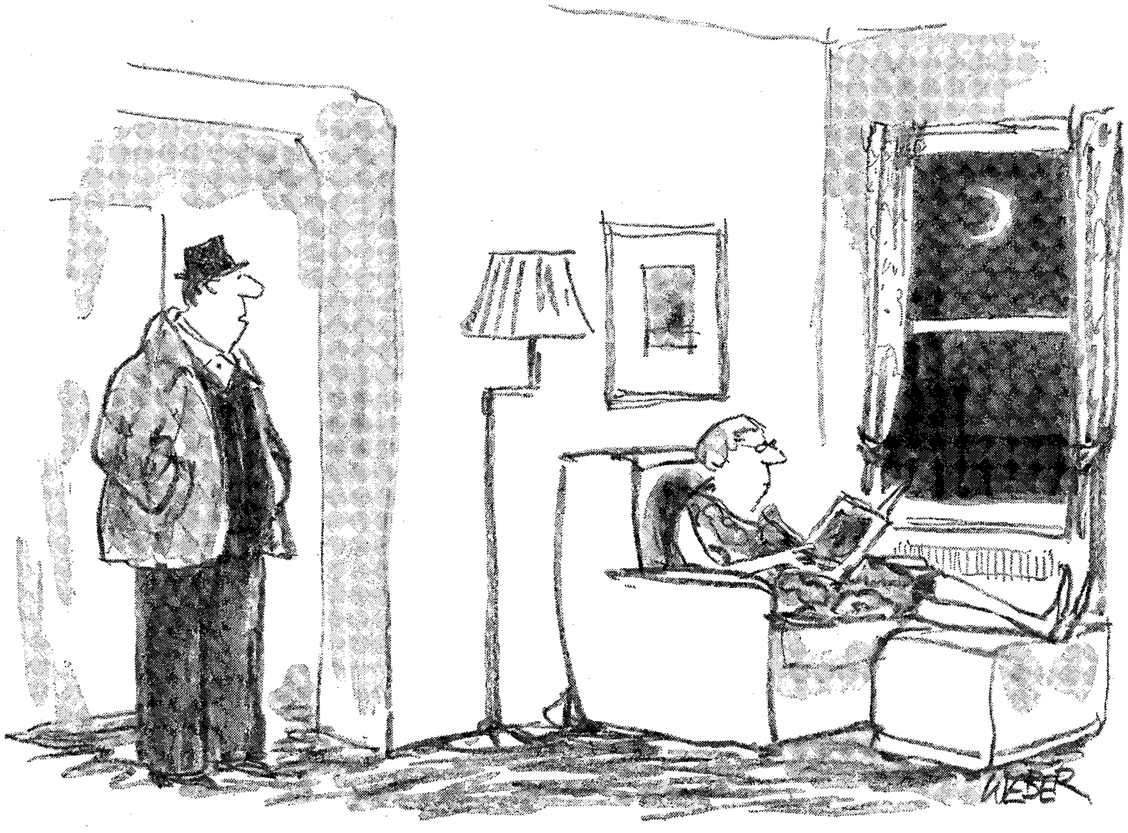
FROM a friend:

Just after I got out of the movie "Hopscotch," which I saw Saturday night and really liked, because it permitted Walter Matthau to squelch all the C.I.A. and K.G.B. big shots and hot shots and long shots put together, and at the same time hum Mozart—well, for just about half an hour after I got out, I was Walter Matthau. The traffic out in the street at Broadway and Forty-fifth was there to be met just the way Walter Matthau met the inhuman operatives of the intelligence community. At a glance, I could see that the traffic was bumbling, up to no good, and outwittable, and I crossed the street with "The Marriage of Figaro" in my ears and really had a good time. I always feel this way when I get out of movies, but I never much thought about it before, because I never before got out of a movie on the day after I got out of an Edward Hopper show at dusk. If you get out of an Edward Hopper show at dusk—and I suspect it's easier if it's an October dusk—you see, moment after moment, and until the light fades, hundreds of wonderful Edward Hopper paintings that he never had time to paint in the forty-three years between 1924, when he first started painting Edward Hopper paintings, and his death, at the age of eighty-four. Look at that one room in the huge, soot-blackened red brick apartment house where the white table lamp by the window has just been lighted by a woman home early from the office, and the soft pool of lamplight dances on the looped-back lace curtains, and you can just make out the apple-green sofa at the other end of the room. Look up Park Avenue at the small fire-engine circles of the red lights and the dark lines of the not-yet-illuminated street lights against the blacky, pinky, purply, smoky clouds in the still bright sky. The question is: Why didn't I see Edward Hopper paintings when I got out of "Hopscotch"? And the answer is that Edward Hopper himself would be Walter Matthau when he got out of "Hopscotch;" that the human brain, whose design enables us to accept another person's experience, celebrates that acceptance by our being someone else for at least a half hour.

• •

Park Rangers

The Event: At 11 A.M. one recent Friday, four young women (named Judy, Lee, Dotty, and Karen) and three young men (named Michael, Kevin, and Steve) and six horses (named Astor, Chase, Edgerton, Risoli, Byrnes, and McGuire) were initiated into the new Mounted Urban Park Ranger Corps of New York City. The group, horses and people, had been trained for a month in dressage at the Police Department's Remount School, in Pelham Bay Park, and as part of their graduation exercises they performed some equestrian maneuvers on a very dusty Great Lawn in Central Park. The rangers will assist in the enforcement of our parks' rules, and, like their pedestrian counterparts, will dispense first aid and information. They are outfitted in wide-brimmed, dimpled Mountie hats, gray shirts with decorative insignia, black breeches with gray stripes, and black boots. The horses wear standard tack—green saddle blankets with a maple-leaf logo,



"I'm going outside and drink it all in."

and plantation saddles.

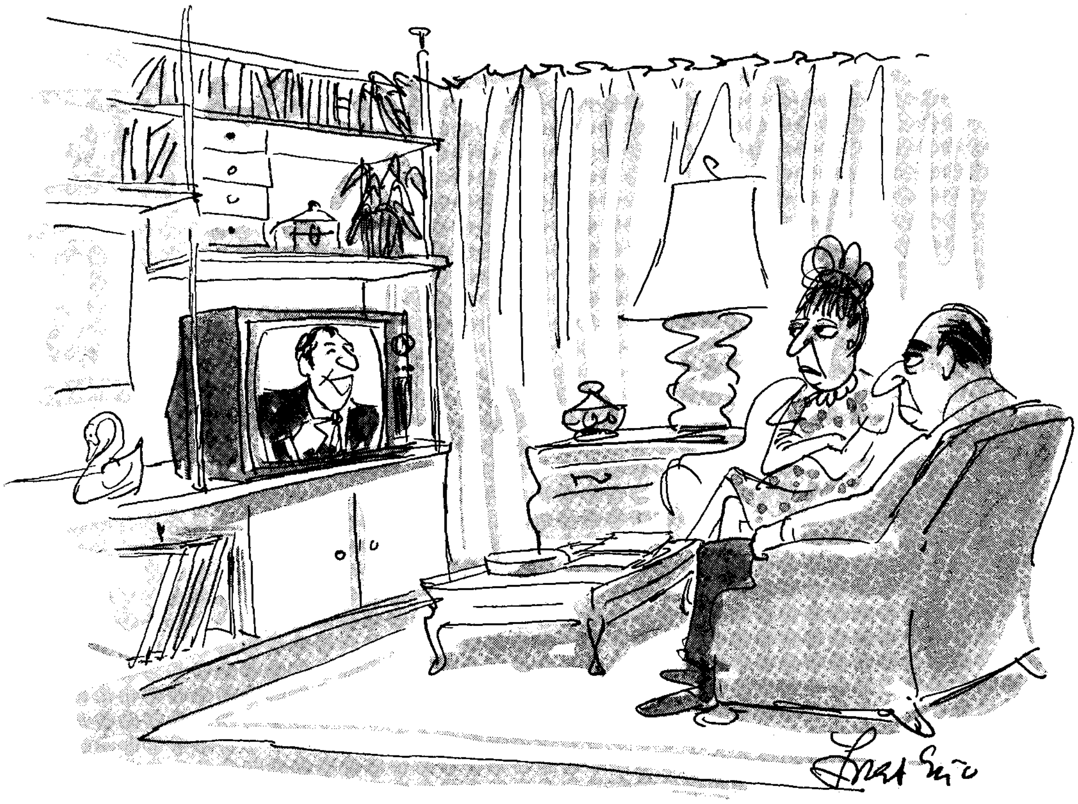
The Benefactors (David Rockefeller, chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Bradford Edgerton, trustee of the W. Alton Jones Foundation): "We are delighted to make these fifty-thousand-dollar grants to the city's Urban Park Ranger program."

The Sponsor (Gordon J. Davis, Commissioner of Parks): "A year ago, everyone thought I was a bozo when I mentioned mounting the rangers. Now we have what I believe is the first mounted-ranger program in the country. Our rangers will educate, will say, 'Let me tell you why you shouldn't pick the flowers.' "

The Consultant and Horse Buyer (Julia Vitullo-Martin): "Horses like the excitement of city streets. It is a funny thing that mounted cops are considered anachronistic. People think because we had horses two hundred years ago that now, with technology, we should have a better way of patrolling. Eighteen years ago, there were three hundred mounted police in New York, and today there are fewer than one hundred. But a horse is the fastest and most flexible way of getting around a traffic-choked island. It's just crazy that we've converted from a form so natural to the parks to patrol cars, which devastate the lawns and can't move about efficiently."

The Trainer (Officer Dennis Byrnes, a mounted policeman and an instructor at the Remount School): "One night after the horses arrived from Dutchess County, one of the cops took out a map of Central Park and gave them names like Bethesda, Delacorte, and East Drive. But in police tradition you can't waste a name—you honor benefactors, or a cop who has died or been transferred. So they were changed to Edgerton, Chase, Astor (for Brooke Astor, a patron of Central Park); Risoli (for Lieutenant Richard Risoli, our supervisor); McGuire, a perfect police horse (for Robert McGuire, the Police Commissioner). And big, stubborn Byrnes. All these horses would make good police horses. Every precinct captain in New York asks for mounted police in his area, because crime goes down substantially whenever they appear. A mounted rider can be seen for four blocks in every direction; he has visibility and speed, stature and authority. It's partly a psychological thing. Horses are very adaptable. Most horses are timid. When I train a horse for the city, I start him out on a quiet street in the Bronx; then I move on to a street that has an 'L.' I look for something he's afraid of—a big obstacle, like a sewer plate—and once he steps over it he's O.K. I find a telephone crew digging up a street with a jackhammer, or a garbage truck, and once he doesn't react he's O.K. I hang around the back of diesel buses for an hour or two, until he's used to it. With a horse, it's repetition; if he's sensible, and smart, he'll lose his fear. Then I go to Manhattan, usually at night, because things look different at night, and in Manhattan there are multiples of all the above."

The Spectator: "The equestrian maneuvers were very pretty—not immaculate and military but enthusiastic. Horses circling (a 'three-sixty'), forming pairs and quartets; a dramatic finish, six abreast. When the new rangers dismounted, they began acting like graduates—beaming, displaying their new insignia, and submitting to family snapshots. (Ranger, mother, sister, brother—horse's head in middle.) The animals were extremely handsome—a sloe-eyed quarter horse, a big plain chestnut with what horse people call a Roman nose, a sweet thoroughbred with an elegantly narrow chest. Their presence was distracting, like babies at a political rally, and gave the event the air of a friendly sideshow. Vincent Sardi, the restaurateur, and an unofficial adviser to the program, admired horseflesh. Elizabeth Barlow, the director of Central Park administration, rubbed a velvety nose. And Commissioner Davis, after some urging, climbed up on the horse named Chase and waved a ranger hat, à la Nelson Eddy. The horses tossed their heads and waited."



"And another funny thing about this year's Presidential race . . ."

• •

Romance

HARLEQUIN BOOKS, the publishers of Harlequin Romances, recently gave a luncheon for two hundred women readers of Harlequin Romances in the large dining room of a large hotel in New Jersey. The women, each of whom looked freshly coiffed, sat at tables in the middle of which were large bowls of yellow and gold chrysanthemums. The women seemed very excited. Ahead of them: a chat by the director of consumer relations for Harlequin, a chat by a vice-president of Harlequin, a chat by a new writer of Harlequin Romances, a "bridal" bouquet to be tossed into the roomful of women by the vice-president, the cutting of a cake baked in the shape of an open book.

"I watch the Phil Donahue show when I can," said Grace to her friend Dolly. "But mostly I like to read."

"I like to read, too," said Dolly. "TV is too explicit."

"I like to read, too," said Maralyn, a friend of Dolly's but not such a good friend of Grace's. "But I don't like things to be explicit. I like an innocent girl."

"I like an innocent girl, too," said Gertrude, a very good friend of Maralyn's, though she hardly knew Grace or Dolly. "But I don't like a Barbara Cartland type of girl. They are way to the right."

"I send my children out the door," said Nora, the best friend of Gertrude and a very good friend of Maralyn's. "I do my housework, then I make myself a sandwich and curl up with one of my romances."

"A lot of men object to women reading this kind of book when they are alone," said Joanne, a good friend of none of the women sitting at the table with her. "But I say it's better than getting into mischief."

"According to a poll taken among you women," said the director of consumer relations, standing on a dais and speaking to the room at large with the help of a microphone, "the most romantic man in America is Robert Redford. The second most romantic man is 'My Husband.' "

"Hi," said the vice-president, standing on a dais and speaking to the room at large with the help of a microphone.

"Hi," said the new writer of Harlequin Romances. "They say writing is a lonely business, but I don't feel so lonely now. This is so nice! I have not been to a party like this before, and after years of being chained to the typewriter it is nice to get out and meet some real-life readers."

"That was delightful," said the vice-president to the new writer. Then, turning to the women, he said, "The first person to ask a question from each table gets the centerpiece from her table."

"Why are the men in Harlequin Romances always six feet tall and virile and in their forties and the women small and thin and seventeen?" asked a woman seated at a table in the back of the room.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed the vice-president.

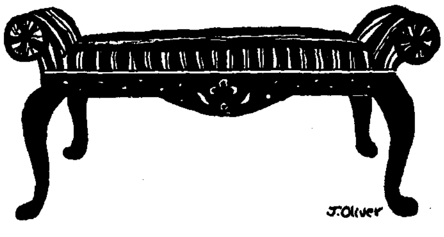
"How do you get the authors to write only a certain number of pages?" asked another woman.

"Sometimes the type is larger, sometimes the type is smaller," said the vice-president. "We don't like to cut out an author's beautiful words."

Then everybody sat down and ate a lunch of salad, baked chicken, potato puffs, and baked broccoli with bread crumbs. The food wasn't very good, but nobody said so.

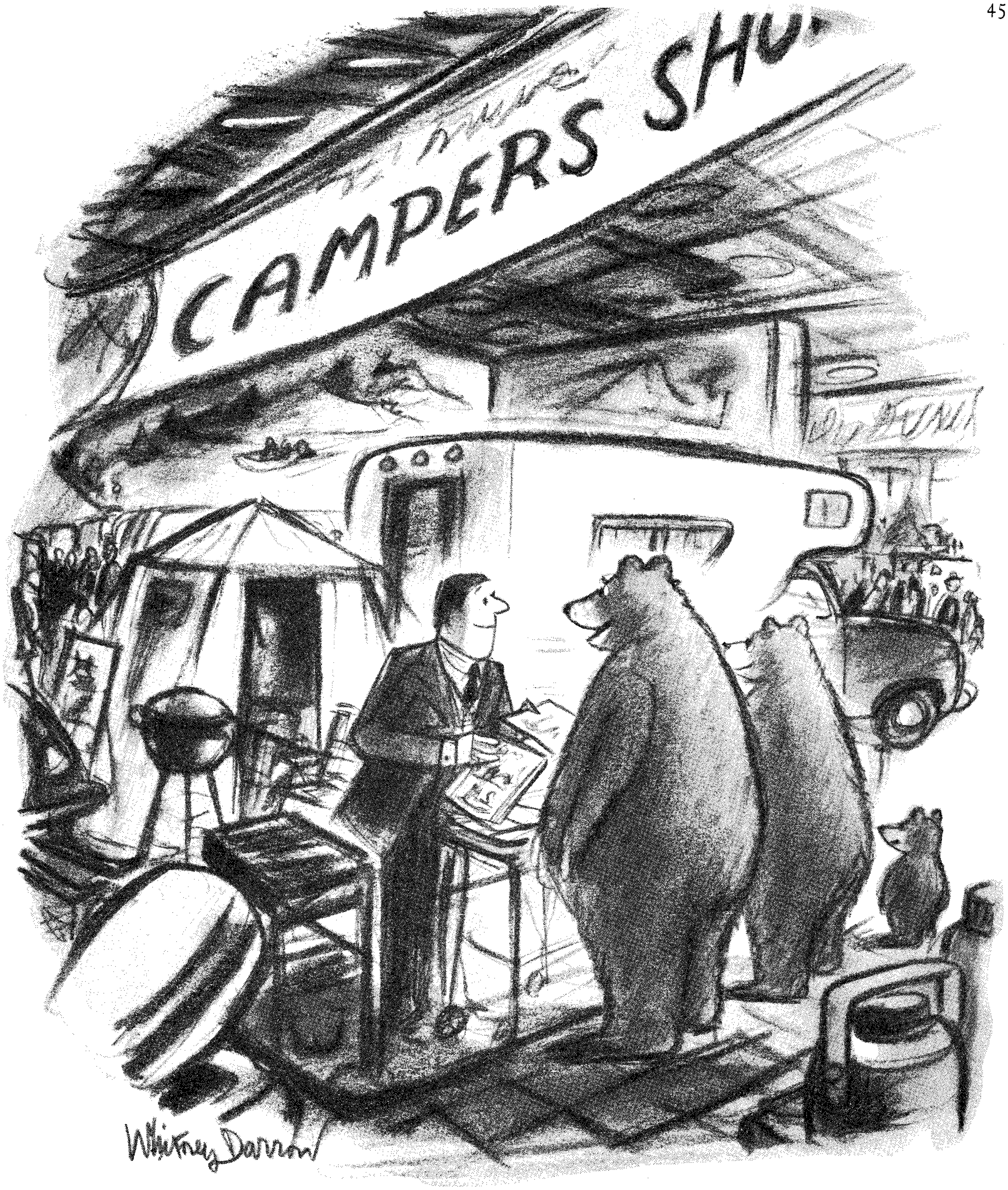
Situation

Don Gabor says that we're always in one situation or another. O.K., here's a situation. You walk into this room and there on the desk is a typewriter, a portable electric, all plugged in and ready to go. You happen to know that there is about half a ream of fresh paper in a desk drawer, and on the desk top you notice a jar of sharpened pencils, a roll of mints, your checkbook, your electronic calculator, photographs of your nieces and nephews, today's mail (a catalogue promoting dried fruit and kippers), scribbled reminders to buy four size-C batteries and to call Dr. Benson about next Thursday's appointment, and a notebook containing jottings from Don Gabor's three-hour lecture the other night on "How to Start a Conversation." That would be Don Gabor the gifted conversationalist, the one who teaches his course at the Baldwin School, on West Seventy-fourth Street, through an adult-education outfit called the Network for Learning. O.K., so that's the situation and the question is, What do you say to the typewriter? That is, what do you say to the typewriter about Don Gabor's course, the one that seventeen people paid fifteen dollars each to attend? What's your opening line going to be?



Now, *focus* on the *situation*, the way Don Gabor tells you to do. Remember: this is a nice typewriter, an *attractive* typewriter, like some of the typewriters you've seen taking yoga classes at your health club, or drinking piña coladas on Wednesday nights in bars along First Avenue, or jogging around the Reservoir. Only now there aren't a whole bunch of other typewriters crowded around or a lot of other people who want to use *this* typewriter. It's just you and the typewriter, alone. Alone. Now, you don't want to march right up to the typewriter and flip it on and start pounding away, because the first thing that comes out might be "kaphrdlleinacpc xmquso" or some stuff about creative personnel management or the Tennessee Valley Authority. If you were to barge in that way, chances are you'd blow everything and miss a payday. So you want to try to find out what the typewriter wants to talk about. You learn this by asking what Don Gabor calls a "ritual question." Oh, yes, forgot to mention something: Don Gabor has two pet sayings—"Trite is right," and "Cliché is O.K." Got those? Keep them in mind when you go to ask the typewriter the question. (Potential Logical Flaw: If you had the faintest inkling of what the typewriter *really* wanted to talk about, you wouldn't still be fumbling around; you and the typewriter would be well into the second act of a new musical-comedy adaptation of some Ralph Waldo Emerson essays. But let's just skip logic for the moment.) So, in search of a ritual question, you refer to some photocopied materials that Don Gabor passed out to his class. These materials include Don Gabor's own suggestions for conversation openers. Don Gabor says that in a grocery store it's all right to walk up to an attractive stranger and ask, "Do you know any good recipes that are fast and easy?," or to say in an art museum, "It's fantastic how some people can be so creative," or to say to someone at a party, "Can I get you a drink?"

You'll want to approach the typewriter with a ritual question along those lines, and when you ask it you'll want to make eye contact, assume an open posture, lean forward, smile, and nod your head. You'll want to seem curious, maybe disclose some information about yourself, and remember that when people touch their noses, tug at their ears, or cross their hands, those are called gestures. Don Gabor says

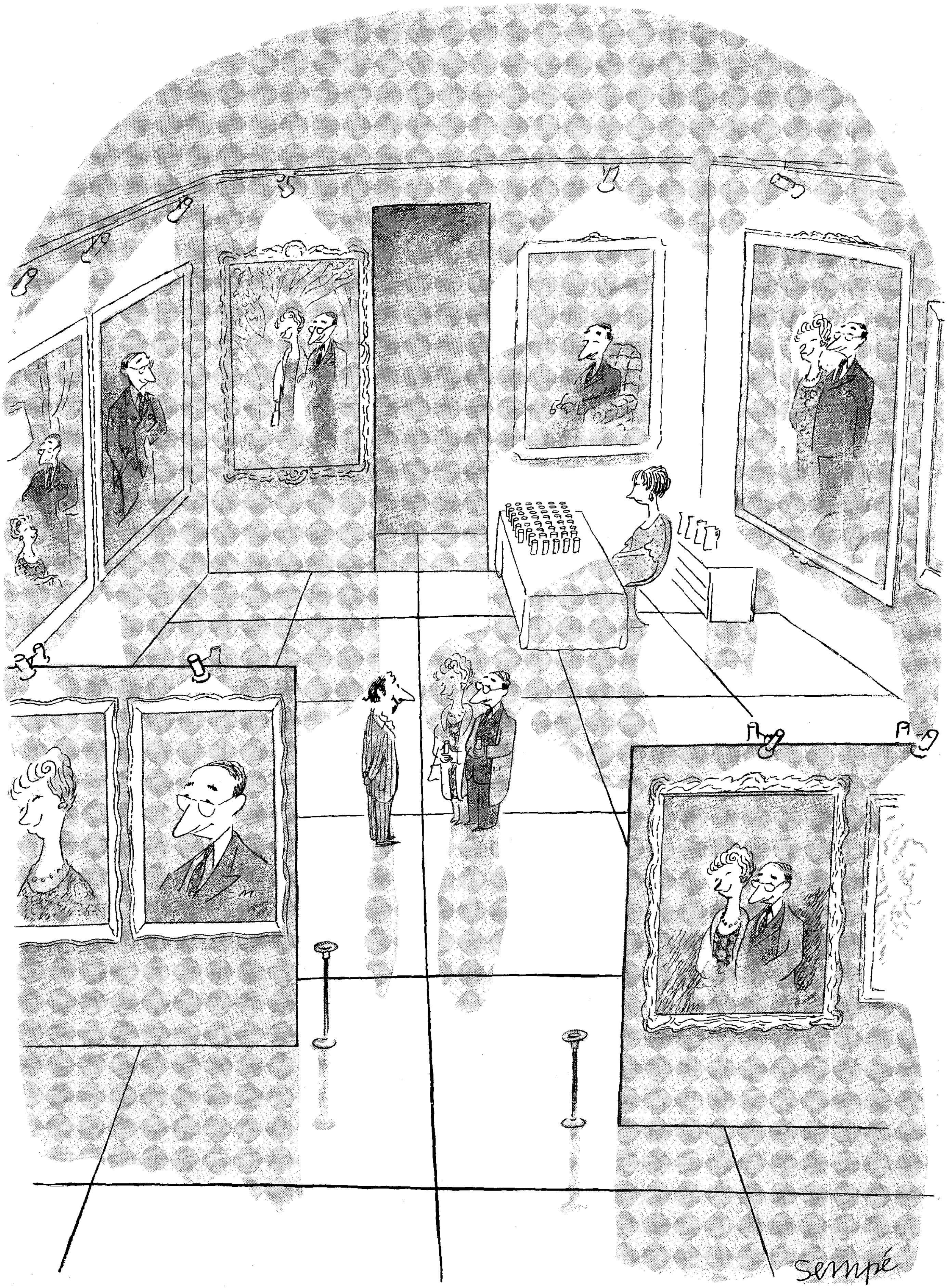


"Just looking, thanks."

• •

that ritual questioning is like fly casting, and sometimes you need more than one cast to get a bite. But once you get going, you'll find that if you ask enough questions you'll eventually hit one of the typewriter's "hot buttons." Hot buttons are what Don Gabor calls "the fuel for conversations."

Of course, chances are that even if you focus and ask all the ritual questions and nod and smile and everything, it still might turn out that what the typewriter really wants to talk about is batik or cold appetizers or the defects in the minimum-wage law, and that it just feels there's not much to say about Don Gabor—but, for God's sake, at least you tried.



"It's very kind of you to come."

EUROPE BY SATELLITE

WE are happy to announce that close on to three billion people watched our broadcast of the production, which covered the first two years of Parnell's life. Cast included Sean Bacon ("Parnell Is Born"), Sean Scallop ("Parnell Takes a Walk"), and Sean Damper ("Parnell's First Allergy—Fried Bananas").

•

In how many sets could the Sun King have taken Borg? On the other hand, could Borg have built Versailles?

•

As he comes of age, the eldest male child decrees whether or not the parents can go on living in the house. Until recent times, rejected parents were put to death. Here's Diavara Bok, aged eight, pondering his first mature decision. The village council never interferes.

•

Arvo can't help feeling he won't be running the reindeer much longer.

•

The Baruchi camelfish are then flown to Elastique, where a state-subsidized transfuge machine centripetals them into neat little pies.

•

Baron Oflag, Chief Geological Security Inspector: You're a strange girl. Mysterious. Probably dangerous, too. But beautiful.

Gerda (*slowly undoing her ice skates*): Yes.

•

And now Mishka's team, each with a two-hundred-pound block of Carrara marble on his head, crouches at the starting line waiting for the gun.

•

The bandanna tree survived transplantation to a garden in Cornwall, but Tree Spirits, as we know, don't put roots down that easily. Pat and Howard think their Tree Spirit is still haunting a Boeing somewhere over the Pacific.

•

Our Athens studio is swamped with calls asking if "Watermelon Seed" really can be her name. Could Sri Lanka beam us a hint?

•

The picket signs in Kilowatt dialect state the strikers' case: " 'Die Frau ohne Schatten' is impossible to cast, costly to produce, and no one has ever understood a word of it. Where's the homegrown culture the Revolution promised?"

•

That faint silver on the horizon is the last that Ole and Bambi will see of the sun for another fifty-one and a half weeks.

•

Superimposed subtitles in Estonian, Basque, Maltese, Turkish, and Hungarian make for ready international viewing. Flickering behind the subtitles, a drama from the heartland of America.

•

Some of us would think it enough just to *look* like Heidi.

•

The Golden Age of Diasporan Mosaic Gluing—seen here, unfortunately, in black-and-white.

•

Rioting dwindled to minor proportions after Mario got the prisoners interested in noodle weaving. Under-thirties seem to take to it in particular. Maybe this young lady can tell us something.

•

The film, in which Dido (Shirley Temple) is smuggled in a roll of linoleum to Ajax (George Raft) and saves the trade route to Carthage, was shot in 1934, somewhere in America. It will be followed by a three-hour open-line debate on Common Market subsidies for horseshoes and stringbeans.

•

The dancers dressed as otters are from Schleswig-Holstein. The white fur bib on one was a gift.

•

Later, the Minister of the Interior denied the allegation. Local police had been coöperative and courteous at all times.

•

Say it had worked: Heinrich Himmler would have taken over. And then what?

•

How many people could have recognized the Australian cultural attaché and his wife in a street in Sofia? Grigori Pigment did.

•

Yes, you *can* train a slightly airsick pig to hunt for truffles in Leningrad, especially if his name is Pierrot Lunaire and he hails from the truffle capital of southwest France, Carpocapse. A party headed by Mayor Émile Sornette arrived on a regular Air France flight this morning, with Pierrot Lunaire in a crate and a book of instructions.

•

Anyone who still doesn't want to believe the Duke of Wellington slept in Nicosia had better stay with us for the next ninety minutes.

•

C.I.A.! The word was out.

•

Ambassador Scratch promises to deliver every one of the onion growers' protest postcards personally the minute he gets to Buckingham Palace.

•

It isn't all just a bed of tulips. Maurits and Katinka not only keep goats but have to teach them to swim.

•

Even a sheikh enjoys being given a few free perfume samples after throwing his money around in a Madrid department store.

•

General de Maupassant, a widower, and his unmarried daughter, Katia, composed a prize-winning song to celebrate the greenhouse from which the town's leading family took its name. After blowing up the Franco-Prussian War monument, which a relative of Sylvie's had designed, Theodore organized a window-cleaners' strike. Eight years have gone by. As our eleventh episode opens, Wanda, a stranger, seems to be drinking more black-currant cordial than is good for her. Paul and Roland still hope the centennial will be a success.

•

On this rockbound island of northern Norway, Professor Omi discovered forty-one different ways of saying "Thanks for the smoked liver." I think we'd like to hear some of them.

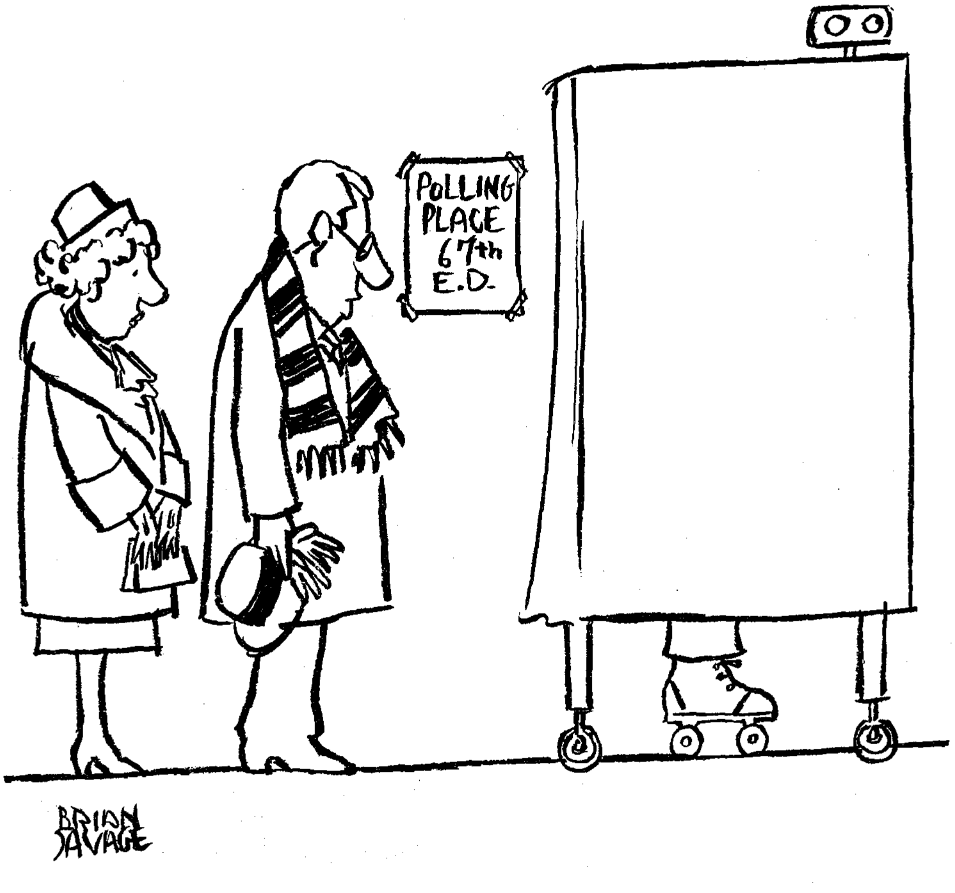
—Mavis Gallant

AN OPEN HOUSE

HE would not come out of the bathroom. He'd been in there nearly all of Sunday. Dad and I, standing in the hallway with our faces almost flush against the bathroom door, wondered out loud whether he'd decided to take up permanent habitation in there. But we couldn't draw a laugh out of him, not even when Dad said, "Listen here now, Fig, you've been boxing old Buford long enough." This was a week after Fig's accident. I imagined him in there leaning into the bathroom mirror, wide-eyed, peeling back the gauze bandages and putting them in place and peeling them back again, but fixed quietly to the same spot and not even breathing loud enough for Dad and me to hear. What we were left with, out in the hall, was the sound of our own hearts and the yellow bathroom door that was screaming for a paint job and Mom's occasional sniffles from the study upstairs, where she was pretending to be grading papers.

This is not the way we usually spend our weekend afternoons around my house, but ever since my brother Fig got hurt we have all been on edge. It's true that Mom does a certain amount of schoolwork most weekends. She teaches freshman composition over at Hinds Junior in Raymond and also takes an assortment of self-help classes on weeknights, which means she has to grade papers Saturdays and Sundays. But back on that particular Sunday afternoon, with Fig's accident only seven days past, I knew she was only pretending to work; she might just as well have gone and had her cry in the bedroom, for all the good it was doing her to stay at her desk. And any other Sunday you would have found Dad stuck to the television set. We live in Mississippi, and, like a lot of other sports fans in our state, he follows the various pro teams of Houston, Atlanta, and most any other Southern neighbor grand enough to have such things as professional sports. Mississippi has a hard enough time just supporting its public schools and state colleges and keeping the chuckholes in its highways tarred over.

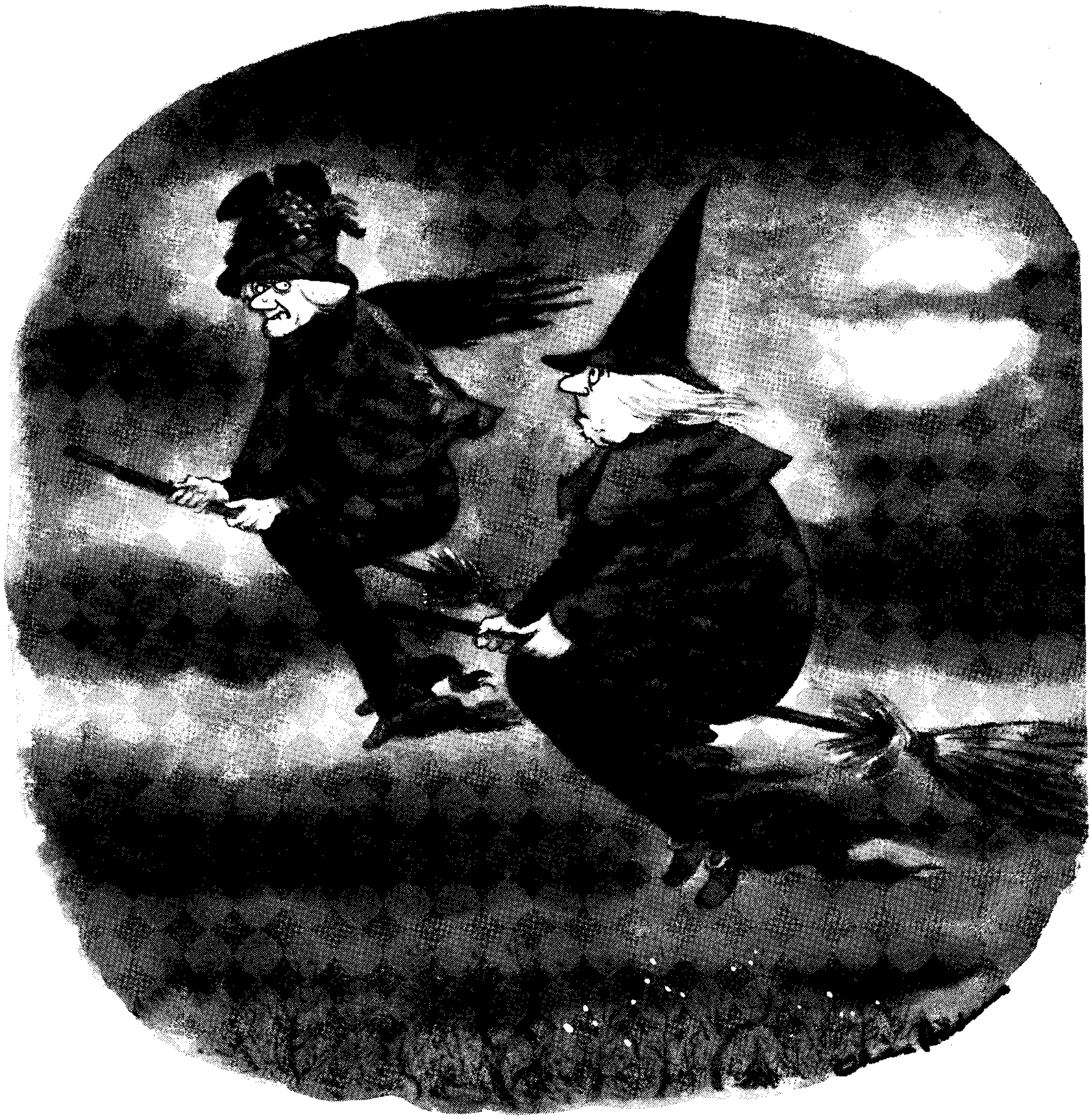
My brother Fig is in his senior year at Clinton High School. If he hadn't had the accident, late of a weekend afternoon he'd usually be out practicing with his band, Alleged Tumor, or up in his room playing his guitar. At eighteen, he is already one of the best-known electric guitarists in central Mississippi; I've heard him practically wring tears out of his black Les Paul. He's played all the better bars over in Jackson, the capital city, which lies ten miles to the east of our home in Clinton. He's got more money in the bank than I have and even more than Mom and Dad, I imagine—all from his playing at the senior proms of the richer local prep schools. The girls at Clinton High flock around him, and he doesn't seem to care or even notice. He's the family loan company, but he doesn't charge us interest. Whenever one of us in the family has a birthday, he takes us out to dinner at Le Fleur's and orders plates of Crabmeat Imperial all around. His Christian name is Lloyd, but he switched it to Fig—got the birth certificate fixed and everything—because he wanted to be called something more appetizing, he said. Actually, it was an old childhood nickname that stuck. He and I get along. We've only gotten into one fight; I messed up the cartilage in his nose after he struck me out four times in a Wiffle ball game, with several cousins from California watching, and later he came up to me, the black and blue forming under his eyes, and said, "I'm sorry I laughed when you kept striking out, but couldn't you hit me on the shoulder next time?"



We live in a small two-story house that Mom herself designed—an artsy natural-cedar structure, with sundecks jutting out from the upstairs study, and from Mom and Dad's bedroom and Fig's room, across the hall from them, and from the living room downstairs. My bedroom opens onto a stone patio, and so does the dining room. To Mom's thinking, it's just as important to have a comfortable living area out-of-doors as it is to make the house itself livable. Sitting in the living room downstairs, you can look up and survey just about the entire second floor, because the upstairs is one of those cutaway jobs with a balcony. Charm, I guess, was what Mom and the architect had in mind, but they didn't give much thought to privacy or economy of space. Through the cute but ineffective louvred doors of the study even the smallest sounds can pass, unhampered by wood or plaster, and then down through the living room and into the kitchen, the dining room, and my bedroom downstairs, and even into its corresponding bathroom across the hall. This was where my brother Fig had been hiding out since well before noon on that Sunday. By now the shadows of late afternoon were spilling into the house, and Dad and I stood with our ears pressed against the bathroom door like a pair of monkeys, listening for signs of life, but all we heard was Mom weeping in the study upstairs. Back there behind the locked door, Fig's stillness made you wonder whether he hadn't slipped away through some secret exit in the plumbing.

Finally, Dad and I made the mistake of turning our heads at the same time. He had a heavy beard—he doesn't have it anymore—but there was no mistaking the shared embarrassment I saw on his face now. There was nothing left for me to do but slam my fist on the door and say, "Damn it, Fig, you hear her up there! Now just come the hell out!"

He came out. He didn't look at us. I followed him across the hall into my bedroom. I guess Dad just sort of seeped into the carpet, because the next thing I knew he was gone and there was just the sound of his voice humming anxiously from someplace underground, it sounded like. I watched Fig fall back on my bed and look up at the ceiling. He raised his hands, the good one and the spoiled one, above him in the air, watching them as if they were some kind of abstract-art exhibit he figured he ought to admire. Mom's sobs and sniffles still filtered in, and now I could hear Dad, suddenly returned from the underworld, up there talking to her. I shut the door and slouched against it, hoping to strike a casual stance for Fig's benefit.



"I just got tired of the same old hat."

• •

IT'S worth mentioning in her defense that Mom isn't your usual crybaby. She's kind but strong, and she's skilled in the various strategies of human relations—such as charm, assertiveness, and good looks—that people nowadays seem to think you can buy at your friendly neighborhood psychiatrist's office. For her, getting along with others isn't so much a skill as an art; it's part of her very nature. Her students love her. When she has to clean out her office at the end of every semester, she always brings home a carful of gifts and letters. Once, she brought home an entire *car*—a shabby but nice-looking M.G. convertible that an older student, a Vietnam veteran, gave her and refused to take back. She told us he stood in the parking lot as she was getting into her own worn-out Toyota and threatened to shoot himself in the head with a little .22 pistol he carried around if she didn't accept his gift. He said he wanted her to have it because she had encouraged him to the point where he thought it might be worth participating in life again. Mom said that half his foot had been blown away, but she is sort of gullible when it comes to appeals for sympathy; I saw him walking around the Hinds campus once, and he had on regular shoes and wasn't hindered by limp or stagger, as far as I could tell. The month after he gave her the M.G., we got a postcard from him out in Oregon, where he said he was picking apples and contemplating God's abundant creation with his new wife, Sukyo, who didn't have her visa yet but they were working on it. And speaking of cards, I remember another one to Mom, from an anorectic girl, that said, "Dear Mrs. Rembert"—Rembert being our family name—"Gosh, how can I thank you for all you did for me? I can look at food on the dinner table now and not feel like I have to eat all the leftovers. It's been three months now since I threw up my Sunday dinner, and I feel sure I'm over that habit. My weight is about normal. Friends and relatives tell me I look like Kitty from 'Gunsmoke,' do you know her? Thank you also for turning me on to William Golding and his 'Lord of the Flies.' As long as I stick to books like that, I'll never have to worry about having another one of those Krystal hamburger binges that used to haunt me so in the quiet moments when I tried to do something constructive. It makes me so happy to know I can now read books and listen to records and write letters in peace. Much much love (the true kind). Your friend and former student, Helen Skeet."

Mom has a large share of that vague, heroic quality called *mettle;* she's not given to fits of weeping. But because she's an attractive woman herself, with a keen eye for beauty and symmetry even in the lowest art forms—you should see the unusual towel racks in our house, for example—and loving her family as much as she does, Mom has had a harder time than any of us getting over Fig's injury. Fig himself, for all his hiding out behind locked doors, has most likely written the whole thing off to experience.

LOOKING NORTHWARD, AEGEANWARD: NESTLINGS ON SEA CLIFF

Chalky, steel-hard, or glass-slick, the cliff is
What you crawl up, inch up, or clamber, till now,
Arms outspread, you cling to rotting scrub roots, and at last
See what you'd risked neck to see, the nub
Of rock shelf outthrust from the shaded recess where,
From huddle of trash, dried droppings, and eggshell, lifts
The unfeathered, pitiless weakness of necks that scarcely uphold
The pink corolla of beak-gape—the blind yearning lifeward.

In sun-blast, around and above, weave
The outraged screams that would net your head,
And wings slash the air with gleaming mercilessness,
While for toehold or handhold downward you grope.
Breathless, at last you find a place to breathe . . .
Or even to pause on, and turn to the sun-crinkled sea
To watch it fade northward into
The horizon's blue ambiguity. You think
How, long back, the galleys—slim, black, bronze-flashing—bore
Northward, too, and toward the blue daze of distance.
Or of a tale told.

And you think, in dimness of aeons, how once the sea sloshed
Like suds in a dishpan, land heaved, and the sky
At noon darkened, and darkness, not like any metaphor, fell,
And in that black fog gulls screamed
As the feathers of gull wing from white flash
To flame burst. Yes, that was the hour
The rooftree or keystone of palaces fell and
A priest's grip drew backward curls of the King's son until
Throat-softness was tightened, and the last cry
Was lost in the gargle of blood on bronze blade. The King's
Mantle buries his face. But even
That last sacrifice meant nothing. Ashes
Would bury all. Cities
Beneath sea sank.

In some stony field, somewhere, eyes,
Unbelieving, opened. They saw,
First, the sky. Stared long. How little
They understood. But slowly began,
In new ignorance, the agony of Time.

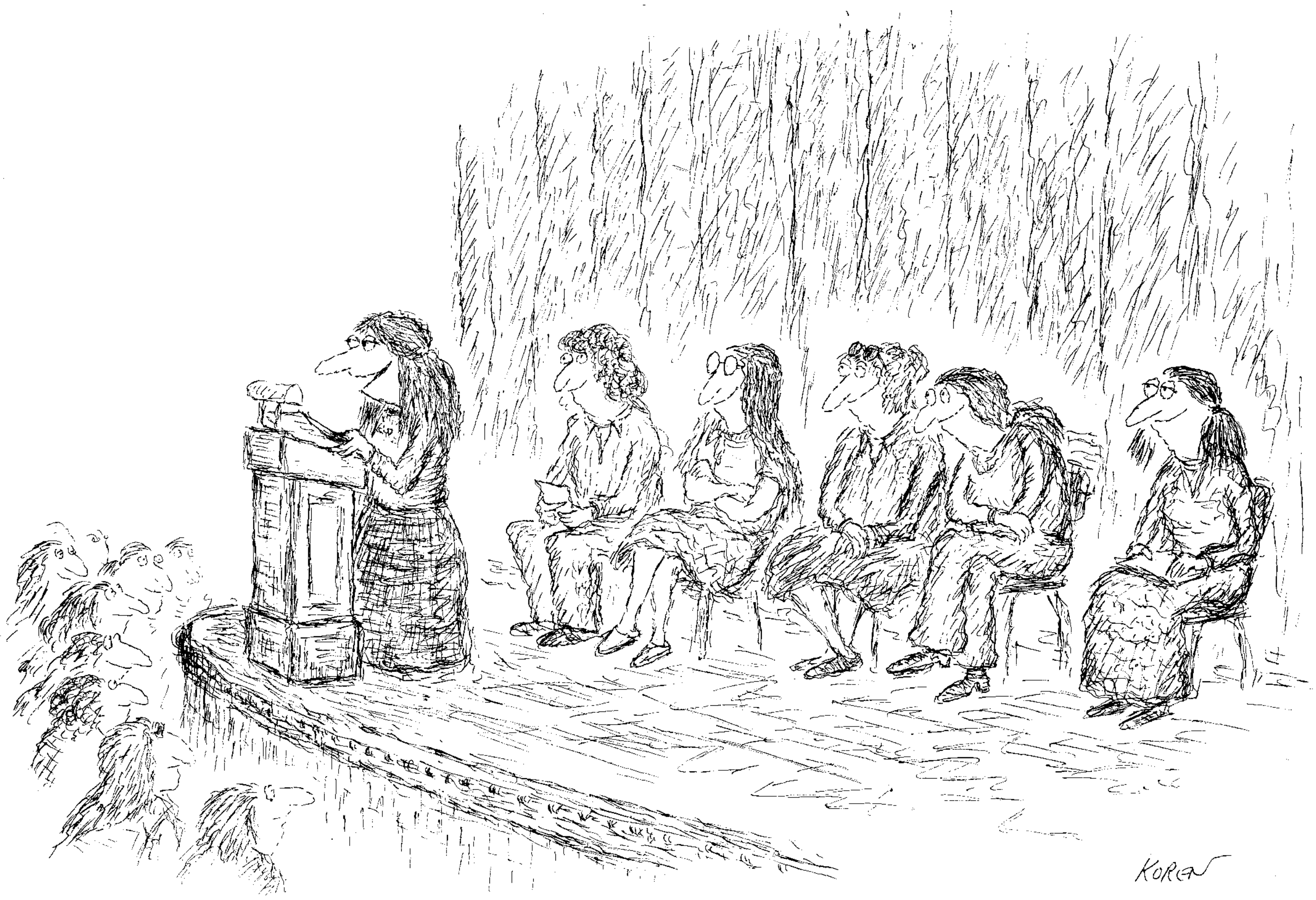
You think of the necks, unfeathered, feeble, upholding
The pink corolla of beak-gape—that blind yearning lifeward.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

FOR a while, Fig wasn't what you'd call spunky. After Dad and I coaxed him out of the bathroom that Sunday, a week after the accident, I hopped nervously around the room, trying to appear busy so Fig wouldn't catch me looking at him. I put away records, books, pajamas, and dirty socks. I'd have made the bed, but Fig looked as if he was there to stay. He wouldn't say anything. He just lay there on his back, arms stretched full out, as in a scene from one of those Frankenstein-type movies where the doctor hasn't brought the monster all the way to life yet. The damaged finger on his left hand had layers and layers of gauze on it. I felt awful; I couldn't think of one worthwhile thing to say. Once, he opened his mouth a little, and I said, "What?" to encourage him in what I took to be his first speaking bid all day, but all that came out of him was one hard little sigh. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore and I said, "Why don't we go out for a few beers?" Fig shrugged and followed me out to the car. It had quieted down upstairs by the time we stepped outside. It was dark by now, with no moon out; the air was heavy with humidity, and smelled of stale swamp water.

As I backed the VW, windows all open, out of the driveway, I hoped for rain, thinking Fig might feel better once it wasn't so hot and sticky. Later on, it came, a merciful downpour beating on the flat roof of the Red Bar, as Fig and I sat inside with our beers, talking about Fig's plans for graduation, only a month away. Fig had cheered up considerably since I got him out of the house. He likes the Red Bar. He's often said that some of his happiest memories are of all the times



"Here to share their thoughts and feelings with us this evening are Jackie Parsons-Wilder, Eugenia Robbins-Randolph, Sarah Brundelmeyer-Hurd, Rachel Rice-Grant, and Jane Thomaston-Whitehouse-Morgenthaller."

• •

Dad used to bring us to the R.B. with him and treat us to pinball games and root beer and fried pickles, which are a house specialty.

"I don't think I'm gonna do the senior trip," said Fig now. "I played down in Panama City that time last summer, and Florida was the scum of the South. The band almost fell apart, we were so sick and miserable. We got food poisoning and nobody had the strength to leave the hotel. Come to think of it, that's when we changed our name from Erectosaur to Alleged Tumor. I feel so *old* all of a sudden. I just can't handle two weeks in Pensacola with all those redneck teen-agers."

It struck me then, looking at him, how bright my brother Fig is, and how pretty: thick head of shaggy brown hair, unobtrusive nose, fair skin—not like me, with my greenish skin, Lebanese beak, and capped teeth (from a car wreck I had three years ago). Also, at twenty-one, I am losing my hair.

"What is it?" I said to Fig. "The hand?"

His face reddened. "Don't start that crap," he said, and for a minute I thought he was going to throw his beer at me. Then he said, "No, you're right, I guess. Maybe by graduation night I might feel more like going."

"You deserve it. Twelve years of school without a break, except summers, and even then you always had summer school or that job bagging groceries at Jitney."

"I deserve it," said Fig.

I got up and bought us a couple more beers. When I came back to the table, Fig said, "What I really deserve is a break from Mom. She's driving me nuts."

"She's worried," I said.

"You're telling me." Fig slapped the table with his bandaged hand; he winced but kept talking. "She's eaten up with it. All that staring and crying, I mean. I can't stand it."

"Look," I said, "it's not like she's all worked up over nothing. She's got a right to be concerned."

"I know, I know," Fig said. "She's waiting for some God-almighty sign that I'm O.K.—that I haven't let this thing kill my lust for life and all that. Well, let me tell you something, brother. People don't lose their lust for life. Anybody who says they've lost it never had it in the first place. I know dozens of people not even out of high school yet who spend all their time feeling sorry for themselves. They think they know what grief is all about, but all they're really getting into is self-pity. Why can't they get their grieving done and then get the hell on with business? You know?"

I just nodded. It always embarrasses me a little when Fig goes off on one of his tangents. I find his logic hard to fault, but he has this way of making me feel like *I'm* the real teen-ager in the family.

Finally, I managed to say, "Fig,

why have you been locking yourself in the bathroom all week?"

He looked at me for a few seconds. He drained his beer glass, belched, and made a funny noise in his larynx. "What do *you* think?" he said. "I'm trying to get used to looking at this thing before I have to unveil it to the world. You tell Mom I'll be just fine if she'll let me alone. All that crying bugs the hell out of me."

"Have you shown her what it looks like yet?" I said.

"You know she doesn't want to see it. Go start the car. I've gotta stop by the bathroom."

I finished my beer and went out and stood in the parking lot waiting for Fig. It had stopped raining. Spring rains in Mississippi tend to be torrential but brief, like a seizure of passion. The air smelled clean; it had cooled off some, and I was glad of it, though I knew it wouldn't last. Still no moon, but you had the feeling the remaining clouds might disintegrate at any minute and there you'd see it, close enough to touch. I walked over and sat on the fender of the VW. I thought of how, only a week ago, Fig and I had sat around the kitchen talking over beer and grilled-cheese sandwiches. He was supposedly on his way out to the strobe-lit Galaxy Disco to move among his high-school friends, and I had nothing to do, as usual. He didn't want to go. I knew this and I was trying to take advantage of it; I needed the company. I'd stopped out of college for a spell and didn't have a job. Summer was on its way, and I was consoling myself with the thought of going to Alaska, where I'd heard you could make big bucks working in the fish canneries. I thought I might even try to get on with one of the logging companies there. I knew that the smell of dirt and dead fish wouldn't really bother me.

I stood there at the stove, grilling up sandwiches and offering them to Fig, because I wanted him to stay and talk to me. I basked in the accumulation of smoke and grease. It was Sunday night, but Fig said the seniors fancied themselves big shots now, what with graduation coming up and all, so they were voicing their maturity to the parental world by staying out all night not just on Friday and Saturday but on school nights, too. He found that pretty amusing, but he didn't want to come off as a lily-white snob, he said, so he promised to join them in their revelry now and then. Tonight was supposed to be one of those times, but I knew Fig hated the Galaxy Disco, with its beer-soaked carpet and poisonous men's room and its mammoth, homicidal bouncers. I figured I was doing him a favor keeping him occupied at home. I plucked another Busch from the icebox and went to fixing myself a sandwich. Fig had eaten his last one and stood near the kitchen door, looking as if he might be ready to leave. I grabbed the sandwich off the spatula and tossed it to him on the counter, saying, "Wait! Wait! You haven't finished your supper yet!"

Fig shook his head. "My gut feels like an oil drum," he said. "But I was hungry."

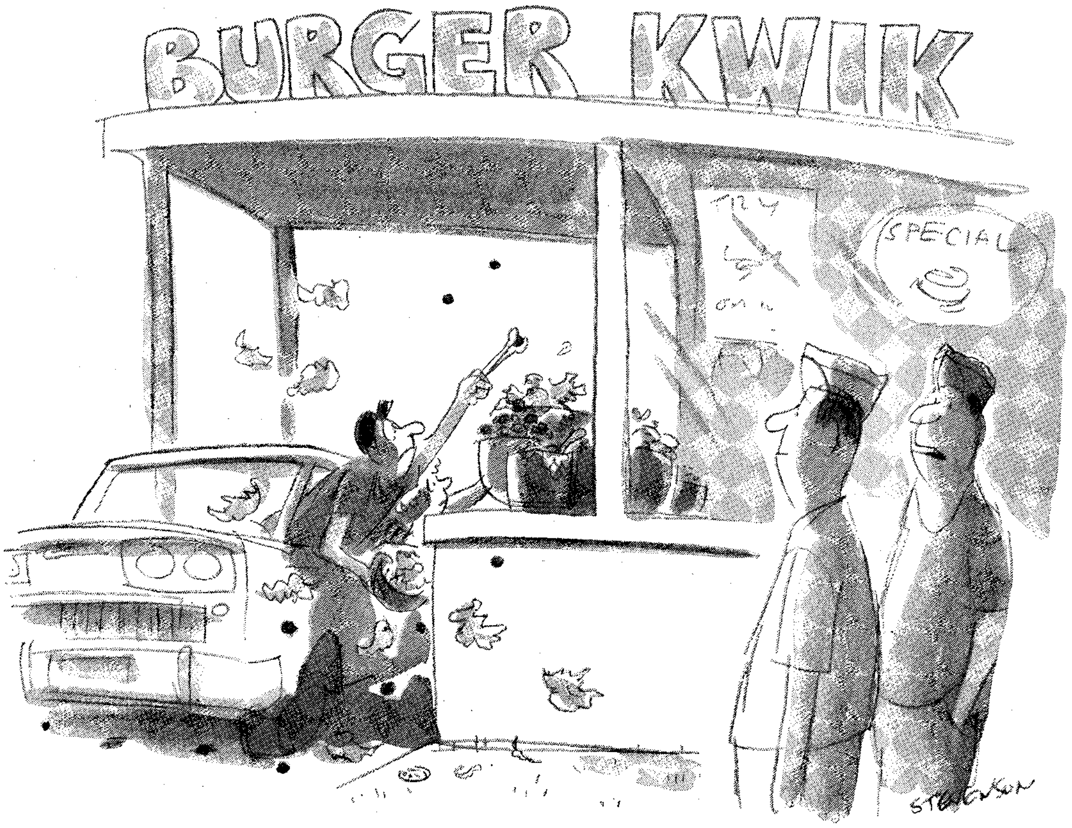
"You were hungry," I said. "You needed something to go on. A person can't just go out dancing and drinking on an empty stomach."

I was wiping the grease splotches off the stove with a sponge when Fig plunked the car keys down on the counter and said, "I think I'm gonna stay here. My stomach hurts and it's going on nine already."

I offered him the roll of Tums I always carry around for heartburn.

"Nope," he said. "Here's the best medicine, right here, yes sir." He had got a lemon out of the box and commenced cutting it with a paring knife. "You really ought to get off those things," he said. "Here's the real surefire cure." He squeezed the juice of the lemon halves into a glass and held up the glass. "To life, and deliverance from the public schools!" he said, and downed the contents in one gulp. Then he grinned painfully and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his shirt. "Good stuff, I'm telling you. You should try it."

I picked up one of the depleted lemon halves and dropped it in my shirt pocket, where some of the leftover juice seeped out and formed a small wet ring. "Gosh, thanks for the advice," I said to Fig. "Handy little items, aren't they?" This was the sort of



"Let's just admit that the drive-thru salad bar is an idea whose time has not yet come."

dumb ironical episode Fig and I like to perform for each other's amusement.

"You smart-ass," he said, still grinning. "Give me that." And he went over to the sink and began stuffing the lemon remnants in the electric garbage disposal. Before he'd even got them in all the way, he flipped the switch and the motor started whirring, and I wish now with all my heart that I'd stopped him from doing the job backward like that—that I'd yelled, "No, Fig! Get it in all the way first and *then* turn the thing on." But I just stood there watching while the machine inside the drain made a snort and went on with its business, and Fig fell away from the sink saying "Heee" and leaned against the icebox for a moment. I watched him watch the blood spattering the floor, and then he hurried out of the kitchen and I heard a door slam.

He was only in the bathroom a couple of minutes. He'd tried to patch up the finger with a Band-Aid and Foille Ointment, and it hadn't done much good, of course. Dad came down and we wrapped Fig's hand up in a beach towel—it was the first thing I saw when I looked in the closet—and we drove right to Hinds General Hospital, where Dad nearly plowed the Impala through the emergency-room doors. There was so much blood we couldn't tell how serious the injury was, though we had a pretty good idea. A garbage disposal isn't too skilled in matters of grace. I had a friend in school once who ate like that, all grunting, snarling mouth, and bits of food flying about the table.

In the waiting room, which was small and too bright and crowded with plastic plants, I felt numb, but Dad was pale and angry. He pulled at his beard as if he expected it to come off in his hand. He hollered at the receptionist, who kept shoving forms at him to fill out—I think he came close to slapping her—and when he and I were sitting alone over in a corner, he turned to me and said in a low, rasping voice, "You couldn't find the rest of it?"

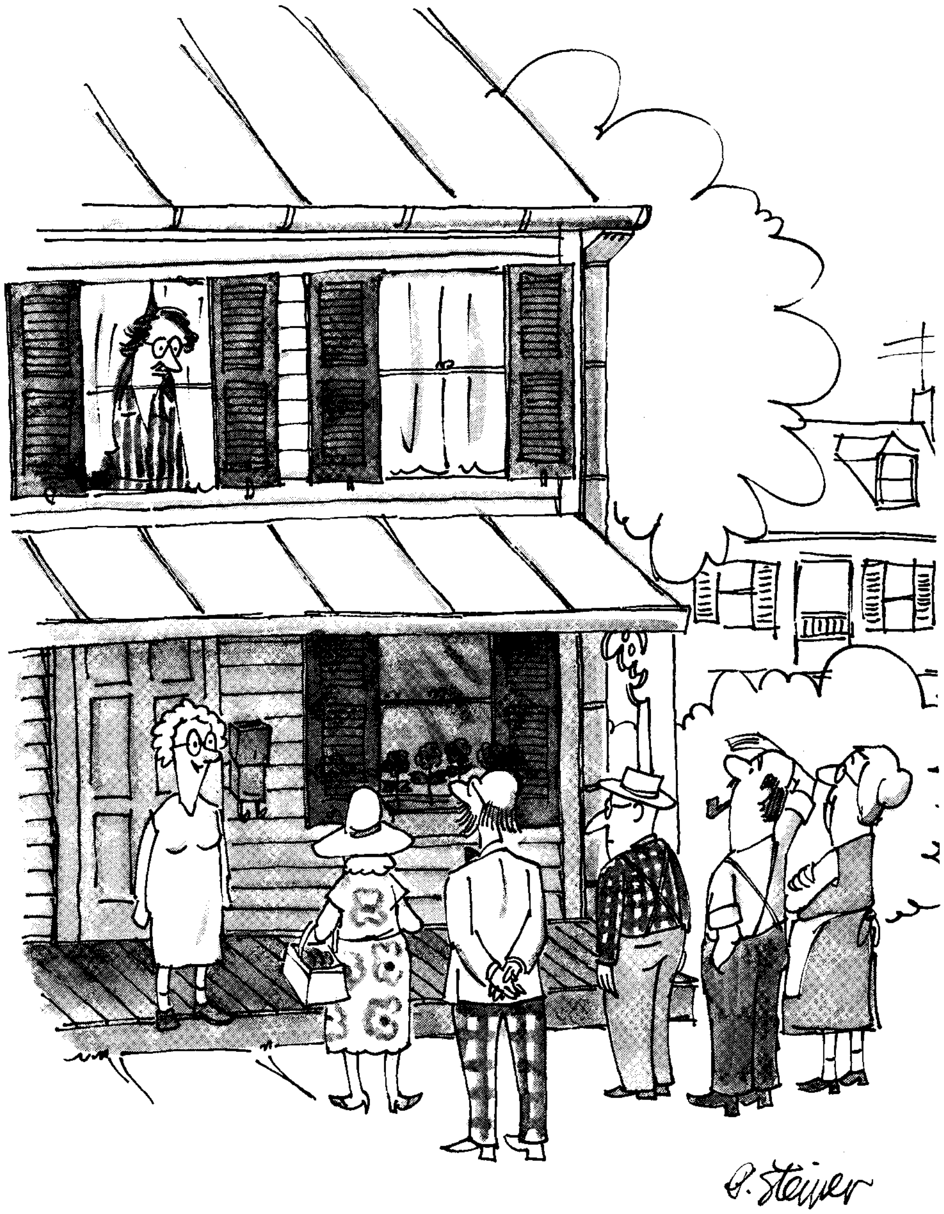
His eyebrows were twitching, and I felt sort of hypnotized by them. "What rest?" I mumbled.

"Goddam it, didn't you *look*? You could have at least looked." He'd started shaking my arm. Just then, I noticed several other anxious faces across from us, and suddenly I felt responsible for the misfortunes of the whole world.

I stood up and moved a couple of steps away from him, but kept my voice low. "Dad, there's no way they could have saved anything. Think of what happened to Mom's wedding ring when it fell down in there."

"Don't you tell me about any goddam ring!" he shouted. "We're not talking about somebody's goddam ring here!" Then he jumped up and strode off toward the men's room.

When we finally got home from the hospital, Mom was back from her ballet class but she was still wearing her tights. We told her the news—the stupid accident, Fig's left index finger bitten down almost to the second knuckle; everything taken care of, though, everything O.K. They were keeping him at the hospital overnight to pump some blood back into him. Mom didn't bat an eye. She just went upstairs and came down with a little overnight bag and said she was going out there to stay with him. I told her they said he'd be all right by himself, or else Dad and I would've stayed with him and called from the hospital, but she was already out the door. Then Dad went up to his room, and I



"Mr. Mark Smithfield comes to us from New York City. He's renting two rooms, with kitchen privileges. Mark is an artist by profession. He likes roller-skating and classical music. Mark came to Sunnydale to get away from the city."

• •

got in bed and lay there thinking about Mom and Fig, about how right it was for her to be the one who went to stay with him. Dad and I might have broken down and cried right in front of him while he was trying to rest. Mom and Fig were both strong; they were the doers of the family. Dad and I were the wimps.

Lying in bed, I thought of how he and I used that word—wimp—to describe our former neighbor Mr. Hackett, who last year moved his family up to Connecticut to find a better school for his emotionally disturbed son, Larry. As far as I could tell, Mr. Hackett never held a job. He was always taking Larry off on long trips or coming over to bug Dad and me while we were working in the yard. We'd laugh at the old guy once he was out of earshot.

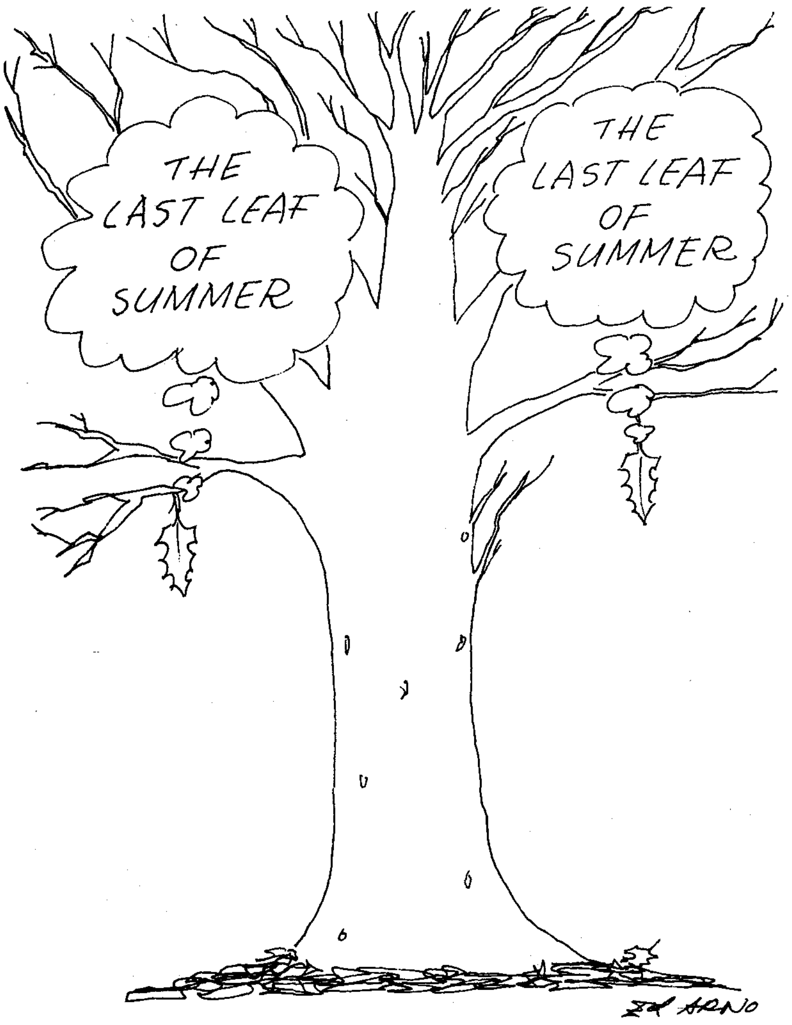
But lying in bed the night Fig got hurt, I felt sort of bad for ever having made jokes about Mr. Hackett. His view of what constitutes responsibility might be myopic, but I could not deny that he loves his son and would do anything in the world for him. I lay there thinking of Mom and Fig—of how they managed to do so well for themselves and still do a lot for others. It seemed to me they had both found their centers, as the saying goes, while Dad and I continued to thrash in a sea of disillusionment, Dad kidding himself that he was really going to leave the big, unsympathetic publishing company he's been with for fifteen years, and me a high-school—and now a college—dropout sitting around the house all day with nothing better to do than entertain big ideas of going off somewhere far away where, I tell myself, things will change, I will find my true calling, and everyone will say, "Yes, yes, we should have known he would become so great and do such remarkable things."

Dad and I were the true wimps. We were too helpless in our own lives to help anyone else. I kept thinking of Fig's accident and what an injury like that might have done to anyone (me or Dad, for instance) who didn't have Fig's—there's that word again—mettle. Before I fell asleep, I began to see that in the days to come it would be me and Dad who'd worry about Fig's guitar playing and self-esteem and the rest of it, while Fig himself would go on living his life without a lot of dumb self-pity. He might even end up better for the experience.

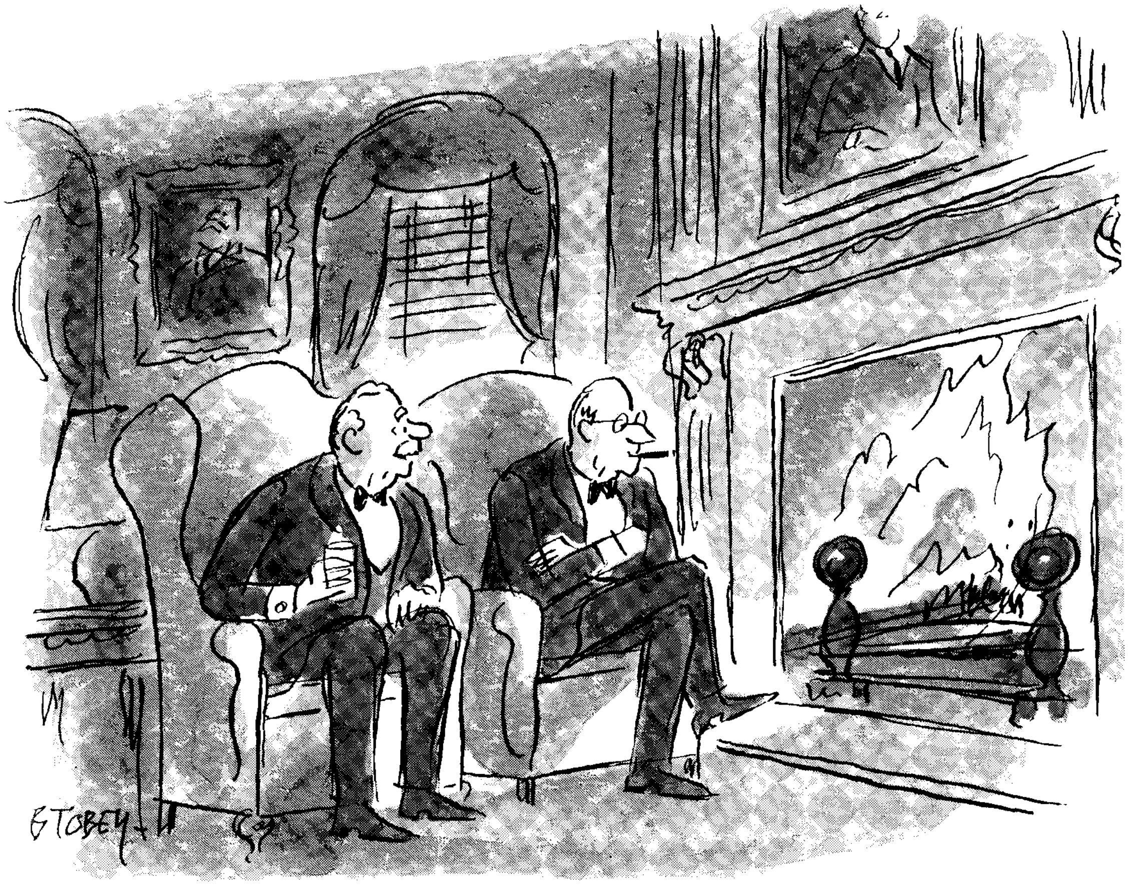
He came home from the hospital the next day, and, sure, his face was a bit drawn—he was in a fair amount of pain, after all—but somehow he was *all right*. Of course he was a bit moodier than usual, and he did spend those long periods locked in the bathroom, as I have said, but I knew already that what he told me the week after the accident, when we were sitting in the Red Bar, was true: he understood that he had to embrace this thing himself. This would take time and probably some long sober, private looks, with the bandages pulled back and nobody else around—but it would be only a matter of weeks, I knew, before he could wear his injury in front of the world. And I knew he meant to wear it without shame—not an easy thing, when you think of all the teen-age girls out there who'd wilt into the upholstery if the hand that pawed them in the back seat was missing half a finger.

I MYSELF once shook hands with an amputee, an old Army friend of my father's who came for dinner with us. I recall noticing his hair, which was thick and unnaturally yellow, as he stood in the front hallway hugging Dad. Then he turned to me and said, "My God! This must be the oldest. When I last saw you, boy, you were still yelling and kicking in the high chair." He put out his hand. I was still interested in his hair and I just took his hand in an automatic fashion. Then I felt the clumsy grip, the odd contour of his hand. I looked down and saw that two of the three fingers were missing—middle and ring, the third and fourth digits. He wore a ring on the pinky. I didn't want to stare, but I couldn't help it. By this time, he'd withdrawn his hand; it hung by his side. I kept on staring and staring, and everybody just stood there in the hall noticing me notice the ruined hand. It reminded me of those dog-shaped shadows you make on the wall by holding out your hand and folding back your forefinger. My dad used to scare me with those hand shadows when I was a kid.

Anyway, I spent the rest of the day hiding out in my room, and I didn't come to the supper table until the friend left. Dad didn't speak to me at first, and when he did he said, "He's one of my oldest friends, and you


THE LAST LEAF OF SUMMER
THE LAST LEAF OF SUMMER
Ed Arno

have to go and make him feel like a crip. I didn't realize your mother and I had raised such an insensitive bastard." But later on that evening he knocked on my door and asked if I wanted to eat some popcorn and watch the Wednesday-night movie with him. They were showing Hitchcock's "The Birds," he said—one of our favorites.



"In my time, I was considered a Don Juan. How about you?"

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Dad and I have had our share of squabbles, but there is a kindred feeling between us. Watching him sometimes, in all his petty cheerlessness—he never really seems to *enjoy* anything—I'm bothered by the notion that I'm glimpsing a sneak preview of my own adulthood. It also strikes me at times that when he observes me closely he's viewing home movies of when he was a kid. With Mom and me, it's more a case of mutual admiration, I guess. We're different, and I like to think it's the differences we respect each other for. She has a robust personality, while I have a sullen nature that tends to mark me as a social outcast but nonetheless buys me huge blocks of time to myself, which Mom envies. "Never enough privacy!" she often says. "Never enough time alone to get anything done." On the other hand, she is able to react emotionally in very decisive ways. She is angry, sad, happy, etc., without effort. Like Dad, I tend toward depression—depression, as I'd define it, being a confusion of emotions so severe as to leave you paralyzed, powerless to act. Mom doesn't have this problem, and, for that matter, neither does Fig.

But then, Fig is in a class by himself. He's able to hold back a reaction to something for a long time, without letting it muddle him up. He has a way of needing to get acquainted with a thing before he can decide how he feels about it. I've seen him withhold judgment about the most obvious fool and then, after you thought the verdict on the moron was widely agreed upon, he'll come out and say that person is truly all right. Other times, he'll call up a friend after an hour's deliberation and say he feels it's high time they terminate their relationship. As I've said, it was going to be just a matter of time before Fig learned to accept the mangled finger as just another part of his body. You may say half a finger isn't so much to lose, but I'm convinced it would be exactly the same if Fig had lost a whole hand, or even an arm or leg.

DRIVING home from the Red Bar that Sunday night, I asked Fig if he was worried about what might happen to his guitar playing. Without giving him time to answer, I said, "Fig, you're such a goddam good player, this thing'll probably make you even better."

He said he hadn't even thought about it—"I take one thing at a time, don't you know that?"—and I knew he was telling the truth. "You're swerving all over the place," he said. "Pull over and let me drive." Then he reached over and turned the windshield wipers off. "You're wasted," he said gently.

"I am not," I said, but I pulled over. I always have to drink three times as many beers as Fig when we go out. It takes me that many to loosen up to where I can talk straight with him. Sober, I sometimes feel like an exposed lizard in his presence.

When we got home from the Red Bar, the house was all dark except for a lamp in the living room. I flipped on half a dozen downstairs lights and went to rummaging in the icebox; Fig sat down at the counter and watched. "Hey, hey," I said, offering him a pot of congealed-looking potato soup from a forgotten supper. "Want some?"

"God, no," said Fig. "Sh-h-h, wait. Hear that?"

Dad was snoring foghorns upstairs, as usual.

"That's pathetic," I said. "He's really gotten worse the last year or so."

"No. Listen." Fig's good hand was flapping, signalling for silence.

I set the pot on the counter and kept

still a second. Then I heard it—Mom's voice above us, muted as though through a handkerchief.

"Oh, Christ, this is ridiculous," I said. "You think she's been crying ever since we left the house?"

"That's not crying I hear," said Fig. "Just listen a minute."

I went and stood in the dining room, looking at Fig through the doorway as I cocked an ear toward the ceiling.

Fig whispered, "Don't *you* hear *it*? She's saying something."

I heard her voice—the sound of the words—though I couldn't make out the actual words themselves. "Maybe she's on the phone," I said.

Fig's voice rose to a point between hoarse whisper and shout. "Man, that's *my* room! There's no phone up there."

Fig got to the top of the stairs first. He stopped and pointed toward his bedroom. The door was shut and there wasn't any light leaking out from under it—the way it usually looks when I can't sleep and go up to there to visit. He always keeps his door shut at night, and I can tell by the light if he's asleep or awake. One time, though, I did see the light on and went in and found him asleep in his clothes. He was lying half on, half off the bed, with beer on his breath. His mouth was partly open, and he was drooling all over the sheets. That was the only time I recall seeing him really wasted. I thought he looked positively graceful.

Fig was trying the knob. "Mom," he said keeping his voice low, slapping lightly at the door, "Mom, are you in there?"

I threw in my two cents' worth. "Mom? Is something wrong?"

Two cents was about all the effort I could afford to put into it; I was tired of all the crying and the locked doors. God damn it, I thought, everybody's hiding out around here except me. Fig I could forgive, but I could not understand this kind of behavior coming from Mom.

Now Fig rattled the door again, but there was no response. "Get a bobby pin and let's open it," he said.

I went and found one in a drawer in the bathroom. We got the door open and switched on the light. There wasn't anything unusual except for two open guitar cases sitting in the middle of the floor. Fig never left his guitars lying around when he went out. Fig was down on his hands and knees looking under the bed when I thought to open the closet door. It took a few seconds, but then I saw her, crouched among the boxes and hanging clothes, cradling a guitar in each arm. She was holding each one around the base of the neck—the black Les Paul and the sunburst Stratocaster—with a guitar resting against the outside of each knee and with the necks pointing up past her ears. The effect was of somebody trying to walk with stilts, only she was sitting down. A few of the boxes in the closet were open and old clothes and papers lay scattered around.

I bent down and slipped my arm around her and kissed her cheek. "Are you O.K.?" I said.

She just looked at me a moment. She hadn't been crying, as far as I could tell. By now, Fig had squeezed into the closet, crowding the party quite a lot, and he was yammering, "What the hell's going on? Mom, why don't you get up from there and talk to us? What kind of stunt is this?"

"Shut up," I said to Fig, pushing him out of the closet. Then I turned the closet light on and closed the door halfway. I was all worked up. I'd never seen Mom do anything this weird before. More than anything else, I guess, I was embarrassed for all of us. I took the guitars from her and slid them through the crack in the door. "Fig," I said, "get rid of these damn things." Then I turned back to Mom and said, "Ready to come out?"

THESE GREEN-GOING-TO-YELLOW

This year,
I'm raising the emotional ante,
putting my face
in the leaves to be stepped on,
seeing myself among them, that is;
that is, likening
leaf-vein to artery, leaf to flesh,
the passage of a leaf in autumn
to the passage of autumn,
branch-tip and winter spaces
to possibilities, and possibility
to God. Even on East 61st Street,
in the blowsy city of New York,
someone has planted a gingko
because it has leaves like fans like hands,
hand-leaves, and sex. Those lovely
Chinese hands on the sidewalks
so far from delicacy
or even, perhaps, another gender of gingko—
do we see them?
No one ever treated us so gently
as these green-going-to-yellow hands
fanned out where we walk.
No one ever fell down so quietly
and lay where we would look
when we were tired or embarrassed,
or so bowed down by humanity
that we had to watch out lest our shoes stumble,
and looked down not to look up
until something looked like parts of people
where we were walking. We have no
experience to make us see the gingko
or any other tree,
and, in our admiration for whatever grows tall
and outlives us,
we look away, or look at the middles of things,
which would not be our way
if we truly thought we were gods.

—Marvin Bell

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Mom was holding on to my wrist. I thought she wanted me to help her up, but she pulled my face down next to hers and whispered, "Make him get rid of them, please. Maybe you could sell them?"

"What?" I said. I peeked out the closet door. Fig didn't seem to have heard. He was too busy trying to put his guitars away with one hand. I turned back to Mom.

She went on whispering. "I just can't stand the thought of him trying to play after what's happened," she said. "He'll never be any good again. It would break my heart to hear him groping. Oh, my baby!" Her voice was starting to crack.

Well, even all the crying incidents since the accident hadn't prepared me for this. For a minute there, I felt frightened, seeing my mother all unravelled. Then it changed, all at once, and her behavior seemed somehow to correspond with my own feelings. It was as if I was having some weird kind of shift. I helped her up from the floor and pressed my face in the crook of her neck. "Mom," I said (I was crying now), "I feel the exact same way. It's a terrible thing that's happened to Fig. It's permanent. Our family will never be the same."

Fig shoved his way into the closet. "What the hell are you two *doing* in here?" he said.

Mom fell upon him, making anguished sounds. Fig stood still and let her hug him, but he wore a pained expression. Then when he saw *I'd* been crying, he really looked disgusted. "Oh, God," he said. "Not you, too."

Mom said, "No, no," in a calmer voice. We'd drifted out of the closet by this time and she was standing in the middle of the room. Fig sat down on the bed. "No, Fig," Mom went on, "it's my fault. I was looking through your old clothes and school papers and I got all sentimental. It won't happen again."

"It got to me, too," I added. "Boy, Fig, you were a hell of a cute kid."

Fig got up again and announced he was going to bed. "I've had enough of this goddam crying," he said.

"Hold on, there," said Mom. She'd regained her composure, and now she was in-control Mom again. "Listen, kiddo," she said to Fig, "you haven't brushed your teeth yet. I smelled your breath when I hugged you." She kissed him on the forehead and motioned to me, and we left the room. Fig shut the door on us as soon as we got out in the hall. "Go to bed, you two," he called through the door. "Get some rest."

Mom and I stood there in the hall smiling at each other. "That smart-aleck, he's just as bad as ever," she said. I could hear the relief in her voice.

"He's a sweetheart, all right," I said.

I was hoping Mom might want to stay up awhile and talk. I still felt funny about what had just happened in Fig's room, but I think I felt somehow that it was too important to just throw it aside and forget about it. "Why don't I go down and make us some coffee?" I said.

Mom just touched my cheek and said, "Fix some for yourself if you want, honey. I've got conferences all day tomorrow and yoga class meets tomorrow night. Remind me to give your hair a little trim next weekend. It looks like a rat's nest. Tonight I told your dad how nice his beard looked, and he went in the bathroom and came out with it shaved off. Too much going *on* around here."

"Figures," I said.

Her face grew sad. "I think it was because of the gray. It wasn't there the last time he grew one—at least not so much of it—though I'm always saying I love salt-and-pepper beards best."

"Me, too," I said. I held a finger to my lips and nodded toward their bedroom door. "He's gotten worse, hasn't he?"

We stood there listening to Dad's labored breathing—snores you could measure with a seismograph—and for a moment we both smiled. Then Mom said, "You see how much weight he's put on this year. He can barely keep his jeans on, for the paunch. I tell him he ought to come to ballet with me sometimes, just for the warmup exercises, or at least yoga classes, but he laughs." She hugged me.

I drew back and leaned awkwardly on the balcony railing. There had been a last flicker of desperation in that hug—I could feel it—and now it made me self-conscious. The time for all that had passed; we'd both withdrawn to our regular old roles. I noticed that Mom's face still looked sad, but the strong jaw and confident eyes had been restored, and I knew there'd be no more awkward self-exposures that night. "Well," I said.

"Well, good night," she said. "Love you, dear."

"Love you," I said.

She went into the room and closed the door. I flipped off the hall lights and was about to go downstairs when I noticed the moon I'd hoped for had finally come out. There is a little cubbyhole on the landing, in which is fitted a bookcase and a tall, narrow window, and the whole little niche was so lit up that at first I wasn't entirely sure it was the moon's doing at all but maybe was caused by a new street light I hadn't noticed before. But I stood at the window and craned my neck around until I found the moon. It was partially hidden by some big pine trees in our yard but still visible—huge and white and verging on, but not quite, perfectly round, just about the way I'd imagined it. I almost decided to go sleep out on the deck, but when I put my hands on the glass I could feel the heat of the outdoors pulsing in my fingertips. It's not a pleasant sensation, the way a hot, still Mississippi night can make you aware of your own blood coursing through your limbs and pounding in your ears. Three years ago, when I was eighteen, I lay in bed at Hinds General Hospital for six weeks and had that feeling every night. I'd gotten messed up in that car wreck and I'd lost pints of blood and broken all kinds of bones, but, except for the capped teeth and a couple of small scars on my neck where they had to rebuild my jaw, I now look about the same as before. Just older.

Standing there between the closed doors of my brother's and parents' rooms, I tried to imagine how I would have stood up to a more obvious, permanent injury—an eye blinded, a lost finger, or a whole leg lost on the operating table, like the girl down the hall from me at Hinds General, who'd been in a much worse wreck and kept getting skin grafts for her busted-up leg. They took skin from the other, good leg, from her side, her upper arms, and even her buttocks, and they took pieces of bone from the most unlikely places, but the leg got infected and had to come off. She was a good-looking girl, a year or two younger than me; she'd been driving a Triumph Spitfire, and a cement truck ran a red light and hit her. She still sends me postcards sometimes, from her new home in Golden, Colorado.

I stood there on the landing, inside the narrow shaft of moonlight, and I tried to imagine carrying on if any part of me were mutilated. All I could conjure up was a bleak picture of me packing my bags and waving goodbye to the world of happy, ironical humans, and limping off to join the rest of my vegetal kind. No more beer and good talk with Mom and Dad and Fig outside on the deck in the summer; they would only look at me across the rims of their beer cans and realize that there were certain things—things pertaining to the world of whole, active humans—that I'd never be able to share with the rest of the family again.

But if there is another effect nighttime often has on you, it is to make you feel more helpless and cut off from everyone than you really are. Standing there, I could imagine Fig saying something like that—not calling me a coward or anything but merely scolding me for speculating so wildly on things I don't know much about. I could almost hear his voice saying, "Hey, I'm *telling* you, it's not nearly so awful as you make it out to be."

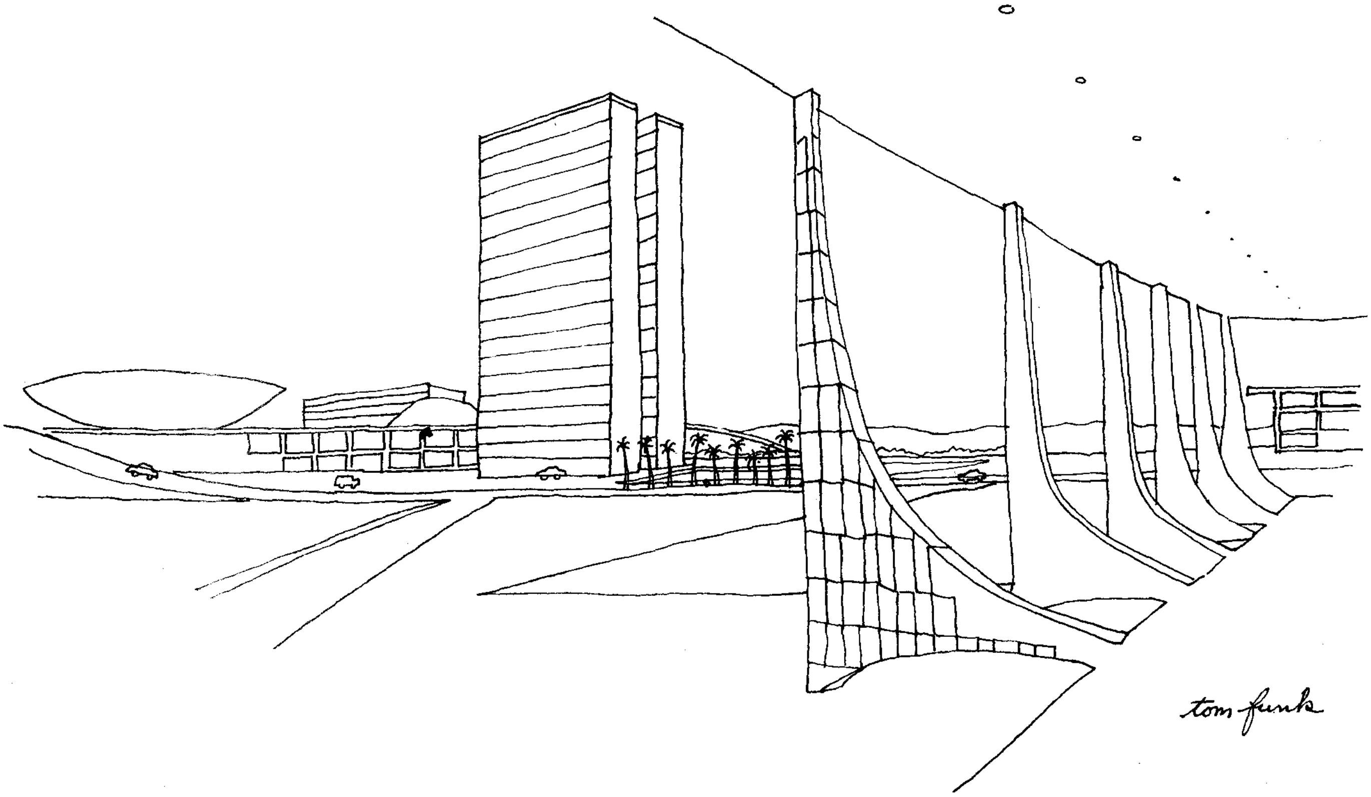
Oh, but isn't it, Fig, I thought.

The light was off in Fig's room now—he'd slipped off to bed without brushing his teeth—but for an instant I wanted to burst in on him and find him lying awake worrying about the things I felt he should be worrying about. It seemed that if I could catch him at it I'd be relieved and could sleep well myself. But I stayed fixed to my spot by the window, watching the moon move slowly out from behind the pine trees, and listening to the patterned rising and falling of Dad's absurd snoring, which sounded something like the cadence of life itself. I felt so lulled by these things that I almost stayed all night out on the landing, where I was. But at some point I heard something like the sound of a door closing and then the lock being turned, and I went to bed that night convinced—though I've never asked her—that Mom had been standing out in the hall watching me.

—James Hughes

PROFILES

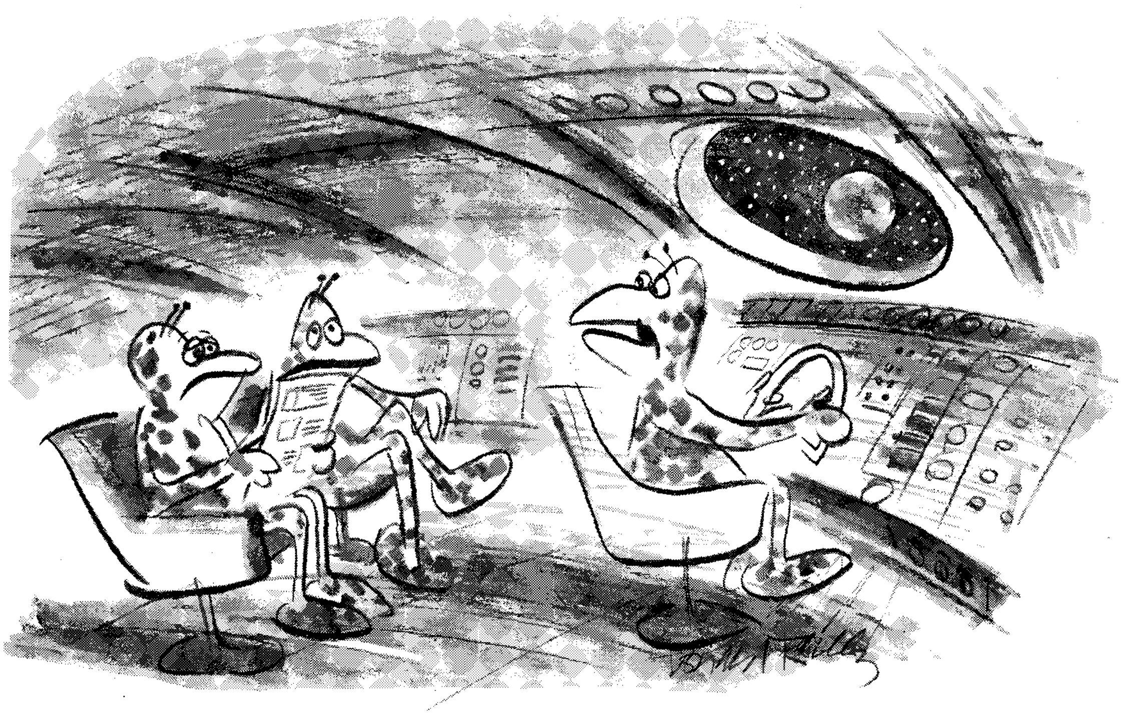
THE CAPITAL OF HOPE



OBSERVING a custom of northeastern Brazil, José Leonias buried the umbilical cords of his fourteen children under a cashew tree, in front of his house. The children were all delivered at home by two old midwives, Dom Dom and Militar, one of whom was black, the other white. The first child, Daniel, came in 1931, and was followed, at roughly twenty-month intervals, by Iraci, Marie José, Valdemar, Mario, Teresinha, Maria de Lourdes, Francisco das Chagas, Tadeu, Antonio Hedevirgem, José Ademir, and Luís Afonso; two others died before they reached ten. The house stood at the corner of two unpaved streets—Ruas Floriano Peixoto and Padre Uchôa—not far from the main square of Floriano, the third-largest city in the state of Piauí. The names of both streets were inscribed on blue plaques on the sides of the house. It was a rambling one-story gray stucco building with a red tile roof and heavy jacaranda doors and shutters, which were thrown open each morning. The rooms had high ceilings and were numerous enough to contain not only the whole family but frequent invasions of relatives, a thriving general store, and a small hotel run by José Leonias's wife, Dona Joana Maria de Jesus. He came from a village five leagues, or slightly more than twenty-two miles, from Floriano. His grandfather had had sixteen children and eighty-six grandchildren, and had lived to see seventy-two of his great-grandchildren and two of his great-great-grandchildren before dying at a hundred and twenty. All of them were poor, dark-skinned people, like almost everyone in Piauí—subsistence farmers of corn, manioc, and beans, with a few head of cattle. Dona Joana's mother had come to Piauí from Ceará, a state to the northeast, during a severe drought. Her father, João Apóstolo de Jesus, was the son of a wild Indian, perhaps a Timbira, who had been captured in his youth and raised by a family of homesteaders called de Jesus.

The first thing to be said about Piauí is that it is blistering hot. The second is that it is poor—the most destitute and neglected of Brazil's twenty-two states. Floriano grew up early in the last century on the right bank of the silent, glassy, and treacherously swift Parnaíba River, three hundred miles from the sea. The banks of the Parnaíba are lined with carnauba palm, which the explorer Alexander von Humboldt proclaimed the Tree of Providence, because every part of it is used. These days, the trunk is used for beams and fence posts, the nuts and palmito for cattle feed, the fronds for straw hats and roof thatch, and the wax coating on the fronds for the manufacture of carbon paper, dry-cell batteries, film, cosmetics, phonograph records, and a hundred and fifty other products. Floriano straddles Piauí's carnauba and cattle belts, and José Leonias traded in both commodities. He bought fronds from the mule trains that came into town and sold them to the factories, where they were stripped of their wax by diesel-powered motors, and he sold jerked beef and leather in his store.

Iraci, the second child, grew to be a striking redhead, and was the first to marry. She fell in love with João Paulo dos Santos, a tall captain in a Brazilian Air Force band who was playing the trombone in the square one Sunday afternoon. Shortly after their son, Paulo Henrique, was born, dos Santos, on tour with the band, was running after its bus when he fell and



"No, not Carl Sagan. Too hokey. Let's grab somebody less obvious."

struck his head on the pavement. He never recovered completely from the accident. After his release from the hospital, he left the Air Force and took a job as the projectionist at Floriano's movie theatre. By the time their second child, Ana Goreti, was born, late in 1955, inexplicable rages had made him impossible to live with, and Iraci had returned to her parents. Ana was born five months before Dona Joana's last child; Ana and Luís Afonso were *irmãos de leite*—"milk brothers"—for the mother and daughter would sometimes nurse each other's babies. At one year, Luís Afonso fell ill, and, having been pronounced dead by the doctor, was laid out on a table in the traditional manner, with candles at his head and feet. When hot wax dripped on one of his toes, he started crying. "Wait a minute!" José Leonias shouted, in delighted astonishment. "He isn't dead after all!"

In spite of their missing father, Paulo and Ana seem to have had a joyous childhood, and Ana, from whom I have learned most of what I know of the Leonias family, tells me that Floriano is still the main subject of her dreams, the locale of her unconscious life. At least once a day, she and the other children of the town would go down to the river, carrying baskets of dirty clothes on their heads for the old washerwomen squatting and gossiping at the water's edge. The Parnaíba, Ana recalls, had a monster called the Cabeça de Cuia, whose head was said to be the size of a large gourd. The creature was attracted to the smoke from the washerwomen's corncob pipes and had already eaten seven washerwomen, all named Maria. The children never swam out far, because they feared not only the Cabeça de Cuia but also the whirlpools. The whirlpools swallowed two of Ana's playmates. Some afternoons, Ana and her friends would just sit and watch the ferryman pulling his boat along ropes for five hundred yards to the opposite shore, which was in the state of Maranhão. Mesas that seemed blue rose in the distance, and there were two kinds of boats in the water. There were rafts, some loaded with steers, mangoes, bananas, or carnauba fronds and drifting to Teresina, the capital, two days downriver, and some coming back, empty, with the men poling laboriously against the current, though this was such hard work that the rafts were more often dismantled at their destination and sold for lumber. The second kind of boats in the water were the fishermen's dugout canoes. The best of the day's catch—especially the *surubim*, or succulent, leopard-spotted catfish that might be as long as three feet—was bought by Dona Joana's brother João Nepomuceno de Jesus, who had a floating restaurant so famous that the governor usually stopped there when he was in Floriano. On Sunday, the whole family often continued from church to Uncle João's. The talk at lunch was mostly about the sermon. Padre Pedro, the preacher, was in the habit of strolling in the square, particularly on active evenings like Friday and Saturday, to gather material for his sermons. At church the following Sunday, he would say, "The other night with my own eyes I saw the daughter of one of the *most respected citizens* of this city shamelessly embracing the son of *another* of our most respected citizens. This is the same young woman who, as I reported last week, was observed *bathing naked in the river* with the same young man. And furthermore"—at this point he would cast an imploring look at the baroque cherubs on the ceiling—"the sons and daughters of our city have *broken the lights* in the square so they can go on fondling in the darkness. Is there no shame, I ask you, is there no respect left in this city of ours?"

Floriano's illumination was provided mostly by kerosene and palm-oil lamps until 1966, when the Boa Esperança Dam, six miles upriver, replaced the fickle Maria Bonita generator as the source of electric power and brought the region into the age of machinery. The arrival of television, however, was still four years off, and meanwhile the children on the street generally played under the streetlight after supper for a few hours. If their racket got out of hand, José Leonias would storm out of the house and order them to pipe down. He liked to sit in his rocker in the living room of an evening and listen to music on his big Trans-Globo shortwave radio. Some evenings, Ana would stand behind the chair and scratch his head, which was

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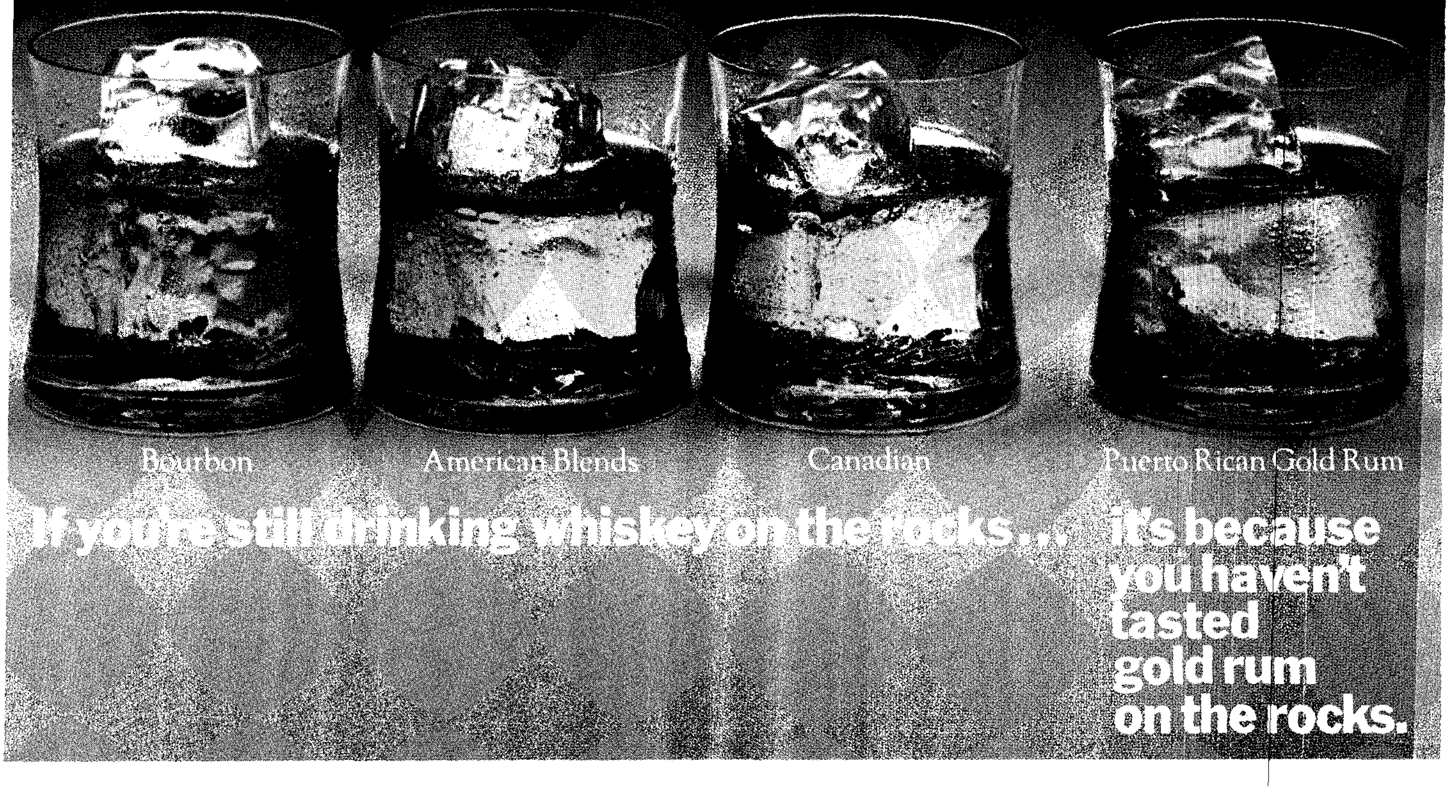
"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."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bald. If she stopped, he would say, "Oh, terrible child. Leave me in peace." Sometimes he would terrify her with tales of Lobishomem, the wolf-man.

It was a good-sized living room, with two sofas and a half-dozen chairs on a cool tile floor. On the walls hung an antique clock with loud chimes, a tinted photograph, in an oval frame, of José and Dona Joana before their marriage, and photographs of all the children, including Ana's mother, Iraci, holding a diploma—she had become a teacher at sixteen, immediately after the end of her own schooling. Hooks for hammocks were planted in the walls. Everyone except married couples and guests slept in a hammock. At eight o'clock, the children were sent to bed; at ten, José Leonias chased his daughters' suitors out of the house with a rolled-up copy of *Manchete*, the Brazilian equivalent of *Paris-Match*. By pretending to be afraid of the dark, Ana was often allowed to hang her hammock in the living room, and by pretending to be asleep she was able to listen to the adults' conversation. There were often guests from other cities. Circuses would sometimes come to town, and because Dona Joana's hotel was near the Campo dos Artistes the performers would often stay there. One circus played for fifty nights. Ana saw and adored every performance: the clowns, the high-wire act, the trapeze artists, the trained bears and lions, the clever dogs, the magician. Once—it was perhaps the crowning moment of Ana's childhood—the well-heeled Tihany Circus came to town. By some miracle of technology, the stage was converted into an ice rink, and, to everyone's amazement, three ballerinas skated in the dripping heat.

In mule trains and in small groups on foot, there was a steady flow of people from the parched outback. Half-civilized Indians, naked from the waist up, with long hair and plucked eyebrows, would come from across the river to beg. *Vaqueiros*, the Brazilian cowboys, would blow into town covered with dust and dressed from head to foot in cowhide: boots, chaps, long coats, hats with wide brims bent up or drooping lugubriously over their faces. From his bench under the cashew tree, José Leonias would hail even the most disreputable nomad: "Hey, there, whoever you are! Come down from your horse and have a cup of coffee!" He was always feeding people who came from the interior to do business in Floriano. "Sometimes there were thirty people at the table," Ana's Uncle Valdemar once recalled. "Mother complained of having to feed everyone on the street, but she always kept big crocks of rice, beans, sweet manioc, and meat. He was good to a fault. People without shame took advantage of him. He kept giving until in the end there was nothing left. In Floriano, they still talk about the fall of José Leonias."

The trouble began in 1950, when one of his wife's brothers-in-law persuaded him, much against his will, to sell his store and buy a truck. Even today, not one in every hundred people in Piauí has a car; thirty years ago, the fraction was even smaller, and owning a truck was akin to having your own Lear Jet. José Leonias knew nothing about trucks—how to keep one running, even how to drive one. Nevertheless, he put a *motorista* on the payroll and prospered for several years, hauling goods back and forth from Recife, six hundred miles away. But one day in 1957 the truck exploded, and that finished him. His fortunes never recovered, and in his last years he was obliged to work as the time-keeper in a construction yard. By 1960, there was nothing to keep his children or grandchildren in Floriano. When he died, at sixty-three, of a heart attack, in 1974, only his wife and their son Mario, a surveyor in Teresina, were still in Piauí. Many of the children and grandchildren had moved to the country's new capital, Brasília, where I became acquainted with Ana and other members of the family. Ana and her Uncle Francisco last visited Floriano in 1976. "The son and granddaughter of José Leonias arrived today in a car with license plates from THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC," the local paper announced, and the following day it reported that Francisco Leonias had been seen "drinking beer on Monday afternoon"—a noteworthy fact, because few citizens of Floriano could afford to keep drinking past the weekend. Today, the house on the corner of Ruas Floriano Peixoto and Padre Uchôa is empty and deteriorating from neglect. José Leonias left no will, and for his wife to sell it she would need the signatures of her eleven remaining children and her twenty-eight grandchildren. Not all of them want it sold, because it is their last tie with their homeland.

THE population of Brazil is simultaneously at many stages of cultural evolution, from the aboriginal hunter-gatherer to the fully Westernized member of the Pepsi generation. The disparities between the south and the north, the coast and the interior, the rich and the poor are immense. One of the contrasts was brought home to me on my last trip to Brazil, when the bill for one night in a hotel room in Rio de Janeiro came to more than the annual per-capita income in Piauí for 1968. In that year, the last for which I was able to get statistics, the annual per-capita income was sixty dollars. Most of the people made less than that, because the figure was aver-

"Cash or charge?"

• •

aged with a few incomes that were extremely substantial. From the air, flying out of one of the saturated cities on the coast, one quickly becomes aware of another contrast: eighty per cent of the population live within two hundred miles of the Atlantic. The rest of Brazil is virtually empty. Amazonia, a vast region of central and northwestern Brazil—in a jet plane, it takes several hours to fly over its unbroken canopy—is the world's greatest demographic void. For a country its size, Brazil's population is remarkably small. It did not pass the fifty-million mark until 1950, and now stands—thanks to one of the world's more vigorous growth curves—at almost a hundred and twenty million. (It must be pointed out, in all fairness, that this is more than all the rest of the people in South America put together.) But much of northern Brazil is still wilderness or rowdy frontier, sparsely dotted with centers of human occupation, and even more sparsely meshed with connective arteries. Why, the North American visitor wonders, is much of this great country, so like ours in many ways, still in a state of primitive innocence? Brazilians are also puzzled by the contrast. "How was it possible," the sociologist Vianna Moog wrote in the nineteen-fifties, "for the United States, a country . . . smaller in its continuous continental area, to achieve the almost miraculous progress that it has . . . whereas Brazil, whose history antedates that of the United States by more than a century, still appears . . . only the uncertain land of the future?" Many of the most likely explanations were covered in Moog's book "Bandeirantes and Pioneers." In the first place, the characters of the two settlements were different: in North America, the effect of European incursion was practical and constructive; in South America, it was predatory and extractive. Brazil was first sighted by Pedro Alvares Cabral, on April 22, 1500, and during the sixteenth century the Portuguese *bandeirantes*, or "flagbearers," were the Brazilian counterparts of the Spanish conquistadores. Motivated primarily by greed, they seldom settled in the territories they crossed. They came without families, in the hope of finding vast wealth and returning to Portugal as soon as possible. Abducting or massacring much of the local population, or infecting it with smallpox, malaria, tuberculosis, measles, the cold virus, and other diseases to which it had no resistance, they contributed more to the depopulation of Brazil than to its peopling. For the few with higher motives, the first order of business, after deciding to inhabit a place, was to erect the most splendid church imaginable, and most of their energies over the next few decades were devoted to that end. The North American pioneers, on the other hand, came with their families to settle permanently in the New World. Taking the land inch by inch, they planted towns and cities. For them, the great virtues were thrift, hard work, and the productive use of time.

Brazil, a colony until 1822, existed solely to enrich Portugal, at first through the cutting of brazilwood, later through the cultivation of sugarcane. And Portugal was hardly a model of progress or prosperity. Reactionary governments in both Spain and Portugal had tried to keep the status of their colonies unchanged, and the parent countries themselves had been left behind by the rest of Europe. In any event, after the first rush to Brazil, in the sixteenth century, the flow of European immigrants dwindled almost to nothing and that decline, along with a high tropical death rate, explains the country's relatively small population. Miscegenation with largely demoralized and passive African slaves and Indians blurred the racial divisions that have blighted the history of many other countries, but at the same time, as Moog argues, the legacy of slavery undoubtedly contributed to Brazil's inability to keep up with the pace of European development.

In the eighteen-twenties, after independence, Europeans from countries other than Portugal started coming and infused new blood into the country. Highly disciplined and motivated, the Germans quickly achieved a dominant position in Brazilian society and appreciably raised the standard of living in southern Brazil. Today, their offspring hold key positions in industry and government; the last President, Ernesto Geisel, was the son of immigrants, and the incoming Minister of Finance when I was there last was Karlos Rischbieter. The Germans tend to keep to themselves and to marry their own kind, seldom succumbing to the attractions of a raven-haired Lusitanian, and even more rarely to those of a beautiful *mulata*. They scarcely bother to disguise their contempt for other ethnic

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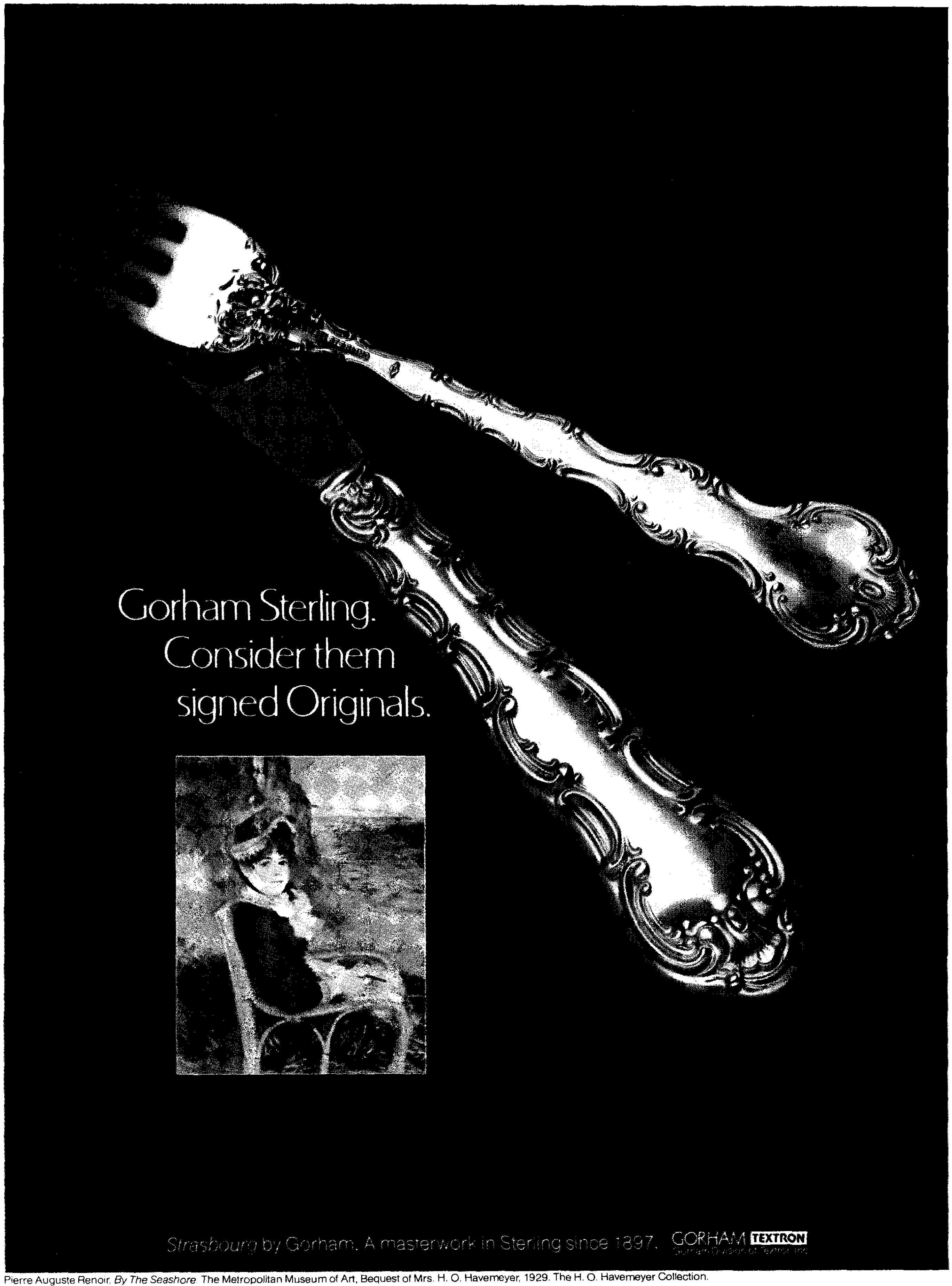
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groups, attributing the general backwardness of Latin America to what one recently described as "the Iberian curse," and the disparity between the north and the south of Brazil to, in Moog's characterization, "the congenital superiority of the blond, blue-eyed, dolichocephalic type over the rest of humanity."

In addition to whatever human shortcomings there may have been, the geographical barriers against development in Brazil were formidable. Whereas most of North America is eminently suitable for human occupation, most of South America is either rocky mountains, arid plateau, or thick jungle. During the period of Brazil's settlement, access to the interior was blocked not only by hostile Indians but by river rapids and by the rugged mountains that line most of the coast. In the north, the great enemy of progress was climate: the staggering heat of the Northeast and the stifling humidity of Amazonia. In these regions, people seem incapable of long-range ambition. Even Germans grow sluggish. Where winter never comes, there is no need to plan ahead, to become a serious farmer (the first step toward civilization), or to produce heat in any quantity (the first step toward industrialization). In addition, insects, debilitating microörganisms, and widespread shortages of protein make both the Northeast and Amazonia the most forbidding of environments. Another drawback, surprising in the lush forests of the Amazon, is the extreme poverty of the soil. Betty Meggers, a cultural ecologist at the Smithsonian Institution, concludes in her study "Amazonia: Man and Culture in a Counterfeit Paradise" that most of the region is capable of supporting only small-scale, shifting agriculture. This has also been true of the Northeast and the central plateau, where thousands of years of leaching have robbed the soil of its native fertility. "The land and its resources," the geographers Janet Henshall and Richard Momsen have written, "never seem to have quite lived up to the original promise they were thought to hold, resulting in a dispersal of effort, a picking over of opportunities and the eventual neglect or abandonment of once-enticing possibilities."

BY the middle of this century, it was clear that if Brazil—the whole country, not just the south—was ever going to live up to the promise it had been thought to hold, something dra-

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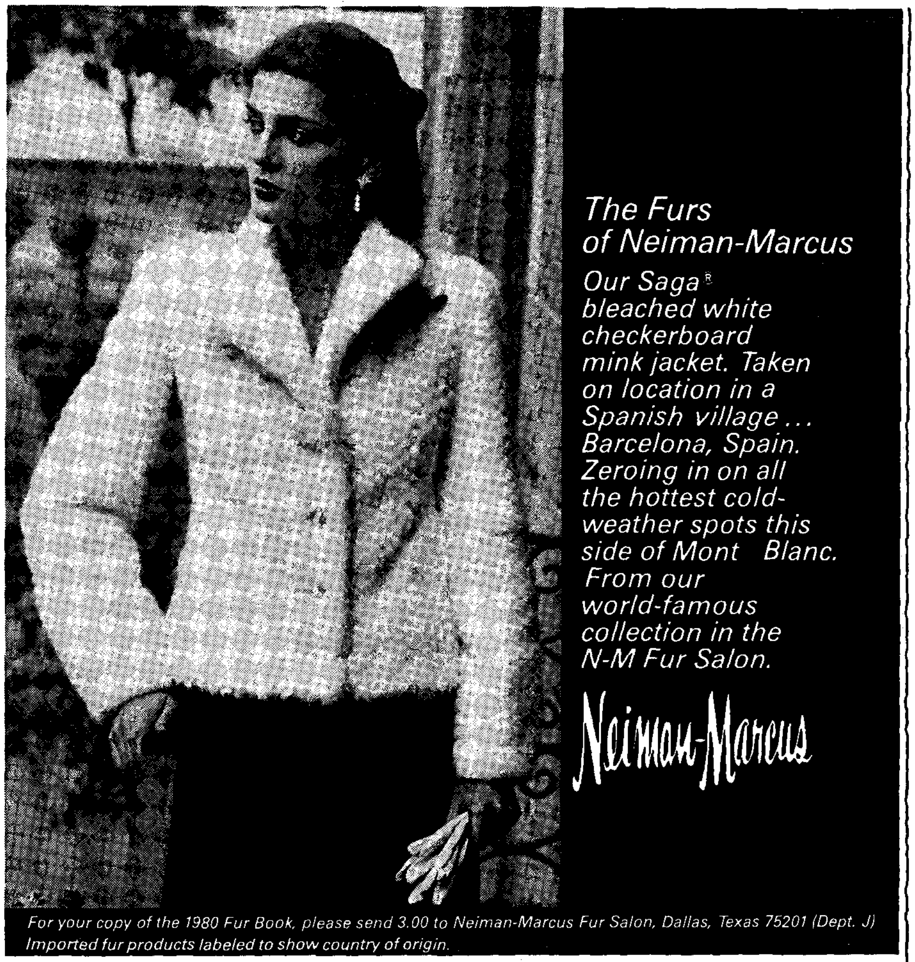

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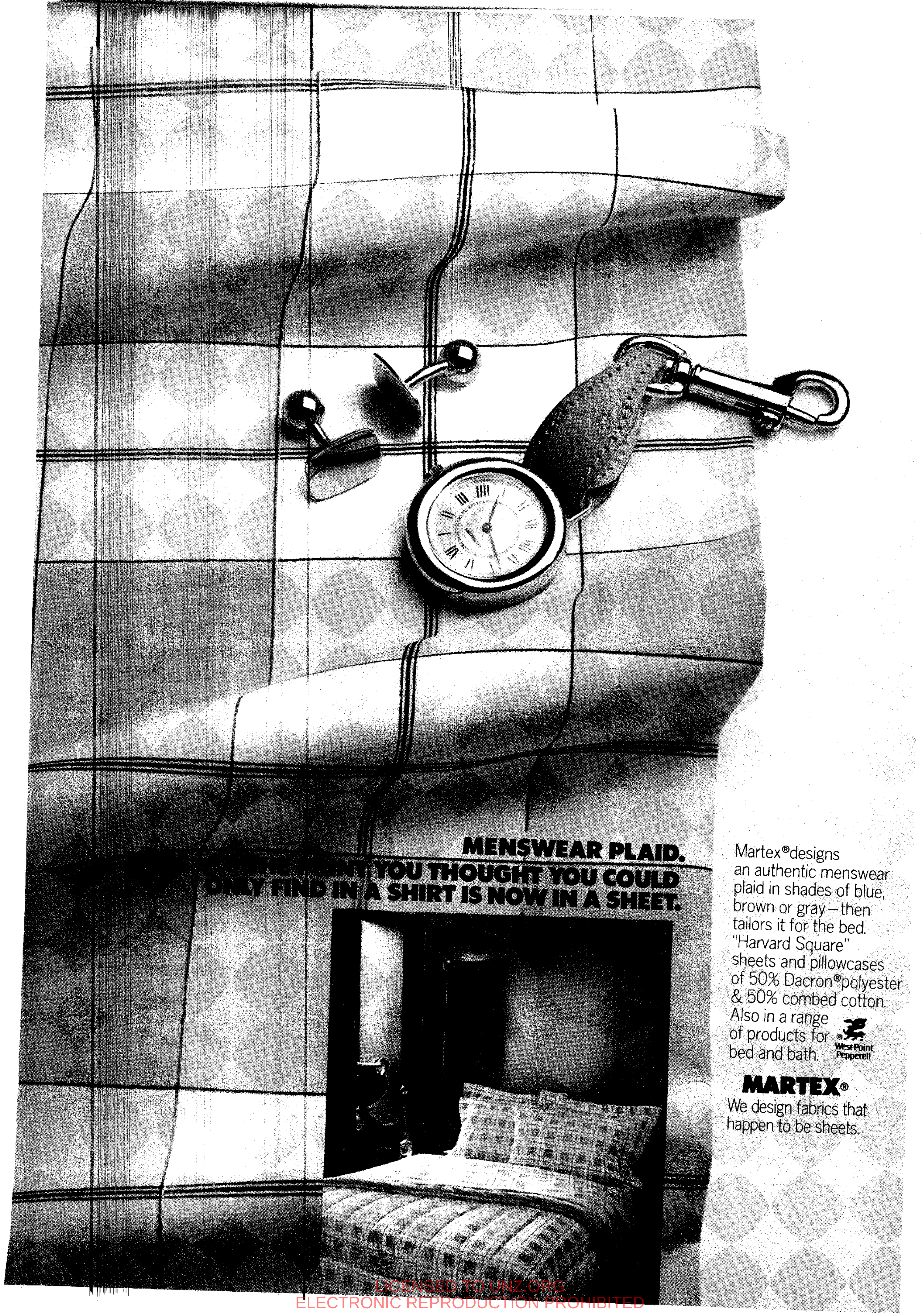
matic would have to be done to rectify the imbalance of its settlement and development patterns. People would somehow have to be coaxed from the littoral to fill the blank interior; and the Northeast, whose poor, numbering thirty million, form the greatest concentration of misery in Latin America, would somehow have to be made to prosper. A bold gesture was indicated, such as relocating the capital.

This was not a new idea. It had been gestating in the national consciousness, in fact, for nearly two hundred years. In 1761, the Marquis of Pombal, a Lusitanian nobleman, had lobbied for the construction of a city in the backlands of Pernambuco which would serve not only as the capital of the colony but as the seat of the Portuguese throne. In 1807, after the invasion of Portugal by Napoleon, the court of Queen Dona Maria I actually was hastily transported to Brazil, but it reconvened in Rio de Janeiro, not in Pernambuco. Six years later, José Hipólito da Costa Furtado de Mendonça wrote in an editorial for the *Correio Brasiliense*, a paper he had started in London:

> Rio de Janeiro possesses not one of the qualities required for the city that is destined to be the capital of the Empire of Brazil, and if the courtiers who came here from Lisbon had enough patriotism and gratitude for the country that received them at the time of their trouble, then they would make a generous sacrifice of the amenities and such luxury as they enjoy in Rio de Janeiro and would go and establish themselves in a region of the interior central and immediate to the headwaters of the great rivers, and there erect a new city, begin to open up roads that would lead to every seaport, remove the natural obstacles from the navigable rivers, and thus lay the foundations of the most extensive, well-linked, protected, and powerful empire that could possibly exist on the surface of the earth, given the actual condition of the countries that populate it.
>
> This central point is to be found at the headwaters of the famous Rio São Francisco. In its vicinity are the fountainheads of copious rivers that lead to the north and the south, to the northeast and the southwest, vast prairies for the raising of cattle, rock in abundance for every sort of building, lumber for every necessity, the richest mines for every type of metal—a situation that could be compared with the description we have of Paradise on earth.

On October 9, 1821, José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva, head of the Provisional Government of São Paulo, wrote to the court in Lisbon (King João VI had gone back to Portugal), "It would seem to be a very good step if a city were built in the center of the interior of Brazil, at a latitude of more or less fifteen degrees,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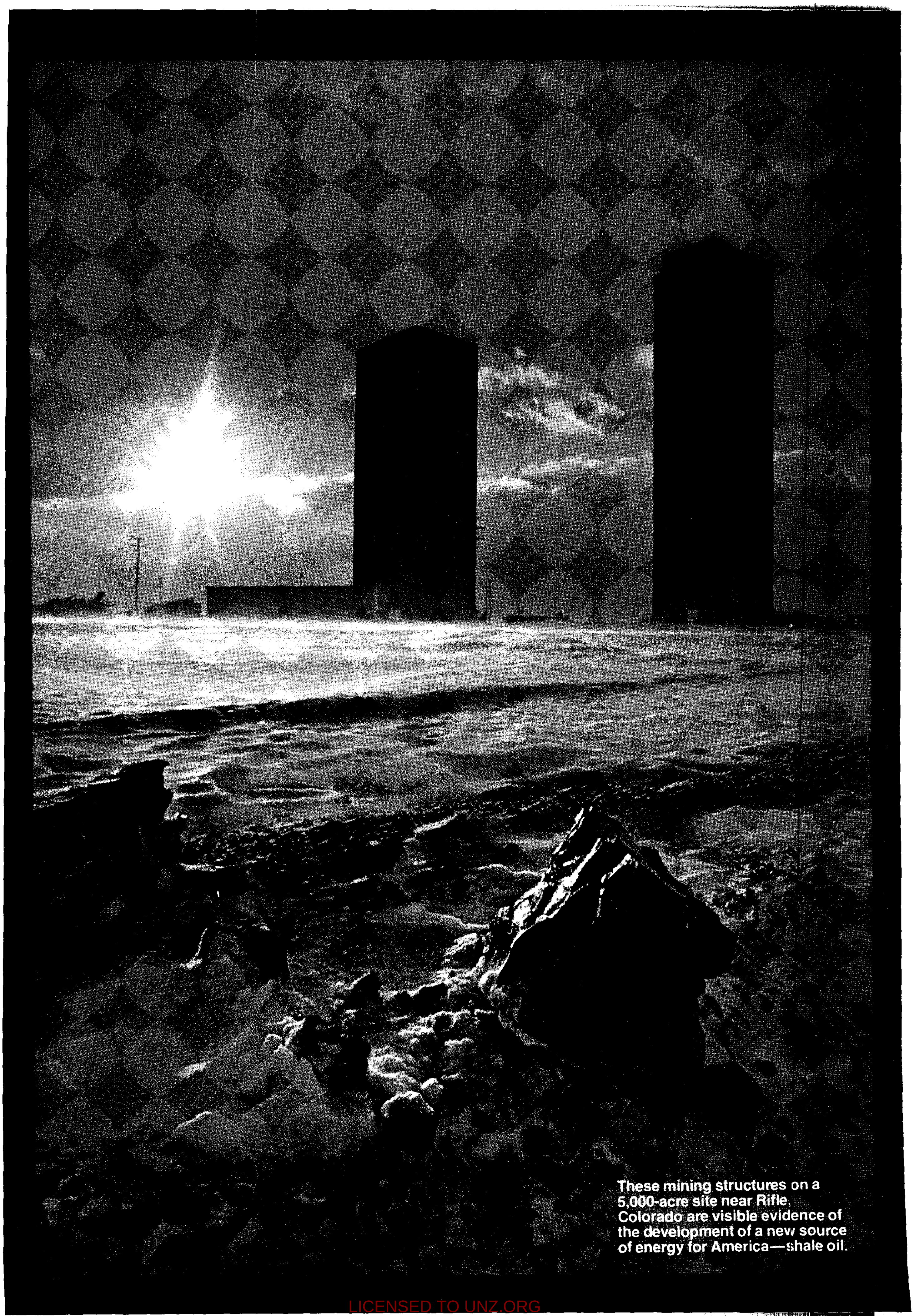

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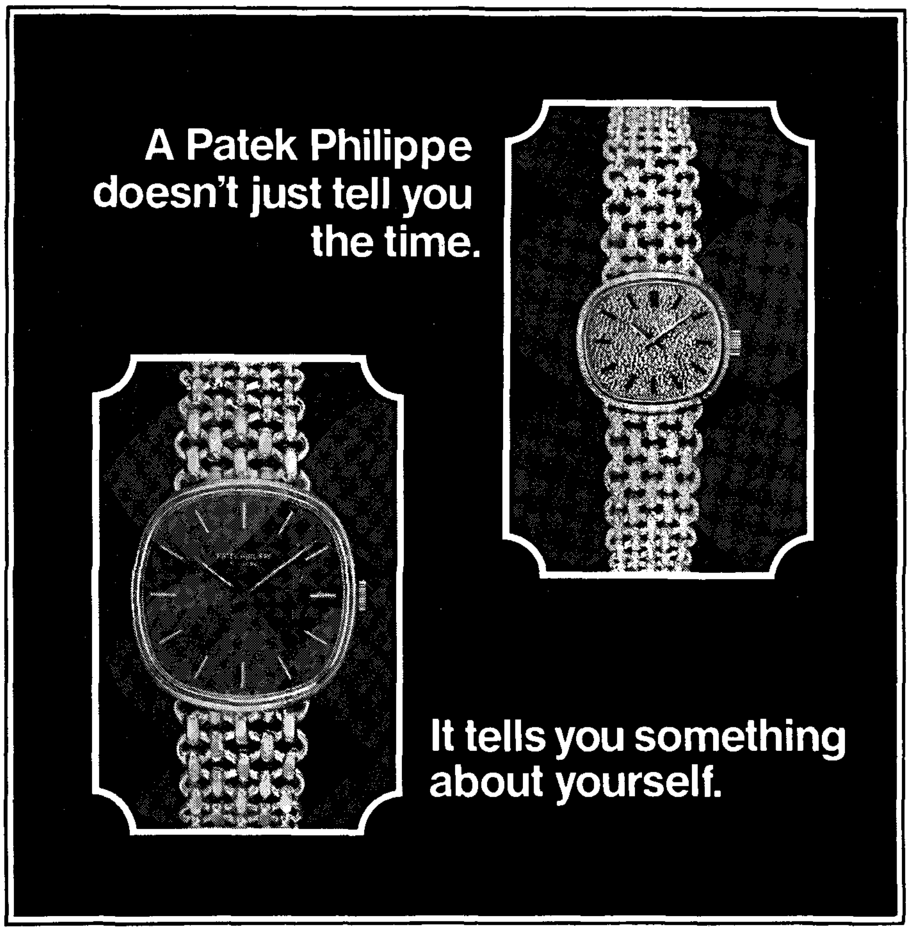
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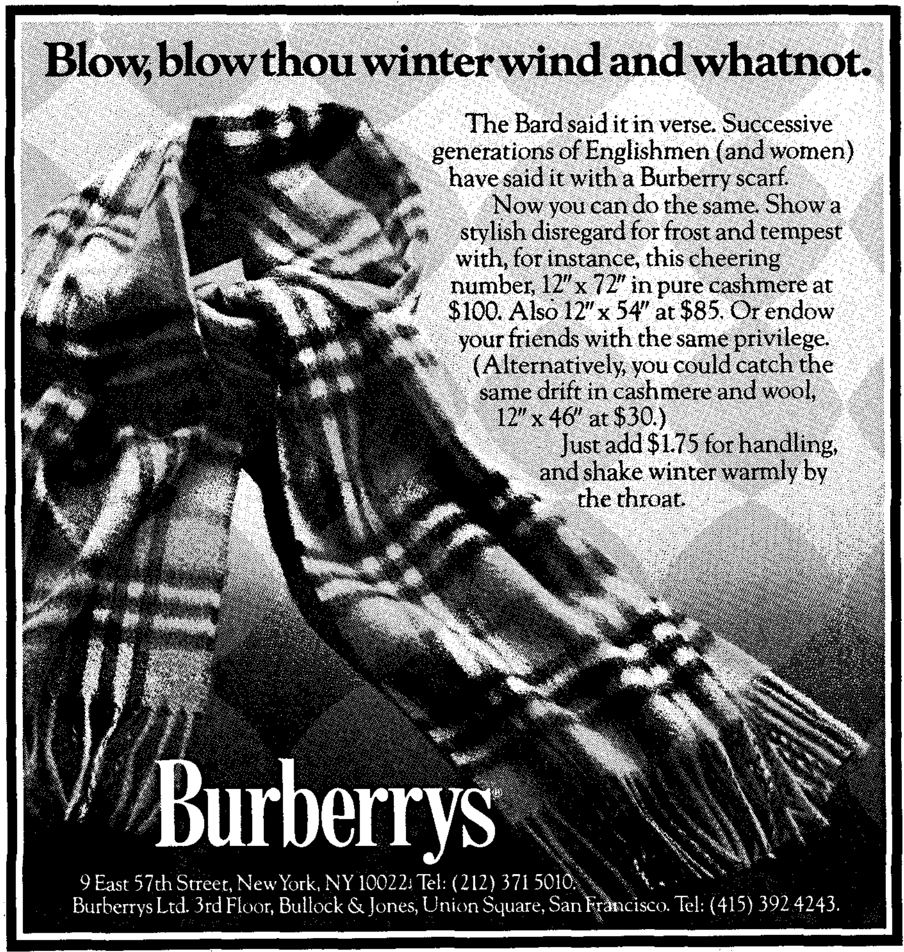

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as the seat of the Court of the Regency," and afterward urged "that roads to the different provinces and ports be opened, both to facilitate the speedy communication of orders and to encourage domestic trade within the empire." A year later, Brazil seceded. The King wasn't pleased, but there was little he could do about it. The new, self-proclaimed Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, was his son, the Prince Regent, and he had the enthusiastic support of everyone in the country. In a postscript to the constitution that was drafted in Lisbon for the new empire, mention of the word "Brasília" first appears in the following directive: "In the center of Brazil, among the springs at the joint source of the Paraguay and the Amazon, to found the capital of the realm, with the denomination of Brasília or some other."

But the directive languished on paper, and Rio de Janeiro, far from the geographical heart of the country, remained the capital. The idea of Brasília, however, retained a utopian fascination for men like Francisco Adolfo de Varnhagen, the future Viscount of Porto Seguro, who in 1839, returning from an expedition to the central plateau, enthusiastically proposed as the ideal site "the triangle between lakes Formosa, Feía, and Mestre d'Armas," where the Amazon, Prata, and São Francisco rivers have their beginning. At an altitude of more than eleven hundred metres, the climate is superb, he argued, and the site is equidistant from the cities of Rio, to the south; Bahia, to the east; Oeiras, to the northeast; Cuiabá, to the northwest; and Curitiba, to the southwest.

In 1891, the government, now a republic, affirmed its belief in Brasília, decreeing in the third article of the new constitution that an area of 14,400 square kilometres be set aside *in the central plateau—the Planalto* Central—for the site of a future Federal District. The following year, a twenty-two-man commission, headed by Luís Cruls, the president of the National Observatory, and including a botanist, a geologist, an engineer, a surveyor, a doctor, a pharmacist, and a photographer, set out for the interior. Leaving Rio on the ninth of June, they went by train to the end of the line, at Uberaba, and proceeded by horse to Pirenópolis, where they split into two groups. Under trying conditions, they managed to complete the first detailed scientific study of the re-

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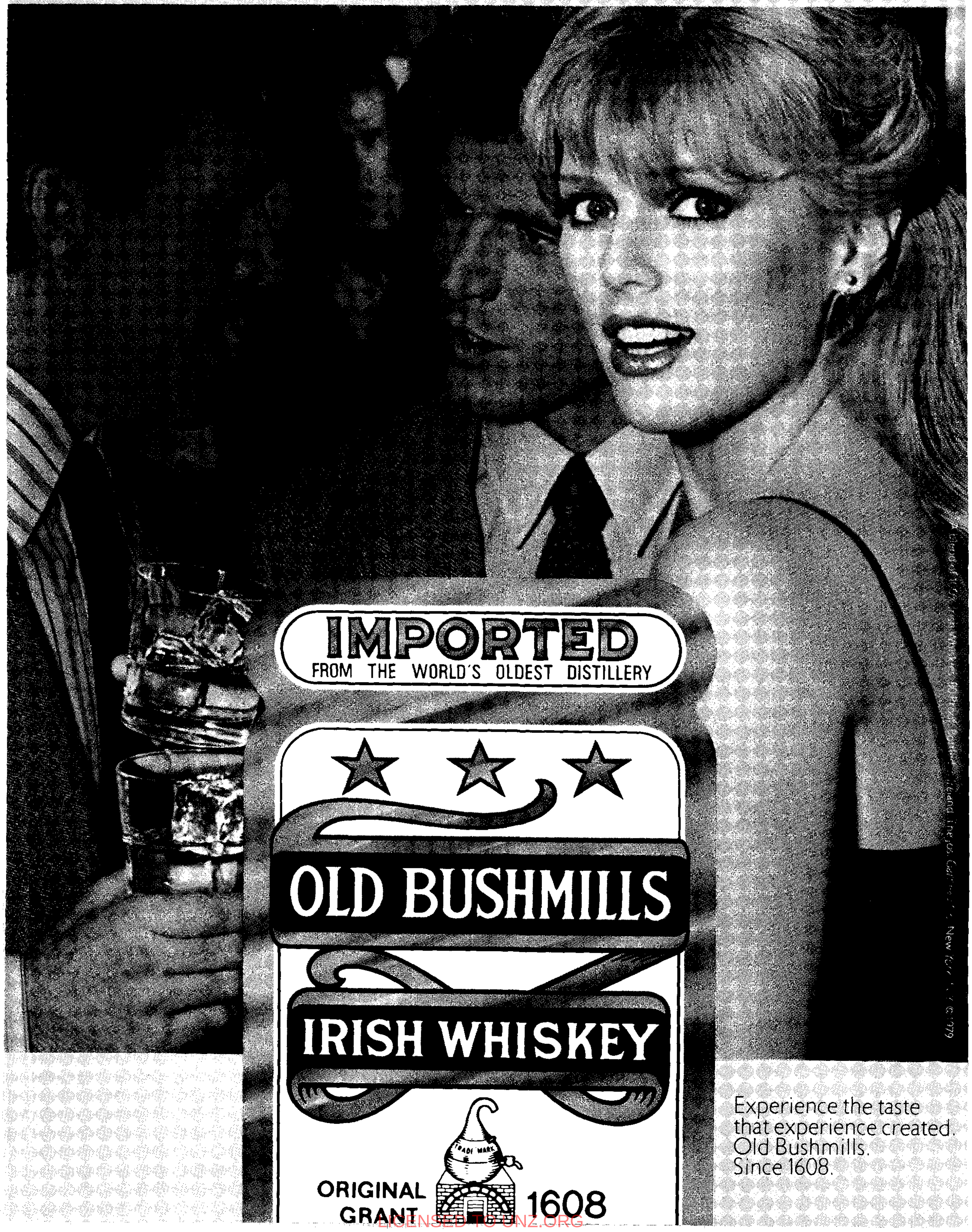
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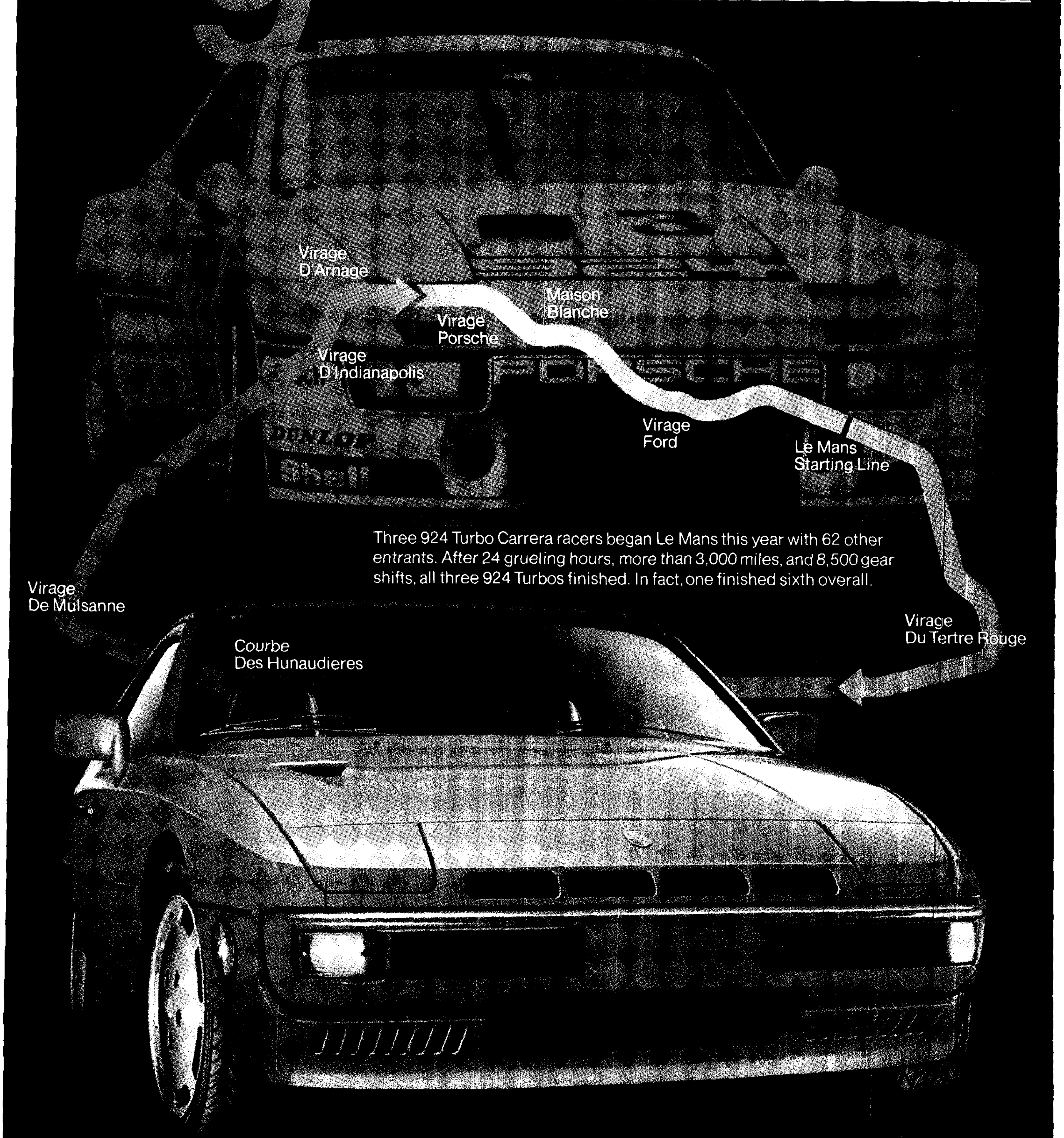
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gion, collecting plants, minerals, and soil samples, measuring the flow of sixteen rivers, and surveying an area enclosed by two degrees of longitude and two of latitude. Cruls was as much taken with the region as Varnhagen had been.

In 1922, President Epitácio Pessôa dispatched a delegation to the interior to erect "the cornerstone of the future city that will be the Capital of the Union." A small obelisk still stands outside the sleepy town of Planaltina —fifteen miles from present-day Brasília—guarded by a man in a khaki uniform. Other speeches and decrees were made in 1934 and 1937. In 1946, a commission under General Poli Coelho headed for the interior and not only expanded the area surveyed by the Cruls Commission to 77,250 square kilometres but also discovered another promising site, in the state of Minas Gerais. There followed five years of fruitless debate about where the new capital ought to be.

In 1951, Getúlio Vargas, who had been President for most of the last twenty years, appointed a commission to settle the question once and for all. An American firm that specialized in the interpretation of aerial photographs —Donald Belcher & Associates, of Ithaca, New York—was retained to provide basic maps, transparencies, scale models, core samples, and detailed evaluations of five sites, of a thousand square kilometres each, which were to be considered in addition to the areas already proposed by the Coelho and Cruls Commissions. The Belcher Report, as it became known, was delivered at the end of February, 1955. Almost all the great cities of the world, it pointed out, have attained their importance because they were near natural paths of commerce or sources of raw materials or because they were relatively impregnable. Most of them have grown organically along large bays, at the mouths of rivers with good access to the interior, at strategic military points, or in other privileged spots. But there is another kind of city, which comes into being as the result of a deliberate choice. The classic example is St. Petersburg: Peter the Great wanted "a window into Europe," and so he built a city in the marshes of the Neva River. Brasília would belong to this tradition. To Belcher & Associates, the prospects looked bright. The technical aspects of city planning were more advanced than they had ever been, and the great cities had been around long enough

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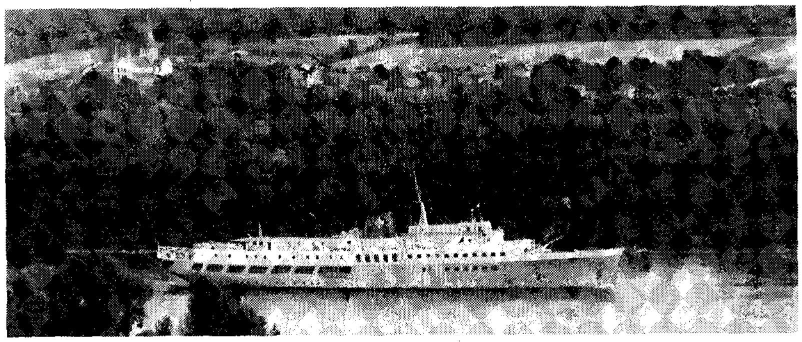

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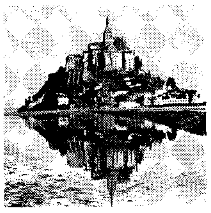
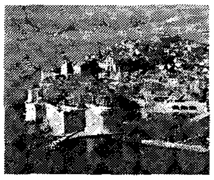


September Idylls *September 2 to 29*
Experience the Continent's "Golden Season" in distinctive fashion, from Portugal to Greece, in a sequence of days that promise fresh insights and good times in congenial company. Each of three segments may be enjoyed individually.

Iberian Idyll *September 2*
Circle the peninsula shared by Portugal and Spain, visiting Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Granada and Barcelona.



Mediterranean Idyll *September 7*
Celebrate the last days of summer in Monte Carlo, Pisa and Florence, Paestum and Pompeii, Lecce and Brindisi, the islands of Elba and Sicily and Corfu, and the Yugoslav walled towns of Dubrovnik and Kotor.

Greek Idyll *September 18*
Sail to the islands of Aegina, Delos, Myconos, Rhodes, Thera, Ios and Hydra, circle the Peloponessus to call at remote sites including Olympia, visit Delphi, pass through the Corinth Canal and stay in Athens.
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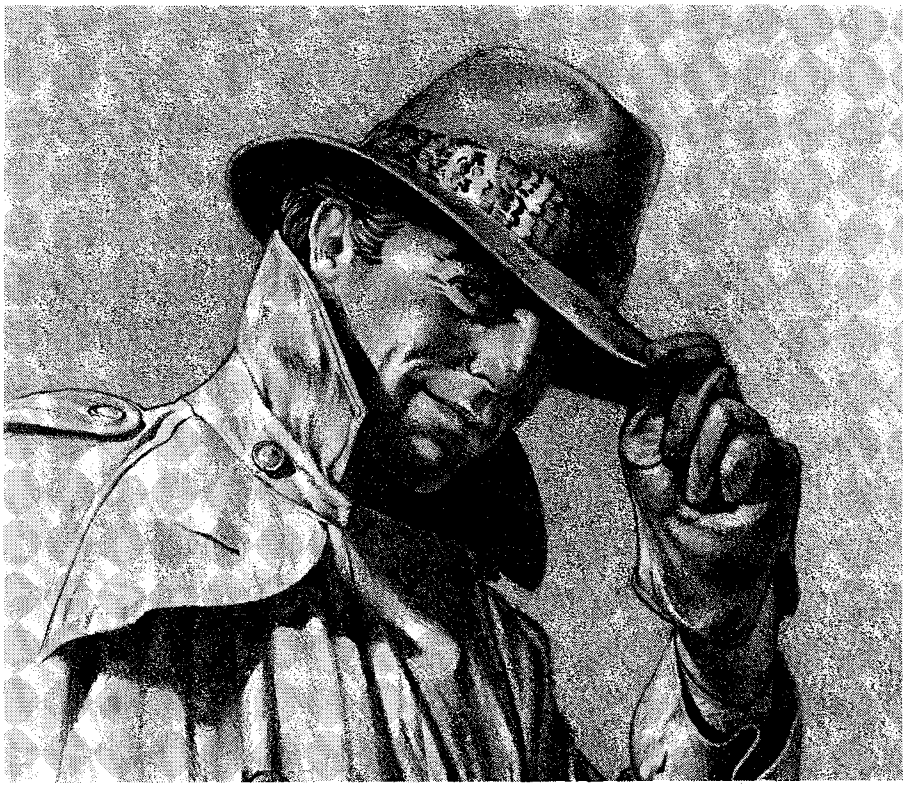
for their flaws—the initial errors of *judgment, the oversights*—to be plainly visible. Most of the earth's prime habitat had already been spoken for, but mankind had lately acquired the technology to establish sizable installations—even full-scale metropolises—on second-rate or third-rate terrain. And the first of these new cities deliberately built in out-of-the-way places would be Brasília. Instead of being a product of regional growth, it would create a region.

The five sites, designated green, red, blue, yellow, and brown, were all in the same gently undulating terrain, covered with savanna grasses and small, warped trees characteristic of the region. Belcher & Associates held them up to a long list of criteria. There must be no scarps, gorges, morasses, or mountain ranges in the vicinity to impede the expansion of the city, but there should be a few natural accidents that could be exploited for recreational purposes. The topography should offer some variety, but no slope should be more than eight degrees. Strong breezes should play on the site to keep it free of haze. The soil should be solid enough for road building, deep and rich enough to support vegetation, yet sufficiently well drained and friable for sewage disposal by gravity. (The report went on for nearly two hundred pages just about the soil factors.) At the same time, the bedrock had to be near enough to the surface for the foundations of large buildings to stand firm, but not so near that space for subterranean utility lines would have to be blasted. Sources of raw materials for building should be nearby. Nearby, too, should be a source of water, preferably higher than the site of the city. There should be enough water for the personal needs of five hundred thousand people, and also for irrigation, the watering of parks, the filling of pools, and the spouting of such fountains as a well-appointed capital would inevitably require.

The prettiest site—the blue one—was in Minas Gerais: it had streams and buriti palms, but the stream volume was inadequate, and there were karst formations nearby. The yellow one—in the state of Goiás—didn't have good water, either; and farther west, where the green one was, the country got too rough. The trouble with the red one, in the broadest valley of the region, was that it had too many owners to be expropriated easily. Only the brown site, centering at a latitude of 15 degrees 47 min-



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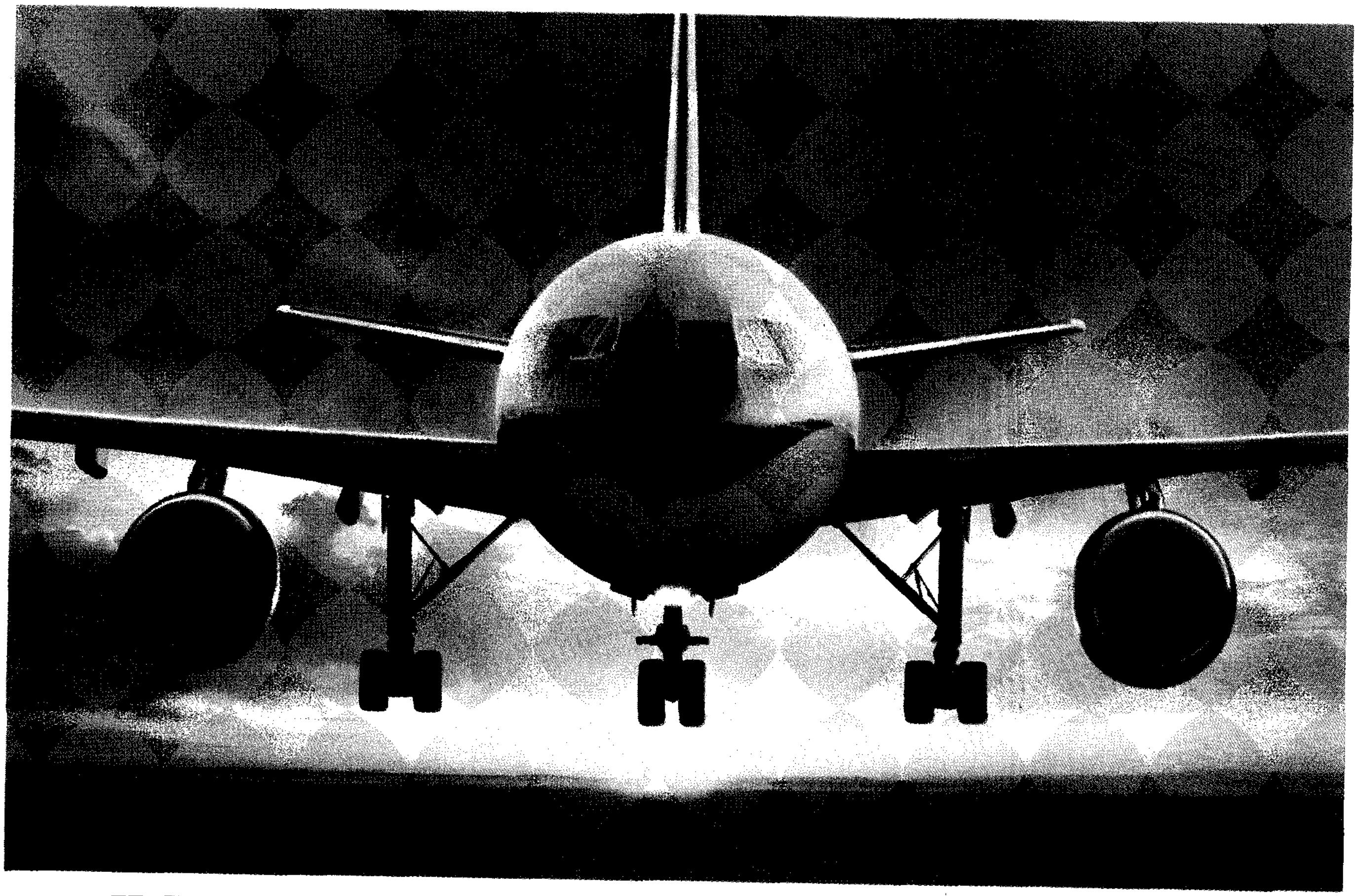

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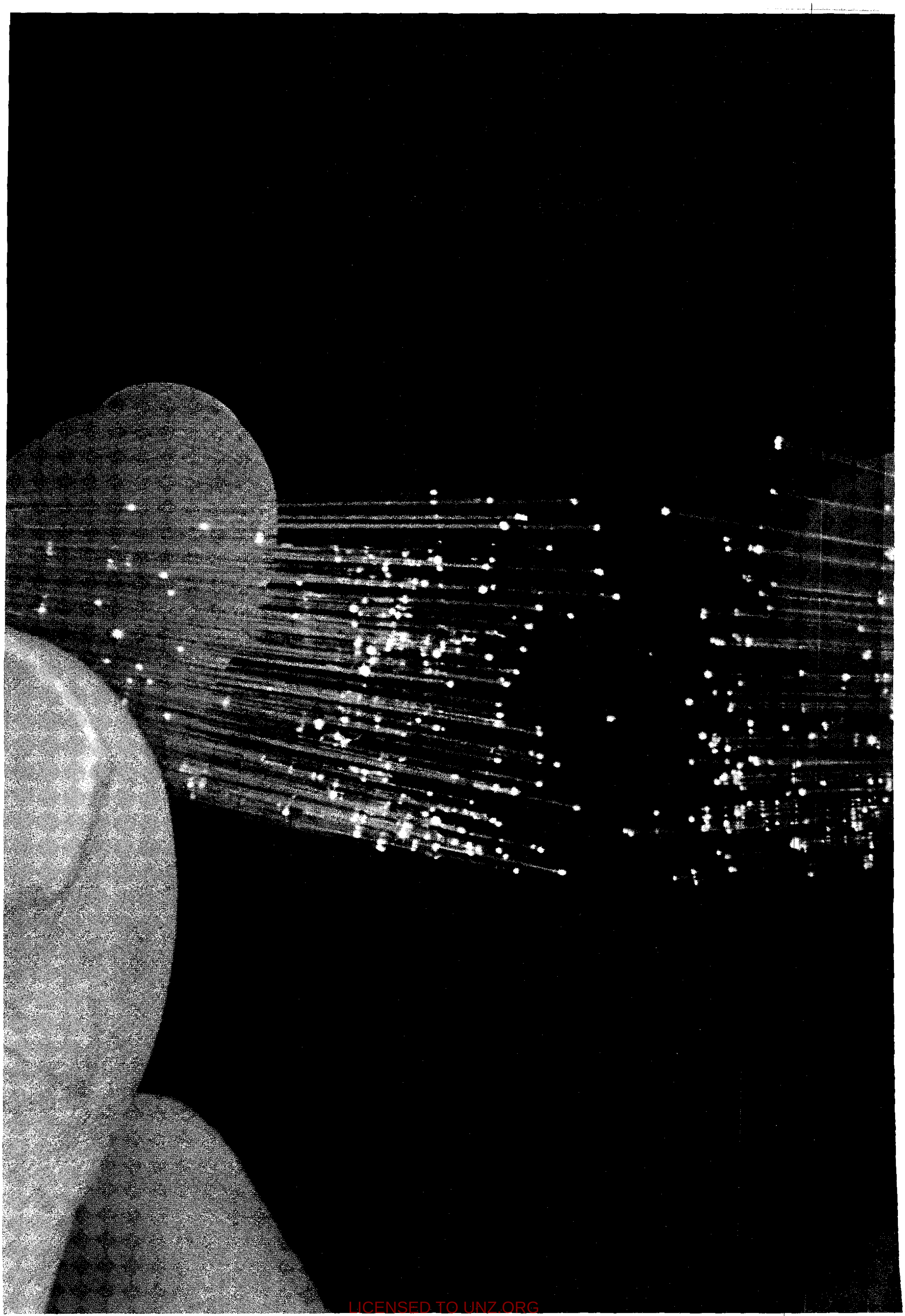

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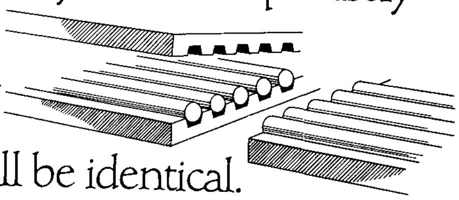

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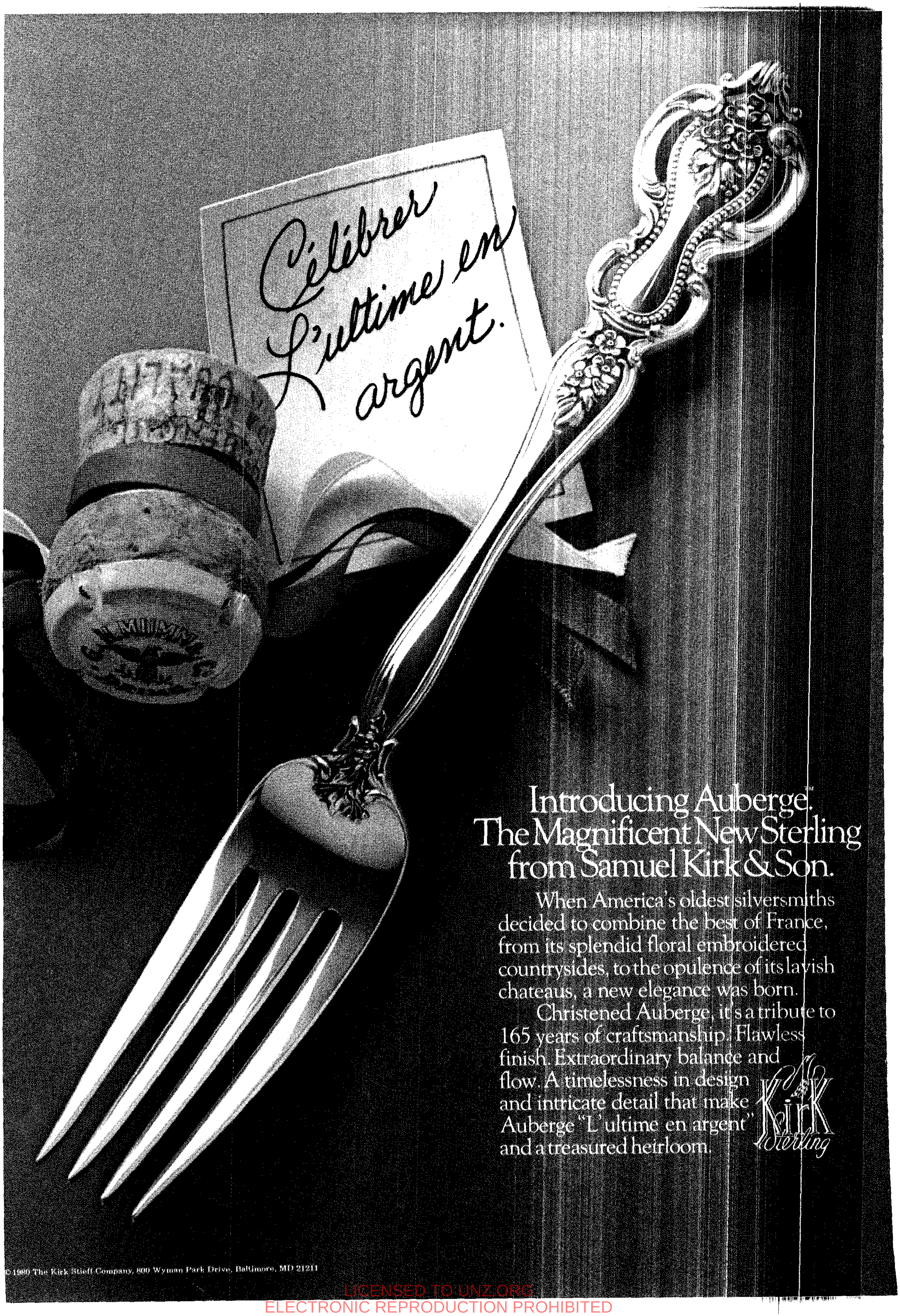

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utes, had no serious drawbacks. Its physiognomy—a gently sloping, triangular dome defined by several small streams flowing into the Rio Paranoá—was entirely different from those of the others; at elevations ranging from a thousand to twelve hundred metres, it was also the highest of the possible sites. The views were superb, the drainage was good, and there was the requisite flatness for large buildings and an airport. In short, the report concluded unemotionally, "This site is suitable for a large city." It was true that there was still not a paved road from Rio to Belo Horizonte, the capital of Minas Gerais, three hundred and sixty-six miles southeast of the site. But with the help of modern air transport the city could be started, and then the road builders would have somewhere to build their road to. Brazil in 1955 was at that economic and psychological point that is sometimes called "emergent." A challenge like this, many felt, was just what the country needed. All that was lacking was a leader.

THE suicide of Getúlio Vargas, on August 24, 1954, six months before completion of the Belcher Report, suddenly altered the entire political picture in Brazil. The leading candidate for the 1955 elections became the dynamic young governor of Minas Gerais, Juscelino Kubitschek de Oliveira. Juscelino—he was so straightforward and accessible that everyone knew him by his first name—had grown up in Diamantina, a provincial city in the hinterland of Minas Gerais. His maternal grandfather had migrated from the village of Tresbon, Bohemia, in the middle of the nineteenth century. The people of Diamantina called him Joe the German, although he was in fact a Czech. This grandfather, an avid reader, died from burns received when his house caught fire and he ran inside to rescue his library. His daughter Julia married a poet named João Cesar de Oliveira, who went from town to town selling things and telling stories, in the tradition of the medieval troubadours of Europe; he died of tuberculosis in 1903 at the age of thirty-two, succumbing after an all-night performance. Julia, at twenty-nine a widow with a two-year-old daughter and a one-year-old son, was ambitious for her infant son, Juscelino, who took his mother's family name, as many Brazilians do. At ten, Nono (so called to distinguish him from his sister, Nana) was devouring Voltaire, Racine,

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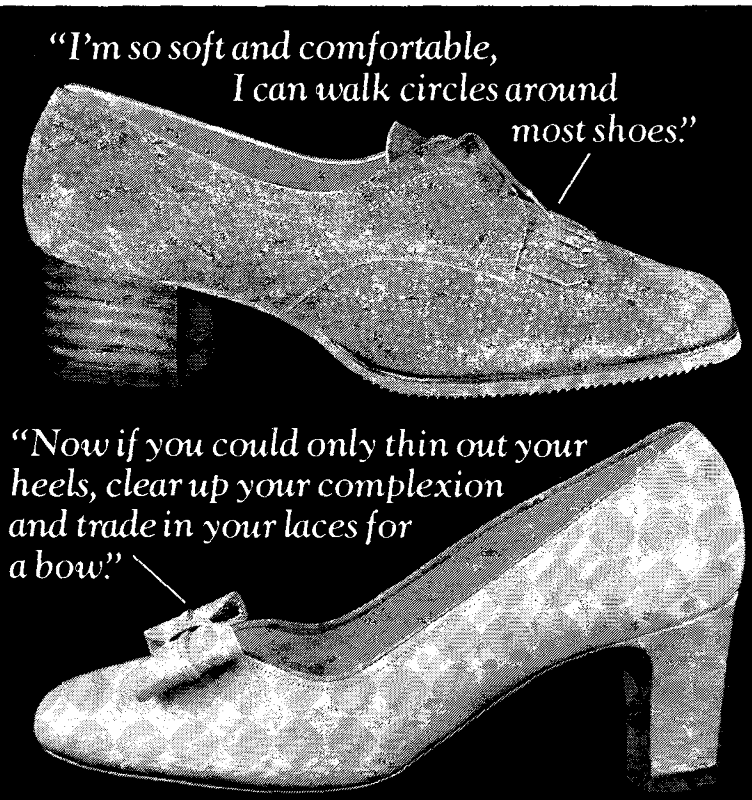
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Molière, Balzac, Zola, and Jules Verne, and every spare cruzeiro was spent to order books from Rio. At seventeen, he got a job as a telegraphist in Belo Horizonte. While hammering out telegrams by night, Juscelino studied medicine during the day. Julia pawned her father's wedding ring to pay the tuition, and so conscientiously did he apply himself to his studies that in a few years he had absorbed what there was to learn in Belo Horizonte and had proceeded to Paris, where he apprenticed with a famous surgeon. There, exploring the galleries and the libraries, he formed a lasting admiration for the civilization of France. Returning to Belo Horizonte, he set up surgical practice as a kidney specialist and soon prospered. But in 1932 an insurrection called the Constitutionalist Revolution broke out in São Paulo. Its objective was to overthrow the government of Getúlio Vargas, which had itself been installed by a revolution, and to get a new constitution that would clean up the voting system. This conflict pitted the citizens of Minas Gerais against those of São Paulo, and Juscelino, drafted into the armed forces, went to the front to take charge of a field hospital. For the first time, he became aware that he possessed natural administrative capacities, and, working sometimes twenty hours a day, he cleaned up the chaotic mess in which he had found the hospital.

Young Kubitschek's drive and organizational talent impressed his superiors—especially Benedito Valadares, who after the conclusion of the hostilities was appointed governor of Minas Gerais. Valadares asked Kubitschek to join his staff. Kubitschek accepted, but he soon returned to his practice. He had acquired a taste for politics, however, and in 1939 when Valadares asked him to be mayor of Belo Horizonte he took the job. In six years, he completely remodelled the city, tearing up the cobbled streets and paving them with asphalt, installing water, sewage, and electric lines. Because of the wartime shortage of gasoline, the work was done with ten thousand wagons drawn by burros. In a district called Pampulha, Kubitschek commissioned an innovative young architect named Oscar Niemeyer to design a recreational development, with a casino, a yacht club, and a chapel built mostly of glass, overlooking an artificial lake. This was the beginning of a most fruitful partnership.

As a mayor, Juscelino proved him-

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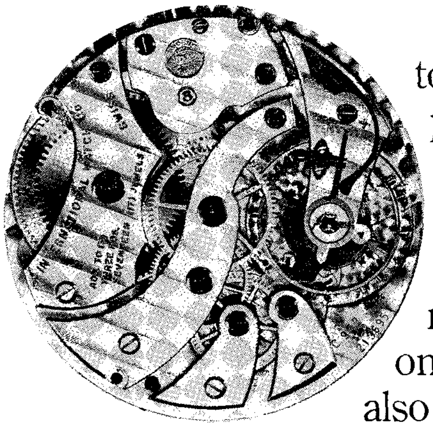

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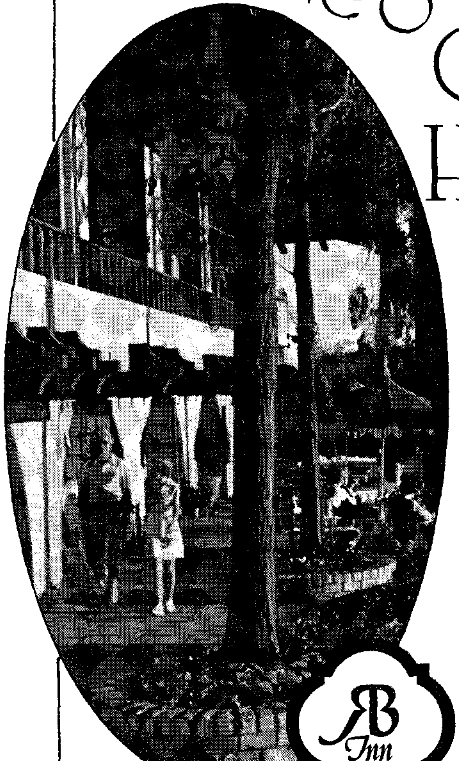

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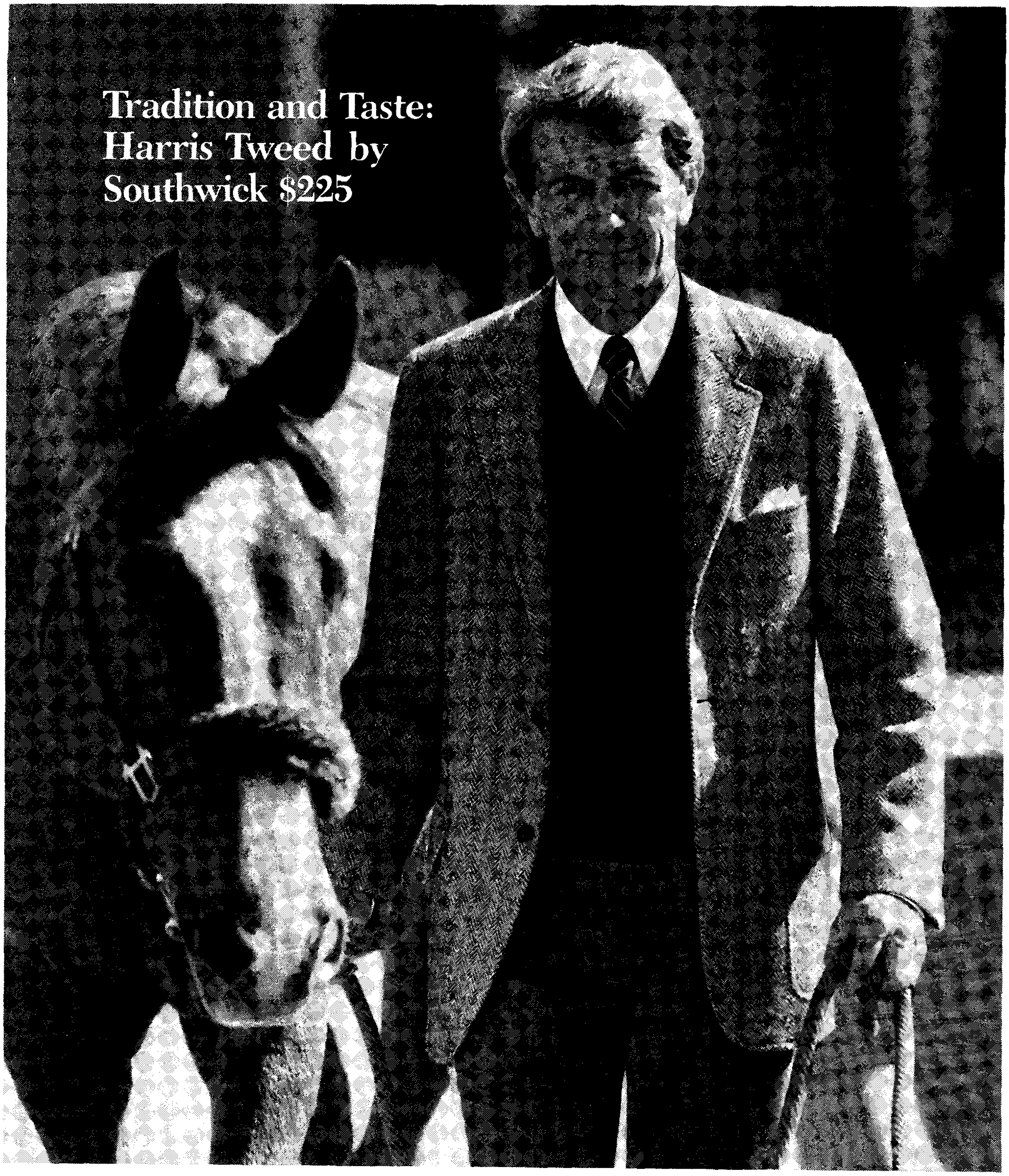
self a dynamo, an exuberant creator of landscapes on an almost empty canvas. His success in Belo Horizonte led to the governorship of Minas Gerais, and finally, in 1955, to the Presidential nomination. As a candidate, Kubitschek at first gave no sign that he had ever heard of the Belcher Report or given any thought to the obscure clause in the 1891 constitution that called for a new capital to be built on the Planalto Central. He based his campaign on "law and order" and on rigorous compliance with the constitution.

On April 4th, speaking in the main square of Jataí, a small, remote city in Goiás—the state encompassing the site that Belcher & Associates had selected for a new capital—he opened the floor to questions. A man near the bandstand raised his hand and asked, "You say that if you're elected you'll stick to the constitution. Does that mean that you plan to carry out the directive that the federal capital be moved to the Planalto Central?" Kubitschek was momentarily at a loss. He had already announced his platform, and none of its thirty planks made any reference to the matter. But he gave the only answer he considered possible: "I've just promised that I would comply in full with the constitution, and I see no reason that this directive should be ignored. If I'm elected, I will build the new capital and see that the seat of government is moved." This response was greeted with enthusiastic applause. For a long time, the people of Goiás had been cherishing the dream of Brasília, and for the first time they had heard a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic solemnly pledge to give it life.

From this almost offhand beginning, Kubitschek's support of Brasília was a point of honor. But the more he thought about it, as the view from his train window reminded him of the emptiness and the misery of much of Brazil, the more he realized he would need a crash program: "Fifty years in five," his campaign slogan had promised, and five years was all he had, because the constitution forbade a President to serve consecutive terms. In fact, after the project was finally approved by the Congress only four years and three months were left in which to build the city. From the outset, time was the greatest problem. "It is an ancient tradition in Brazil that no administration has ever brought to a successful conclusion any work initiated by its antecedent," Kubitschek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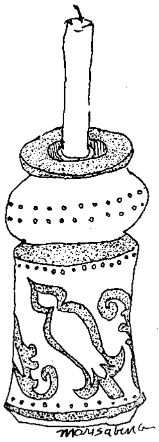
explained in a memoir, "Why I Built *Brasília.*" He would have to present his successors with a whole city, a *fait accompli.*

It wasn't easy; there were many objections. Some people felt that building Brasília was inopportune—still too soon. Others questioned whether it was really necessary—whether the money needed for its construction might not be better applied to improving conditions in the Northeast, to opening up the Amazon, to cleaning up the vast *favelas,* or shantytowns, in Rio, São Paulo, Salvador, Recife, and all the other cities, or to dozens of other problems that were (and still are) pressing in Brazil. Kubitschek was well aware of these problems. The way to begin dealing with them, he urged, was to shift the country's center of gravity by moving the capital, and for this he finally won the grudging support of the Congress. The project was very costly—the first bricks came in on Air Force planes—and to pay for it he inflated the currency. He had to. When someone complained to him, "This is an absurdity," he replied "Yes, this is an absurdity—but the capital is here. It was the only way to do it. If it had been all meticulously planned and budgeted, it still wouldn't be finished."



THERE was at least one man Kubitschek knew he could count on. Driving around Rio with Oscar Niemeyer one afternoon in the beginning of 1956, soon after he had become President, Kubitschek asked, "How would you like to be my Michelangelo?" Few architects have had a whole city handed them. This was the opportunity of a lifetime, and Niemeyer jumped at it. In a few weeks, he had closed his studio in Copacabana and flown to Brasília, where he would spend most of the next six years living in a shack papered with sketches of monumental buildings. Although he could have named his salary, he took only a modest governmental retainer of three hundred dollars a month. By the time of the city's inauguration, in 1960, he had lost nineteen pounds from his already lean frame.

Niemeyer was perhaps the brightest of Le Corbusier's Latin-American disciples. The two architects had worked together in 1936 on an iconoclastic new building for the Ministry of Education in Rio. Niemeyer and other Brazilian architects were enthralled by the cataclysmic simplicity of Le Corbusier's ideas. Most of the young intellectuals in Latin America at that time were eager to break with the past and take a long leap forward, and in the coming decades the influence of Le Corbusier, whose glass buildings seemed to incarnate their yearnings, would dominate the skylines of São Paulo, Bogotá, Caracas, Mexico City, and, finally, Brasília.

Now in his sixties and recognized around the world as one of the foremost architects of the age, Niemeyer, who joined the Communist Party in 1945, still considers himself a rebel. "Most architects are very shut up in their profession," he told me not long ago. "They don't want to be involved, they don't see the implications of what they're doing. But the best architecture is a social architecture that desires to see basic reform. For me, it all began in Pampulha in the forties, with the wonderful chance that Juscelino gave me. In those days, cold, rigid, monotonous functionalism predominated. We wanted to break with stagnant tradition, to inject a little fantasy." (After this interview, I made a pilgrimage to Pampulha, which had become an elegant enclave in the midst of the noisy, hot, appallingly coagulated city of Belo Horizonte. Across the lake was the yacht club, a vintage piece of modernism, which, like the Guggenheim Museum, no longer seemed scandalous and, rather, had acquired with time a staid elegance. Nowhere in Pampulha could I find even a hint of Niemeyer's militant egalitarianism. Somehow, despite his intentions, his utopia had ended up as a compound for the rich. One of his friends explained that Niemeyer was only a "Platonic Communist," while a critic dismissed him as a "rich Marxist," adding, "When did he ever design a poor man's house?")

In Brasília, Niemeyer saw a *tabula rasa,* a chance to break out of old molds and create a new society. And in the beginning, during the building phase, it seemed as if all his dreams would come true. "There were no barriers, just a mass of people—engineers, administrators, laborers—united in a single cause," he told me. He is a short, dark-complexioned man, who often becomes very intense as he

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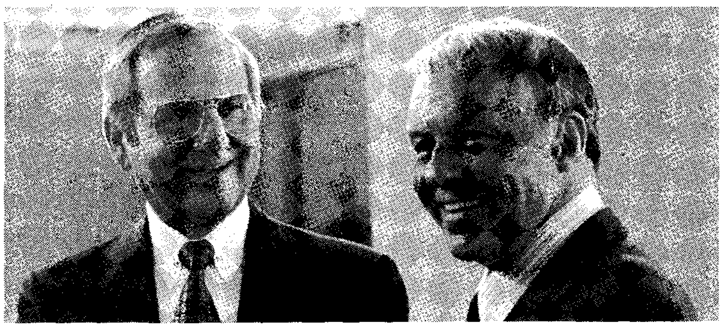
The Chairman of the Board tells "The Chairman of the Board" why it's time for Imperial.

Lee Iacocca talks to Frank Sinatra about the future of luxury cars in America.

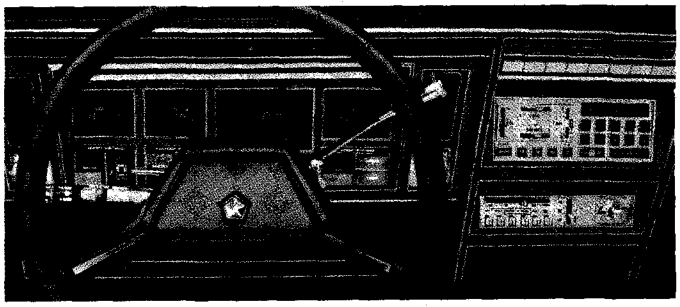


On July 18, 1980 Frank Sinatra, the entertainment industry's "Chairman of the Board," joined Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman of the Board of The New Chrysler Corporation, at the first public exhibition of America's newest luxury car, the 1981 Imperial.

This new Imperial is an unusually timely automobile, newer than its competitors and, in significant ways, substantially different from them; it is these differences that make the Imperial the unique automobile it is.

After opening the exhibition and viewing the new Imperial, Sinatra and Iacocca spent some time discussing what America needs in a luxury car today and how this new Imperial fills those needs.

Sinatra: When you build a luxury car, where do you start? How do you lay down the specs?
Iacocca: You try to build a luxury car that's better than the competition. Say you take your leading potential competitor and you might say, 'I'm going to give a customer 105 percent of this guy's riding comfort. Or 100 percent of his cornering ability.' You can set your sights on what the people are already buying.
Sinatra: Is that what you did?
Iacocca: Sure. But our standards for this Imperial were based more on what the people need today than on what the competition is giving them. You know, times have changed in the automobile business.
Sinatra: You mean the energy crunch.
Iacocca: Partly. That's why today you have to try to build a car that's the right kind of car for now and, hopefully, for tomorrow as well. Now, you've owned a lot of cars.
Sinatra: You'd better believe it.
Iacocca: What do you think today's luxury car should be?
Sinatra: I don't know where to start.
Iacocca: Start with the way it should look.
Sinatra: Well, first of all, I'd want it to look simple. I think things are getting cleaner and simpler looking and that's how it should be.
Iacocca: Agreed. That's why we tried to keep the Imperial as uncluttered as possible.
Sinatra: The shape is very clean.
Iacocca: It's what we call slippery.
Sinatra: Slippery?
Iacocca: Slips through the air. In the wind tunnel they give it a number they call a drag coefficient. Tells you how aerodynamic the car is. The lower the number, the better.
Sinatra: Well, you've come out of the wind tunnel with a very elegant looking automobile.
Iacocca: What pleases me more is that the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days.
Sinatra: Fine, but what about the things I can't see? What about engineering? You guys had a big reputation for engineering.
Iacocca: I believe we're still ahead. But engineering a car has changed radically.
Sinatra: Come on, Lee, this country can put a man on the moon, but we can't build an automobile right. Where's our technology when it comes to things we use every day?
Iacocca: I hear you. But I've been in this business a lot of years and when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel.



"...when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel."

Sinatra: An electronic marvel? What does that mean?
Iacocca: Okay. You mention the space program. Our electronics division down in Huntsville, Alabama, was a prime contractor on the Redstone missile and the Saturn

"Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America."

Apollo program. We're an industry leader in automotive electronics, going back to electronic gnition. There are several hundred electronics experts down there in Huntsville and after we switched them from space work to commercial work, the Imperial is one of the things hey went to work on.

Sinatra: What did they do?

Iacocca: Built our system of Electronic Fuel Injection.

Sinatra: Fuel injection's been around for years.

Iacocca: Not like this. The Imperial has the first continuous flow fully electronically conrolled fuel injection for any production automobile built anywhere in the world.

Sinatra: Why is that good?

Iacocca: First of all, it controls both the fuel delivery and the spark advance, based on information it gets from about a dozen sensors hat monitor everything from engine temperature to barometric pressure. They feed all this information into what we call the Combustion Computer. Then the computer figures the best possible spark advance for all hese conditions and the best proportion of air to fuel, and meters out the exact amount you need.

Sinatra: What's in it for me?

Iacocca: Four things. First of all, it starts by just a turn of the key. Second, you get the smoothest idle, even on cold mornings. Number three, there are practically no balks. And number four, practically no stalls.

Sinatra: Sounds terrific.

Iacocca: And that's only the half of it. I tell you, we've never had electronics like this. Now you've got to admit, this instrument panel is rather unusual.

Sinatra: I've driven a lot of cars and I've never seen anything that looked like it. But why does a digital instrument panel make he Imperial a better car?

Iacocca: Because it makes you a smarter driver. Tell me, what do you need to know when you're driving a car?

Sinatra: I want to know how fast I'm going. How far I've gone. How much gas 've got left. What time it is. That's all.

Iacocca: Okay. This instrument panel shows you all of that in words and numbers.

Sinatra: No gauges?

Iacocca: No gauges. This is the only producion built American car with a completely electronic digital instrument cluster.

Sinatra: And what do the buttons do?

Iacocca: They turn your instrument panel nto an Electronic Communications Center. Push button number one and your speedometer changes from miles to kilometers.

Sinatra: Not bad.

Iacocca: Push button number two and your electronic chronometer gives you the date instead of the time. Button number three turns the whole chronometer into an electronic timer that tells you how long you've been driving.

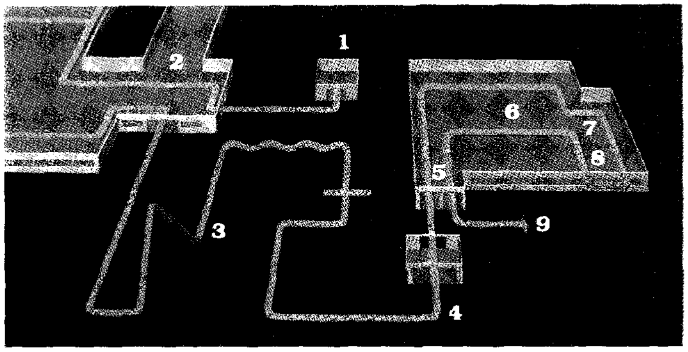
Sinatra: What about how far I've gone?

Iacocca: That's button number four. Push it and the electronic odometer shows you how far you've gone since you started. The next button tells your average speed.

Sinatra: And it's all in miles or kilometers.

Iacocca: That's right. Button six shows how far the gas in your tank will take you under present driving conditions. Number seven shows how many miles you're now getting to the gallon. And number eight gives your mileage over your entire trip.

Imperial Quality Assurance Program starts with preselected parts (1) and special care assembly (2), goes on to a 5.5-mile test drive (3), hot engine checks (4), water checks (5), checks of suspension, steering (6), electrical systems (7) and metal finish (8) before final sign-off (9).



"I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's."

Sinatra: I've never had that on any car.

Iacocca: There's more.

Sinatra: More buttons to push?

Iacocca: No. This part is all automatic. If either half of the dual hydraulic brake system is defective, a light goes on. If the emergency brake is on, this lights up. If your oil pressure or battery voltage are too low, or your engine temperature is too high, these lights come on.

Sinatra: That's a lot of lights.

Iacocca: We've got chimes, too. If you don't buckle up, your Imperial will chime at you. Leave the key in the ignition and it beeps. Leave the lights on and it makes a tone.

Sinatra: Very musical.

Iacocca: I told you we built it for you, Frank.

Sinatra: What about your other customers? Is this stuff all standard equipment?

Iacocca: Frank, the only option on the Imperial is a power sliding roof. Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America. I've got even more luxuries than *you* would ask for.

Sinatra: Try me.

Iacocca: You try me. What features do you want in your car?

Sinatra: Start with music.

Iacocca: Your choice of four sound systems, standard. All stereo. All with the best speakers we've ever had.

Sinatra: Power steering, power windows, power seats.

Iacocca: Of course.

Sinatra: Leather upholstery?

Iacocca: Frank, this is the only car in the world with an interior by Mark Cross. It's even got a built-in garage door opener and a hood ornament of Cartier crystal.

Sinatra: You're not fooling around with quality on this baby, are you?

Iacocca: I wanted a quality automobile to sell. I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's.

Sinatra: How long is that?

Iacocca: Two years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers all parts except tires, all labor and all schedule maintenance. Our rust warranty lasts *three* years.

Sinatra: I don't even pay for an oil change?

Iacocca: That's right. The Imperial warranty has the details.

Sinatra: That kind of confidence takes guts.

Iacocca: I know what went into it. Look, every one of these Imperials gets a test drive by an expert. We built a Quality Assurance Center where the whole vehicle gets a going-over to make sure that nothing gets out that's not first-rate. When an inspector there signs off on the car, the signed papers actually come with the car.

Sinatra: I think there are a lot of people waiting for a car like this one, Lee.

Iacocca: I've got a bunch of Imperial dealers who are ready for them, Frank.

For the name of the Imperial dealer nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-521-7272. In the state of Michigan call 1-800-482-6838.

1981 Imperial. Size and price: comparable to Cadillac Eldorado and Continental Mark VI. ⑯ EPA est. mpg. 26 est. hwy. mpg. Use these ests. for comparison. Mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, trip length. Actual hwy. mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

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moment last a lifetime.

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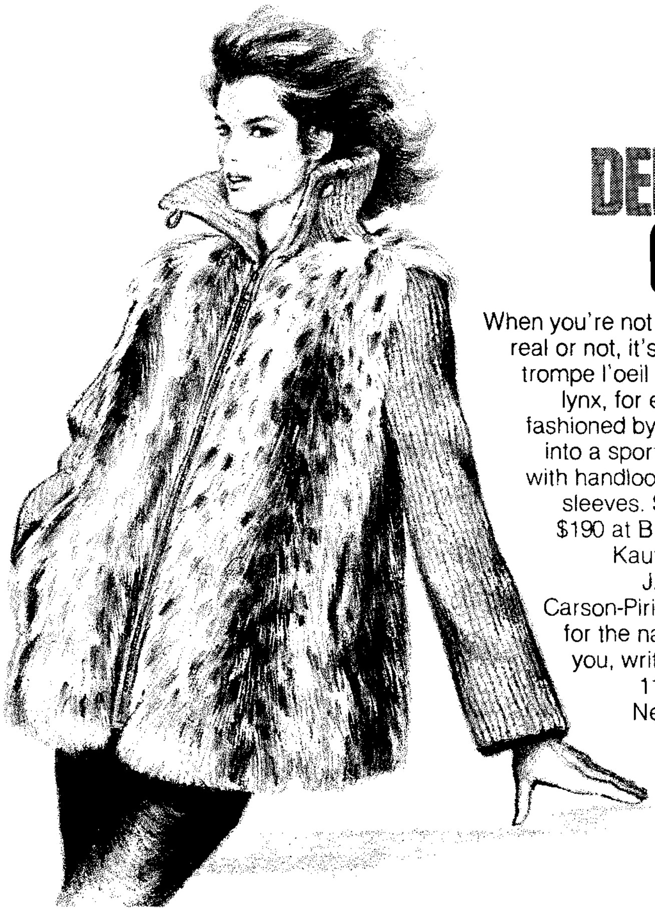
The ¼ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. DeBeers.

speaks. "At night, we would all go to the same place—a shack called Olga's Bar—and dance in our muddy boots while someone flailed a guitar and others slapped tambourines and tapped their glasses and bottles." Later he would fall asleep, feeling terribly alone and full of anxiety, which was only dispelled the next morning when his comrades rapped on his window. Niemeyer acknowledges that his dreams for a better world didn't materialize and he, himself, is critical of Brasília: "We had all worked together, but then the walls went up between the rich and the poor, and we stopped going to the same places. When I designed the apartments, they told me that all people—rich and poor—would be able to live in them. But now only the rich can live in them. The poor cannot afford to. Twenty miles from Brasília, the people have nothing. They see the beauty of Brasília through binoculars. It had seemed during the initial solidarity that the children of Brasília would grow up without complexes, but instead the city has become the most discriminatory in Brazil. I see now that a social architecture without a Socialist base leads to nothing—that you can't create a class-free oasis in a capitalist society, and that to try ends up being, as Engels said, a paternalistic pose that pretends to be revolutionary."

If Brasília failed to make a social revolution, it did create an aesthetic one. "You will not say that you have seen similar things anywhere else," Niemeyer said confidently. "For some, it is function that is important in architecture. For me, it is beauty, fantasy, surprise. Of course, if I had it to do again I'd do a few things differently. I'd have more gardens, and a center where cars couldn't go. There is no real center in Brasília where people can gather, as there is in Rio. But these are minor points. The plan was good. Brasília is disciplined, and it has transcended the chaos and anarchy of other cities."

ALTHOUGH Kubitschek had wanted Niemeyer to do the whole city, Niemeyer decided to concentrate on designing the public buildings, giving other architects a chance to develop the city plan. A competition for a Pilot Plan of Brasília was announced. Contestants had to submit their entries within a hundred and twenty days. They would be judged by a panel that included Niemeyer and a



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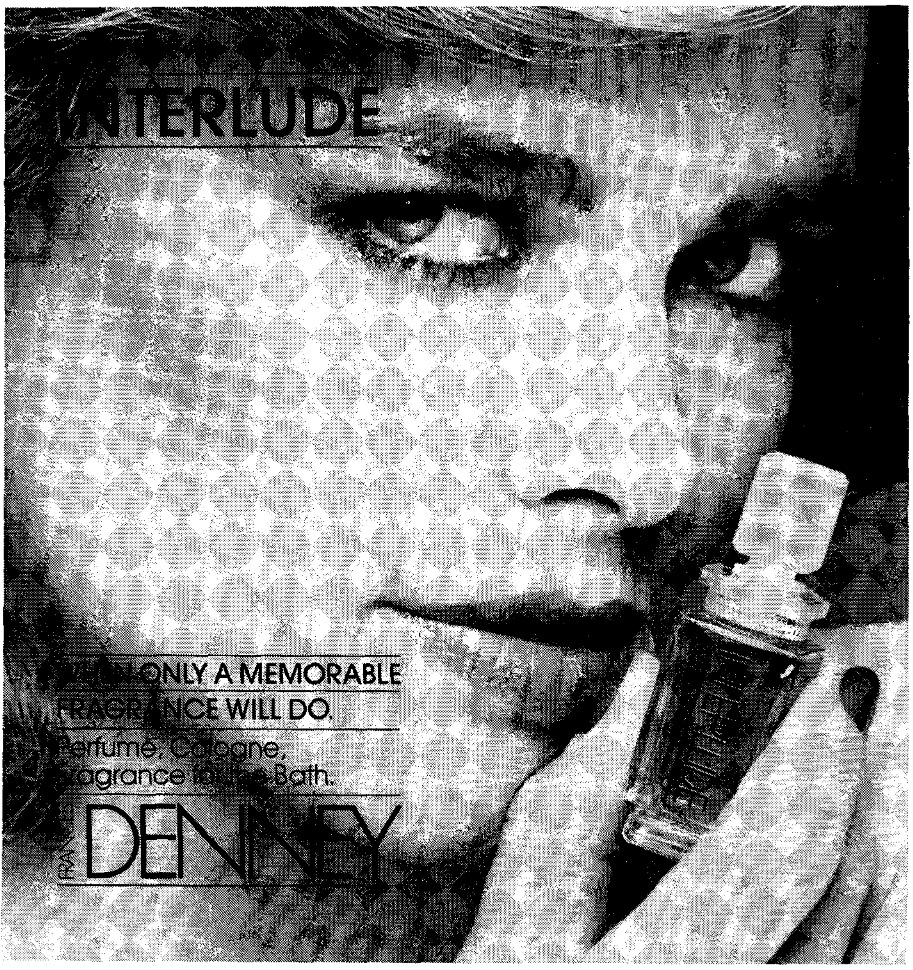
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number of other Brazilian and European architects and city planners, the most famous of whom was Sir William Holford, an eminent English city planner. The first prize was a million cruzeiros. Twenty-six plans were entered, of which sixteen were quickly eliminated. Among the final ten was an elaborate presentation by Construtécnica, a firm in São Paulo, which had put its whole staff to work for several frantic months and had spent four hundred thousand cruzeiros on colored graphics and on a minutely detailed model made out of aluminum tubing. But the winner was Lúcio Costa, who had spent only sixty-four hours on his plan and about twenty-five cruzeiros for pencils, paper, and an eraser. His entry, written in longhand on five sheets of paper and including a couple of rude sketches, began:

> First of all, I would like to apologize to the Directors of the Development Company and to the Jury of the Competition, for the sketchy manner in which I am submitting the idea . . . for the Federal Capital; at the same time, I must justify myself.
>
> It was not my intention to enter the competition—nor, indeed, am I really doing so now. I am merely liberating my mind of a possible solution which sprang to it as a complete, though unbidden, picture. I am coming forward not as a properly equipped expert, since I do not even have an office of my own, but as a mere "maquisard" of town planning, who does not even mean to continue working out the idea offered here, save perhaps as a consultant. And if I speak with such candor, it is because I base my reasoning on this simple assumption: if my idea has any value, my data, although given in such an informal manner, will prove quite sufficient, showing that, despite its spontaneous origin, I subsequently gave it a great deal of thought. . . . And if the suggestion has no validity, then the Jury will find it easy to eliminate, and shall not have wasted my time or that of anybody else.

Niemeyer had insisted that I talk with his modest collaborator, who lives in a disordered apartment on one of Rio's beaches. He is a grandfatherly man who wears a pince-nez and an affable mustache. "Brasília was really Kubitschek's creation," Costa told me. "To modernize the country, he launched a series of measures—he opened new iron mines, built up the Navy, attracted foreign industry, especially automotive. He constructed an arch of which Brasília was the keystone. I think that all of us involved in it had the sensation that a page of history was being turned. The last hundred years had been America's; now the world's century was beginning. But my part was hardly important. I didn't even see the site until it

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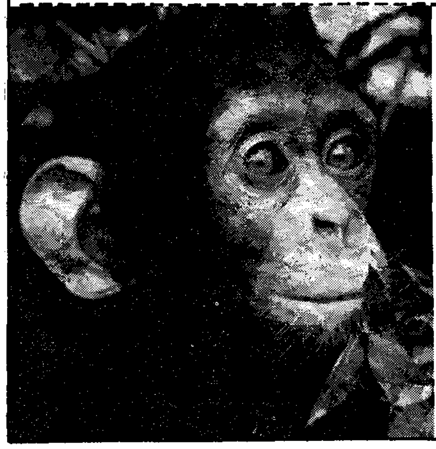

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was laid out, and I've been there only a few times since."

Sifting through a stack of debris, Costa extracted a black-and-white photograph that showed two roads crossing on a barren prairie in the middle of nowhere. This was how the site had looked late in 1956, when Costa first saw it. "I found the Planalto, that horizon without limit, excessively vast. It was out of scale—like an ocean with immense clouds moving over it. By putting a city in the middle of it, we would be creating a landscape. In Brazil, what makes a landscape is the architectonic masses, because most of the country is desert."

On the table before us was a postcard of an Amazonian Indian about to shoot an arrow into a river. "That's *exactly the shape of my plan*," Costa said, pointing to the cross that the drawn bow formed with the arrow. The shape of Brasília's Pilot Plan is also frequently compared to an airplane, whose wings are slightly curved and are folded slightly backward. The fuselage is bureaucratic, with the federal government at the nose, pointing east, and the district government at the tail. The wings, which are in fact called North Wing and South Wing, are residential. Along each wing, sixty-four *superquadras*, or superblocks, are laid out in a grid fifteen long and four wide, with four more at the tip. Each *superquadra*, reached by a winding cul-de-sac, is a community of its own, with eleven or more *blocos*, or apartment buildings, each six stories, set on pillars and separated by green spaces. "The ground will be carpeted with grass," the Costa plan decreed, "and shrubs and foliage will screen the internal groupings of the *superquadra* from the spectator . . . and at the same time . . . will provide the inhabitants with shady avenues down which to stroll at leisure." To instill "pride of place" and a sense of identity, Costa suggested that each *superquadra* be planted with a different species of tree. For every four *superquadras*, there would be a neighborhood unit with, typically, a secondary school, a church, and a little shopping section, with a greengrocer, a baker, a supermarket, boutiques, and the like. With its parklike feeling and its self-sufficiency, the *superquadra* was patterned after the medieval town. It looked back to a time when communities were smaller and the quality of life was supposedly better.

The homogeneity of the residential section, as Costa envisioned it, would

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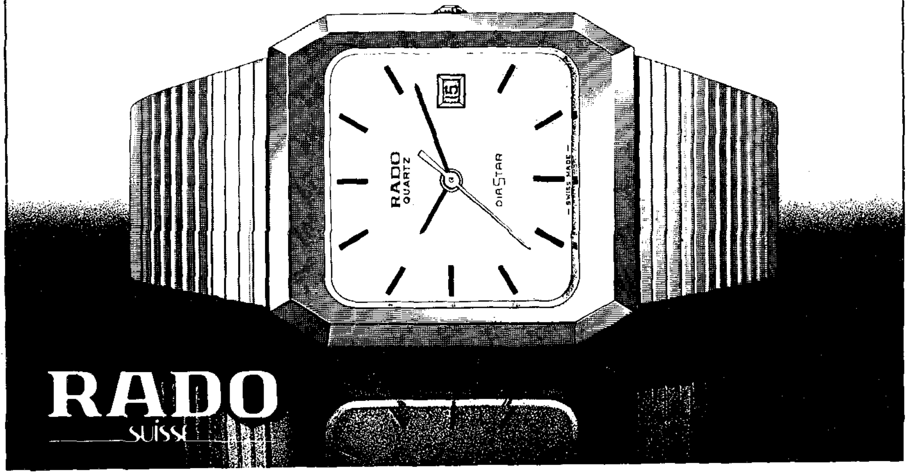

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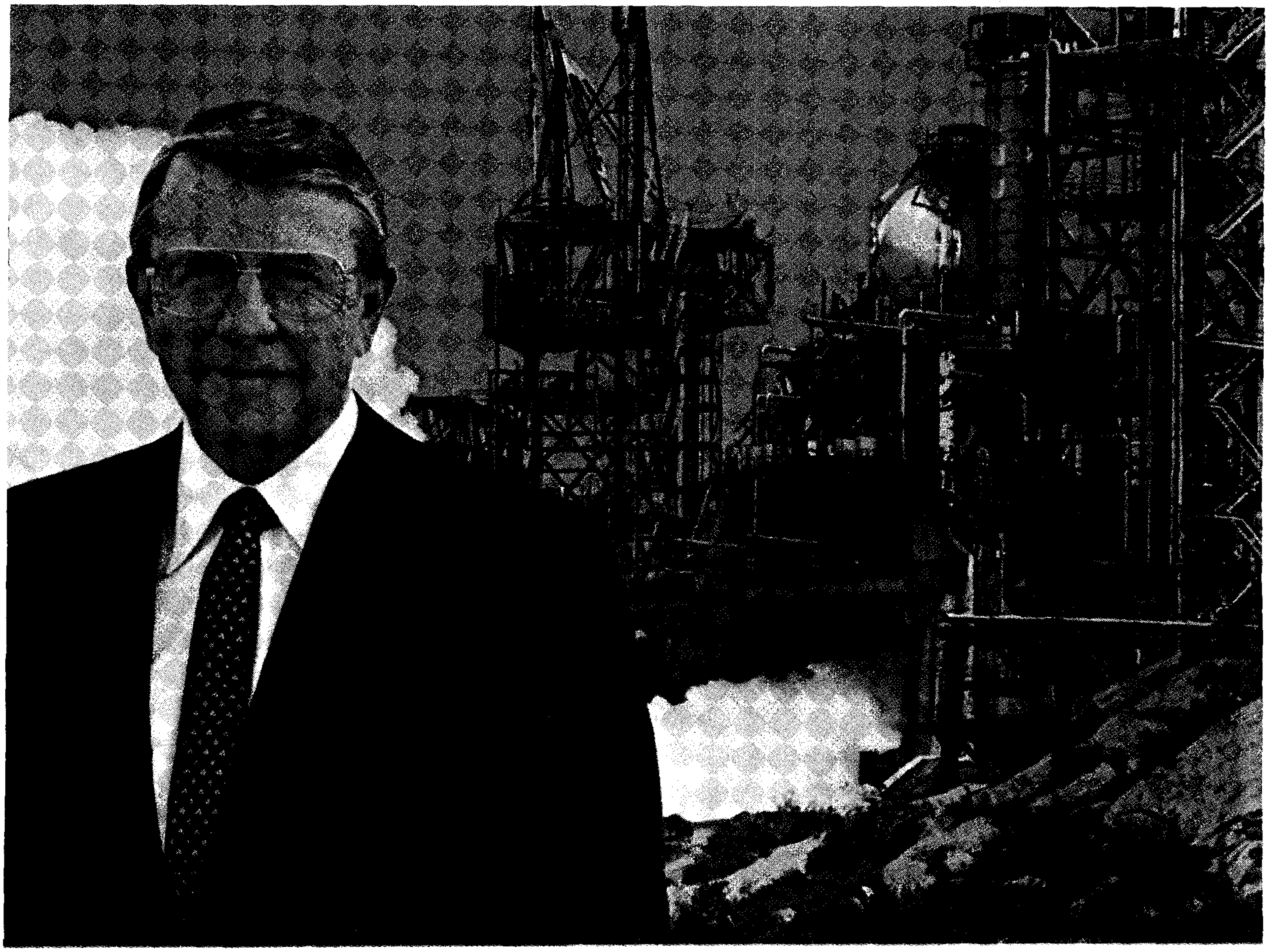

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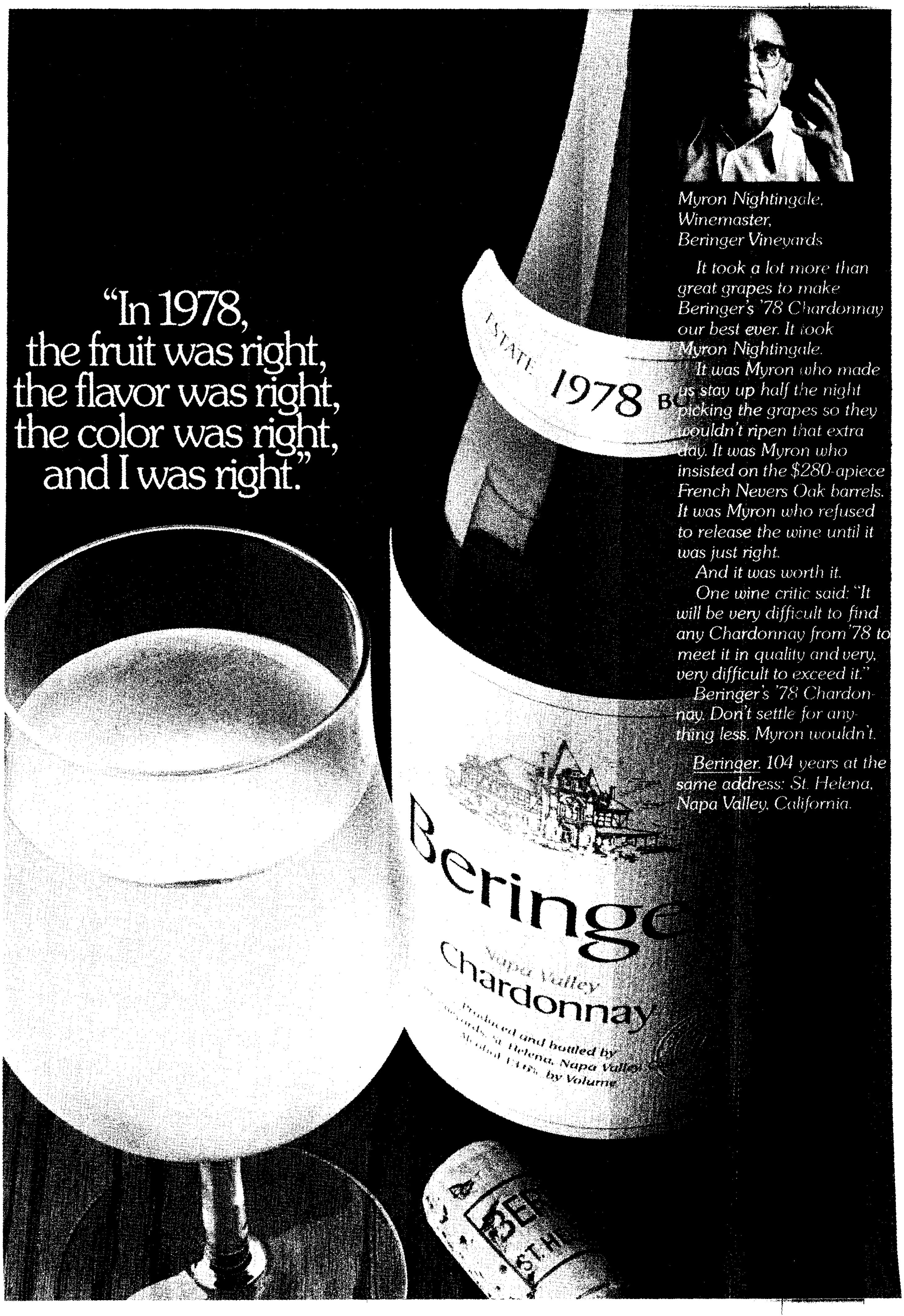
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favor the coexistence of social groups and "avoid any undue and undesirable stratification of society." Differences in location, density of population, and materials used would allow a certain amount of classification "according to economic conditions in force at the time" but not so much as to deprive anyone of "that degree of comfort to which all members of society have a right." The growth of slums was to be prevented, and to make it possible for everyone to live in a *superquadra* Costa urged that a governmental agency control the pricing and distribution of the apartments. He predicted that if they were put on an open real-estate market speculation would begin and the poor would be priced out of his city. (After 1960, precisely this happened, and Costa, like Niemeyer, is not completely happy with the way Brasília has turned out.)

East of the Pilot Plan, as if the plane were parting a cloud, would be a great V-shaped lake. "No housing will be permitted around the lake: the area must be kept unspoiled," Costa's proposal specified. "The lake shore will be treated as woodland and parkland and green spaces over which the citizens may walk and enjoy other countryside amenities. Only sports clubs, restaurants, playing fields, swimming enclosures, and fishing clubs may operate around the lake." The shoreline, Costa insisted, should be public domain, to be enjoyed by all. (Again things have not worked out quite the way they were planned. Today, the southern rim of Lake Paranoá is the splendid South Lake Mansion Sector—the Scarsdale of Brasília. According to Niemeyer, the lake has been "usurped by the bourgeoisie.")

At the heart of the city, where the wings join the fuselage, Costa planned a Sector of Diversions, to rival Piccadilly Circus, Times Square, and the Champs-Élysées. Here, too, fed by two levels of roads, would be the bus station. Perhaps the most innovative aspect of his plan was the way he applied the principles of highway engineering to insure the unimpeded circulation of the city's traffic. Thanks to an elaborate network of ramps and cloverleafs, there would be no intersections or street corners in Brasília, and no stoplights except on the service roads. It would be a "speedway city," with pedestrians separated from rushing cars by underpasses and overpasses.

Costa's Pilot Plan won over not only Niemeyer and Kubitschek but also Holford and the other judges. It had

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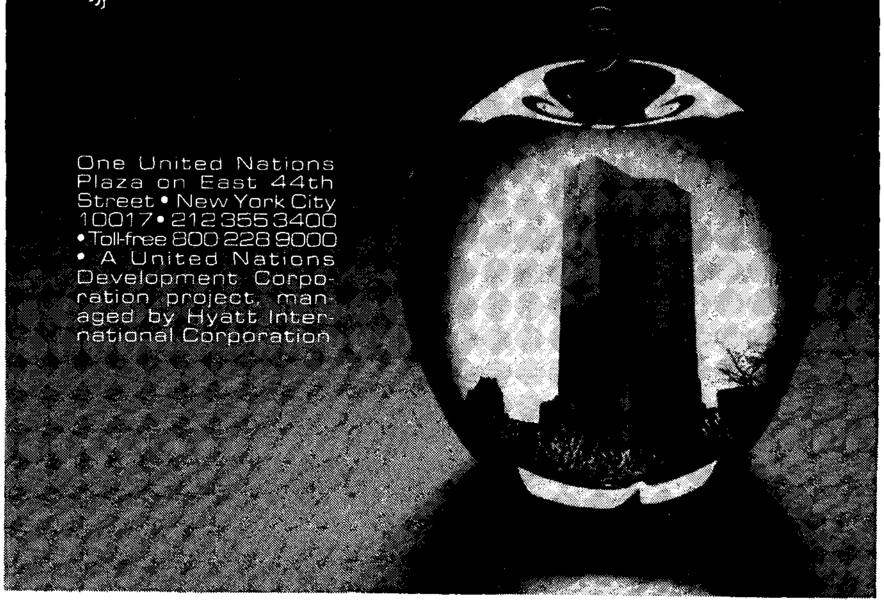

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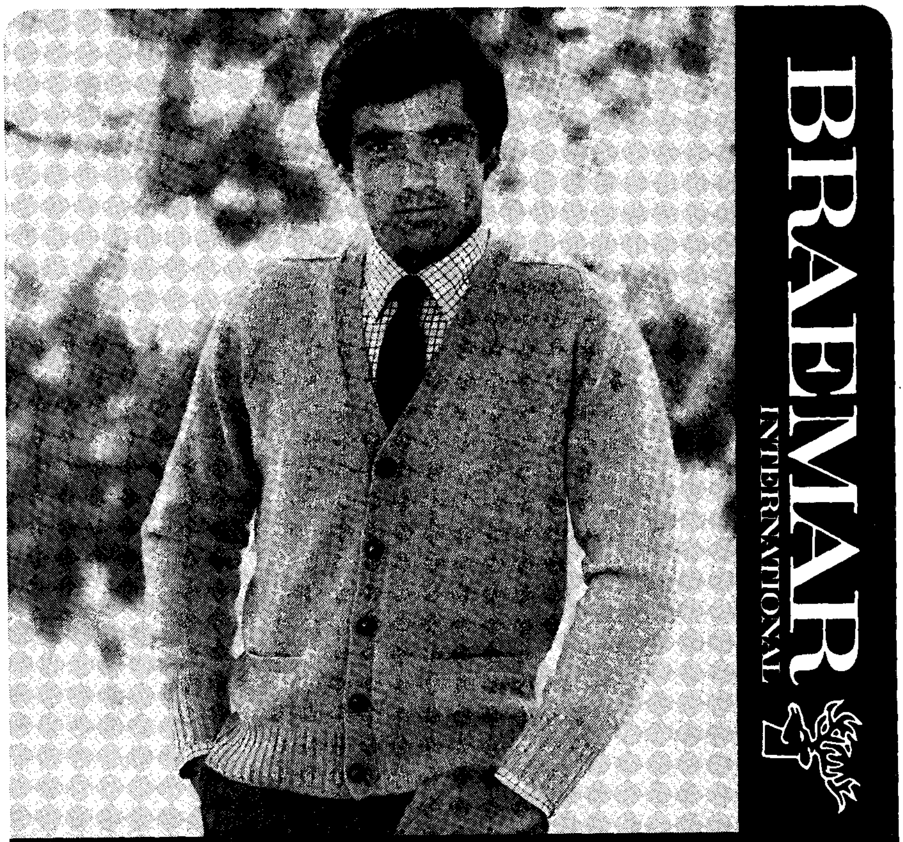

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the grandeur and the novelty that the President felt were essential for the capital, yet it remained congenial.

ABOUT five miles from the city-to-be, on the edge of a patch of upland forest, a little barracks was built for Kubitschek, and it was called the Catetinho, because it was a replica of the Catete, the Presidential palace in Rio. The workmen cracked open a bottle of whiskey to celebrate the beginning of the construction of the Catetinho on October 23, 1956. But there was no ice. Then, suddenly, the sky grew dark and the celebrants were pelted with hailstones the size of marbles. "Miracle! Miracle!" everyone shouted.

By early 1957, the desert of the Planalto Central had been converted into an immense, teeming construction site. Word of what was being done there had already spread, and workers from every part of Brazil were streaming in. About two-thirds of the men who came at the beginning were young *nordestinos*—from the Northeast—with little or no experience in construction. Among them was Valdemar, the fourth child of José Leonias. He was twenty-two, and had been a supply clerk at a construction yard at home in Floriano, verifying cargo manifests as trucks were unloaded and loaded. When he heard that there was good money to be made in Brasília he was raring to go. He threw a few clothes into a small leather suitcase with a wooden handle, and after reassuring his weeping mother that everything would be all right he took the ferry across the Parnaíba to the state of Maranhão, then a bus for two days to Imperatriz, where he boarded a small, two-propeller plane that was going to Brasília. By the time he got there, his money supply was almost at zero. He knew nobody, but then most of the other passengers on the plane were in the same situation. They all piled into jeeps and were taken to Cidade Livre, a frontier town that had sprouted spontaneously at the confluence of two creeks a few miles from where Costa's Pilot Plan was already taking recognizable shape. Cidade Livre, or Free City, consisted of three parallel avenues lined with ramshackle wooden structures of one or two stories. It was as wild and lawless as Dodge City or any of the other early settlements in the American West. When a particularly large brawl erupted in the red-light district, the cavalry would be called out. Dismounting, the men

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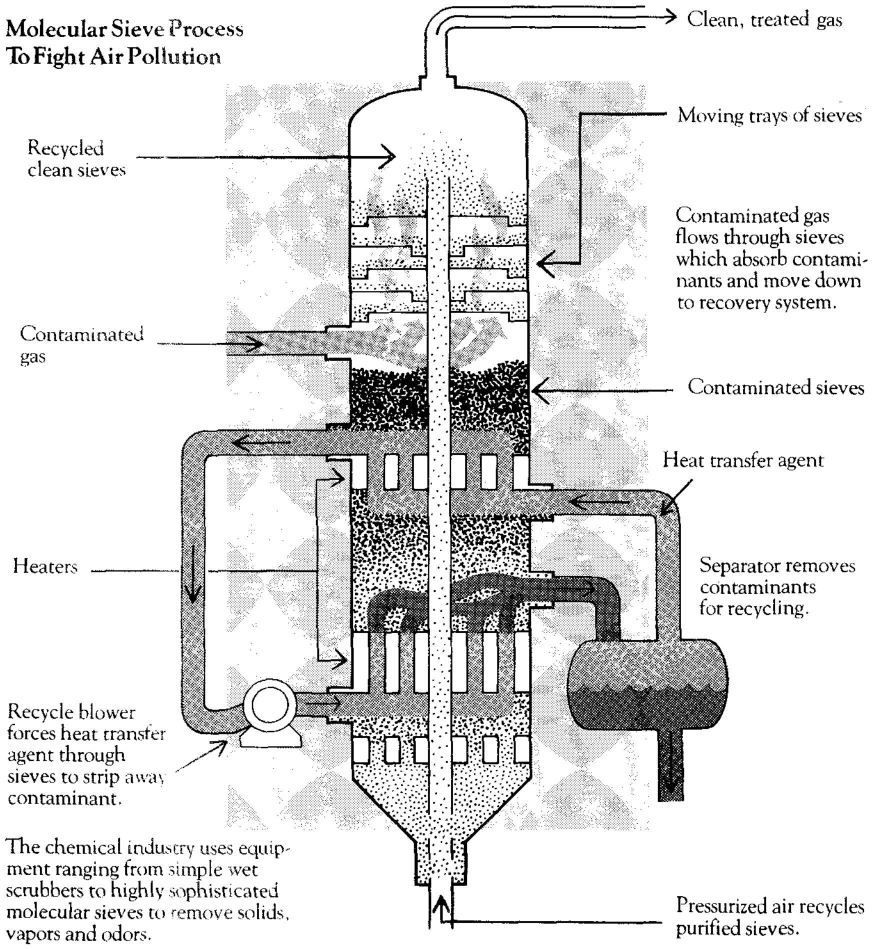

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Contaminated sieves
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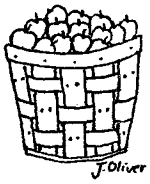
would march in a straight line up the central avenue, leading their horses, and order would be temporarily restored.

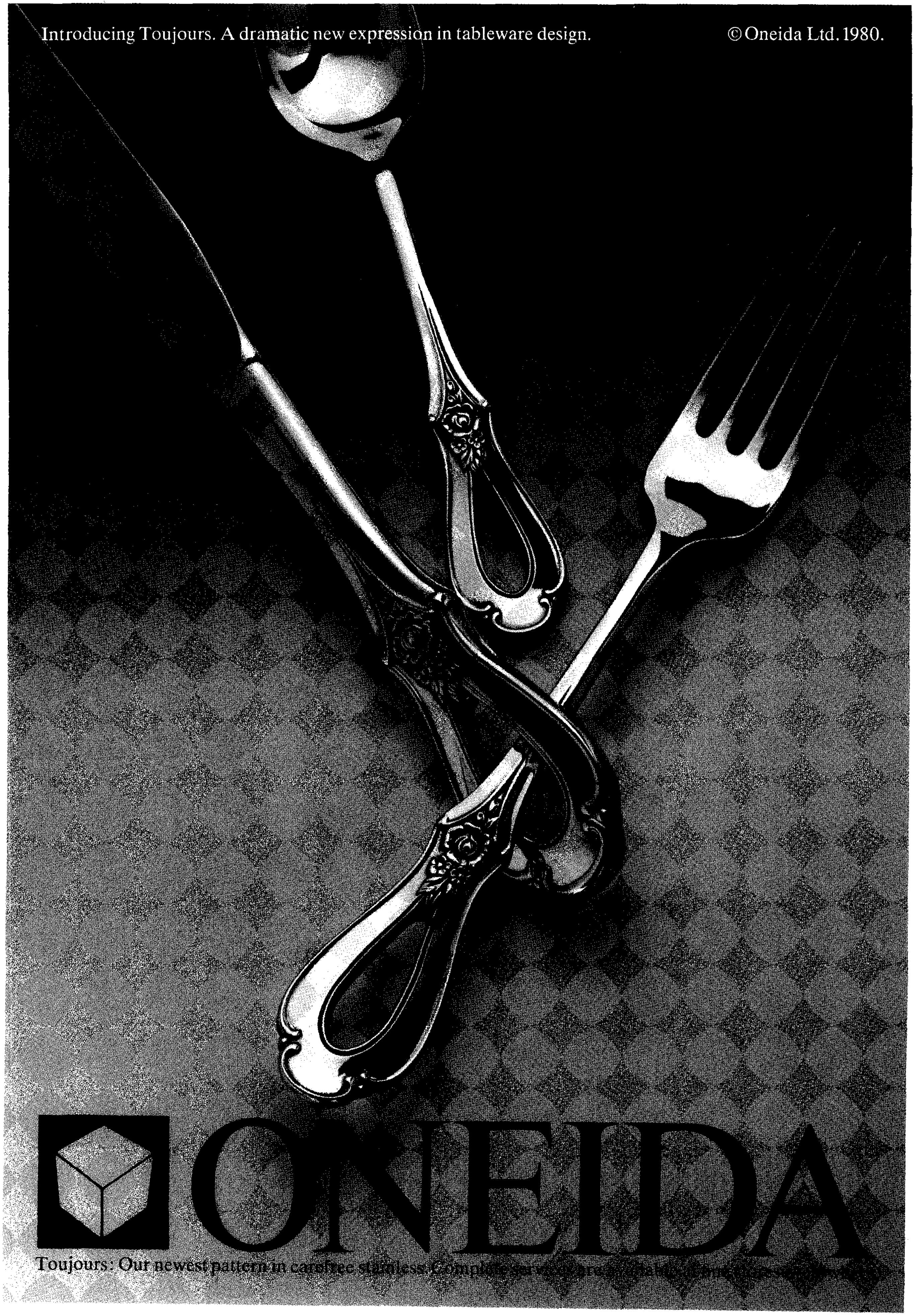
That first night, Valdemar checked into a flophouse, and there, to his amazement, he ran into a man he had known in Floriano. "You won't believe it," the man said as they were lying in their bunks, "but I've been making as much money here in a week as it took me two months to make back home." The following morning, Valdemar's friend took him to an office where work assignments were handed out, and he was sent immediately to a dam that was being built to flood forty square kilometres of river valley, creating Lake Paranoá at the foot of the dome on which the Pilot Plan was rising. The tranquil expanse of open water, some of it to be as much as thirty-eight metres deep, with a hundred and seventeen kilometres of shoreline, would provide a welcome break for the workers in the hot, itchy scrub. Two small turbines at the dam would generate eighteen thousand kilowatts of electricity, to supplement the energy that was being brought in from outside.

Valdemar worked at the dam for two months as an *apontador*, assigning men to operate the various machines. Soon after he started, the summer rains began, and there were many days when it was impossible to work. The climate in Brasília, at the low part of a meteorological cycle in the late nineteen-fifties, was significantly colder than it is today, and some days the temperature would go down to forty degrees. Valdemar had never felt such cold in Floriano. He often worked a double shift, for twenty-four hours straight. On Saturday nights, he and his friends would sometimes catch a ride to Cidade Livre, where they danced in bars to samba records spinning on battery-powered phonographs. Fistfights were frequent and gunfights occasional, and almost always the fights were over a woman. Poverty was unknown. Everybody had money, and trucks loaded with women were thoughtfully brought in by the government to help the men spend it. On the rare Sundays Valdemar had off, he would help friends put up board-and-batten shacks on the edge of town, which they hoped would entitle them to the land by squatters' rights.



The pioneers who were bringing Brasília to life began to describe themselves as *candangos*. The word was already in use, but the application was new. It seems to have been derived, like many words in Brazilian Portuguese, from the various dialects that slaves brought over from Africa. The word first appeared in Brazil as a derogatory term used by the slaves for their Portuguese captors. Eventually, it came to mean a person of mixed blood—African, Indian, and Portuguese—and was used to describe a dark-complexioned down-and-out drifter, particularly one from the country. In Brasília, *candango* ceased to be a term of disparagement, for the workers suddenly became proud of their humble background and of what Kubitschek described as their heroic role in a great event. Today, the meaning of *candango* is in the process of shifting from a pioneer who built the city to someone born there, who is also called a *Brasiliense*. A *candango* is to Brasília what a *carioca* is to Rio, a *capixaba* is to Espírito Santo, and a *gaúcho* is to Rio Grande do Sul. In the Leonias family, Valdemar is a bona-fide *candango*, because he came to Brasília before it was built, but so are fourteen—so far—of Dona Joana's grandchildren, who have been born in Brasília.

The period between 1957 and 1960 is usually labelled "the battle of construction" in the various booklets one picks up on newsstands in Brasília or at the Department of Tourism. The sound of gears grinding and hammers pounding, of draglines and bulldozers, was continuous. To Emily Hahn, Brasília, which she visited early in 1960, a month before its inauguration, seemed like "a colony of coral that is breaking through the surface as an atoll." None of the major public buildings took more than fifteen days to design, Niemeyer told me. Partly in order to simplify construction, eleven identical glass boxes—ten stories high, and longer than they were high—were built for the ministries. The only internal fixtures were sanitary facilities at either end and an elevator shaft at the center. Each ministry partitioned its building according to its needs. Amazingly, in spite of the haste, it all held together. The first primary school, a Niemeyer project, was opened on October 18, 1957, its construction having begun twenty days earlier, and it received an immediate enrollment of three hundred children of engineers and government functionaries. The first secondary school, which now has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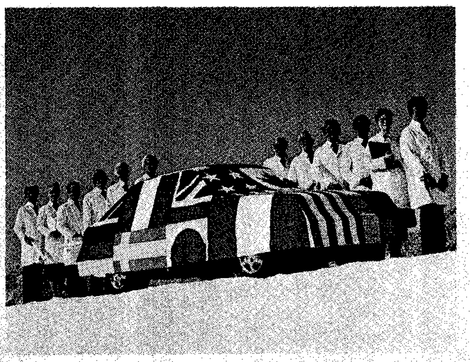

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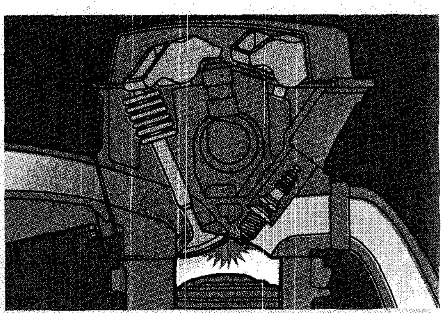

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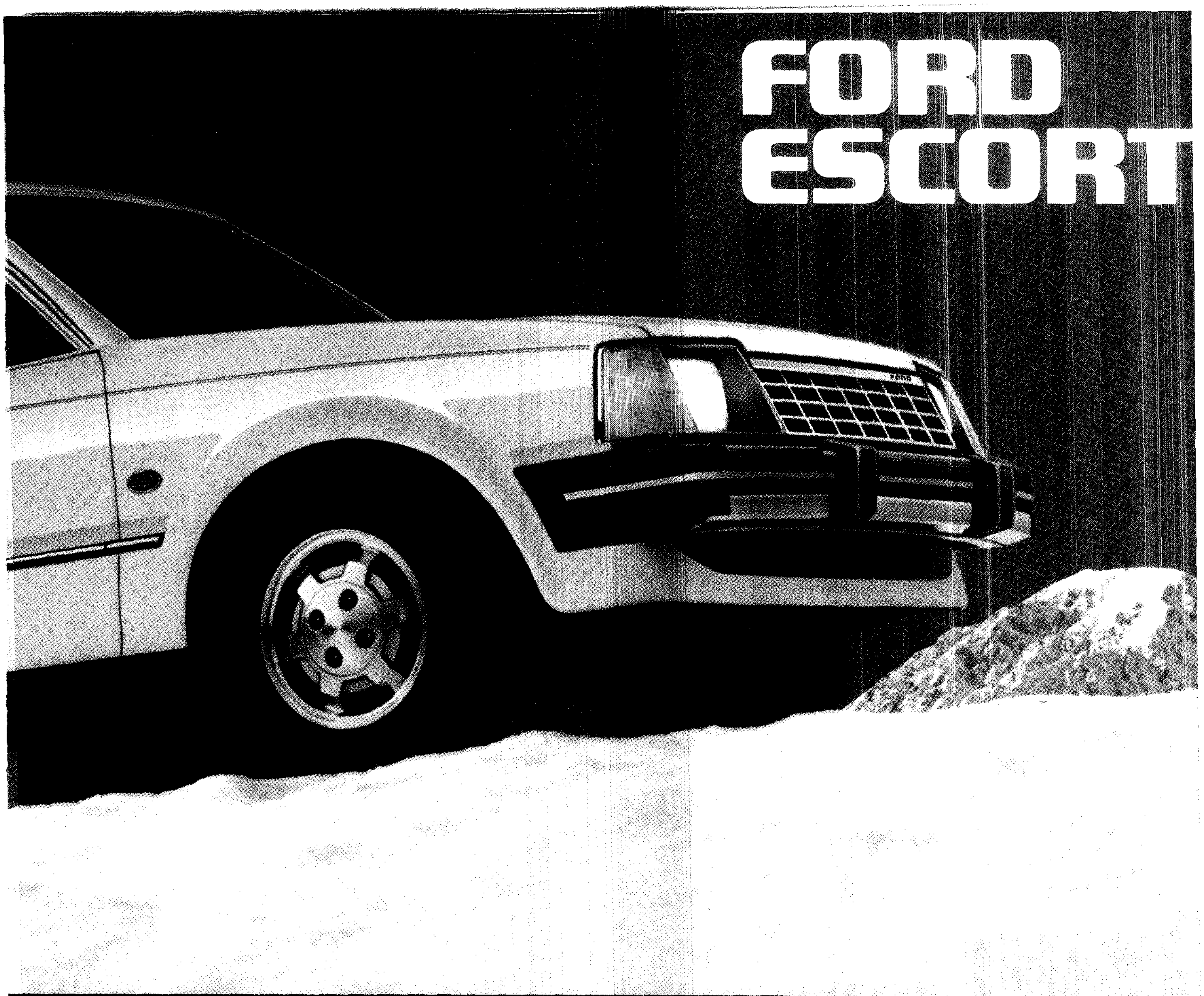

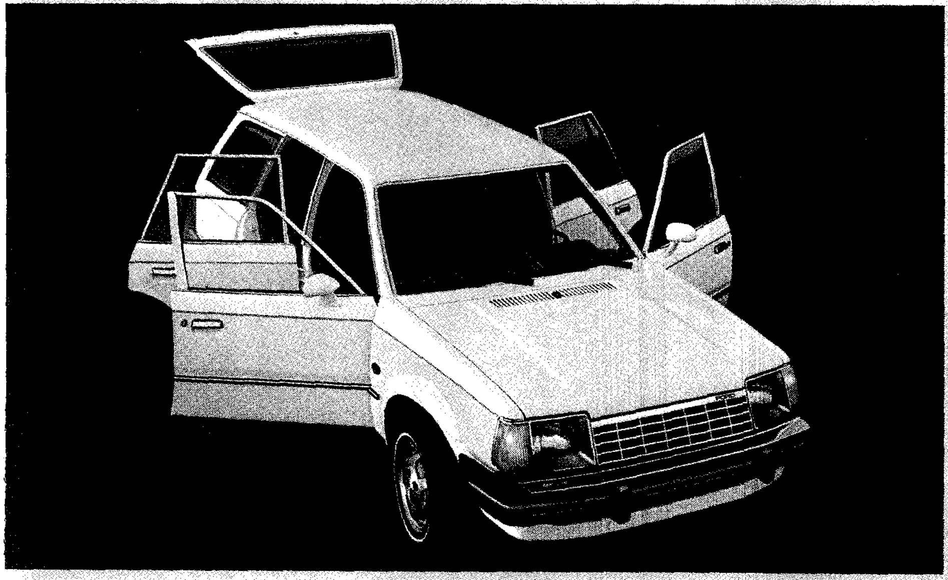

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a thousand students, was built in sixty-six days. For the less important structures, Niemeyer would often give a verbal description of their aesthetic ideal, make a few rough sketches, and leave the details to other architects.

Kubitschek's eye was on everything, but he devoted special attention to the Planalto Palace, which was to be the office of the Chief Executive, in the Plaza of the Three Powers, and to the Dawn Palace, the Presidential residence. It is said that when Niemeyer presented his first design for the Dawn Palace, Kubitschek felt that it lacked the requisite monumentality; he sent the architect back to the drawing board—with some misgiving, because he had never rejected an idea of Niemeyer's before. "I want something that will still be admired a hundred years from now," he told him. The second design, Kubitschek felt, was "grand and lyrical, capricious and imposing." Niemeyer had achieved an appearance of weightlessness by enclosing the glass structure with delicate columns faced with white marble that flared out dramatically at their base, so that the building seemed to be borne aloft on sails.

Brasília received many notable visitors before its inauguration, including Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, the Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin, and President Eisenhower. But for Niemeyer the most significant visitor was Le Corbusier, in whose honor a grove of buriti palms was planted. Le Corbusier praised his disciple for the city's inventiveness. "I think often of you and your magnificent work. Bravo!" he wrote later. André Malraux, who was then de Gaulle's Minister of Culture, went to Brasília on August 29, 1959, and his speech, according to Kubitschek, was not only a distinguished piece of Gallic oratory but a lucid analysis of Brasília's significance as the element that would unify the country and usher in a new era of Brazilian history. "Almost all the great cities have arisen around a privileged place," Malraux said. "What History contemplates with us today is the emergence of the first edifices of a city created by the will of one man and the hope of a nation. . . . A murmur of glory accompanies the pounding of the anvils that salute your audacity, your faith, and the destiny of Brazil, as the Capital of Hope surges on!"

Twenty years afterward, I visited a classroom in one of Brasília's satellite cities and heard a group of fourth graders, in neat blue uniforms and

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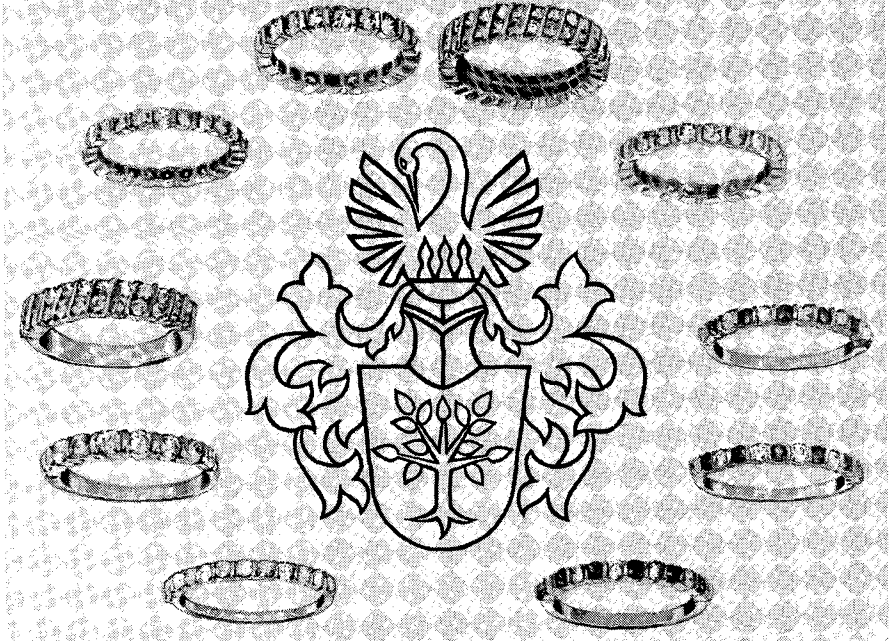
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with their hands folded on their desks, singing the hymn of Brasília. It is called "The Capital of Hope," and their rendition was spirited:

In the middle of an untamed virgin land,
In the most splendorous of dawns,
Happy as a child's smile,
A dream transformed itself into reality.
The most fantastic city came into being—
Brasília, the Capital of Hope.

After a few months, Valdemar Leonias was transferred from the dam to the bus station. Then he worked on a cinema in the South Wing, and in 1960, taking a short vacation from construction, he participated in a door-to-door census of the *barracas*, the board-and-batten shacks that had sprouted by the hundred in the precincts of the Pilot Plan. "Ninety per cent were *nordestinos*—the most ignorant element," he has recalled. "The people had much anger, much agony."

To the rural poor, cities offer hope, a means of escape from their misery; and Brasília, the Capital of Hope, was the urban frontier par excellence. In the Northeast, 1958 was a year of calamitous drought. Such *secas*, or dry spells, are cyclical; every few decades a bad one comes along. Rivers vanish, vegetation shrivels, cattle die en masse, and the whole Northeast becomes a furnace. In 1897, twenty thousand *flagelados*—drought victims—starved to death at the gates of Fortaleza, the capital of Ceará, because there was no food for them. In May, 1958, tens of thousands of *flagelados* fled the Northeast. About five thousand of them—barefoot, emaciated, with only the rags on their backs and a few crusts of bread—descended on Cidade Livre and created Brasília's first *favela*, throwing up precarious *barracas* of old wood, flattened cans, cement sacks, and scrounged sheets of corrugated zinc. A *favela* is a haphazard urban slum that lacks water, sewage disposal, and electricity, and it was precisely what Costa had tried to exclude from the Federal District. Before long, the *flagelados* were threatening to march on the Pilot Plan with demands for work, food, housing, and health care, and the government realized that it had a serious problem on its hands. Ernesto Silva, one of the directors of NOVACAP, the Urbanizing Company of the New Capital of Brazil, got up on a kerosene barrel in front of the angry swarm and managed to calm things down. He said that a community with stores, schools, a hospital, and an industrial college was being created

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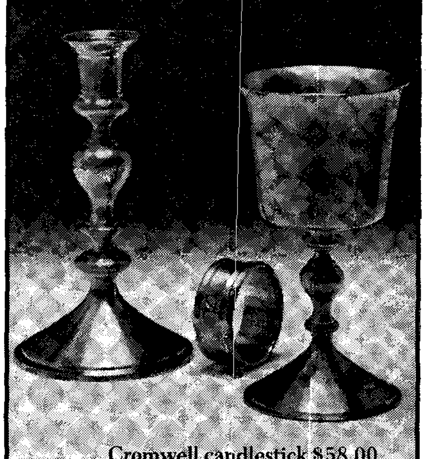

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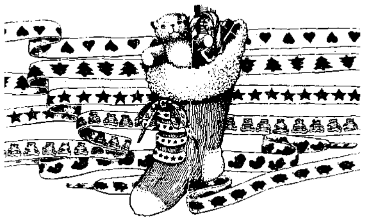

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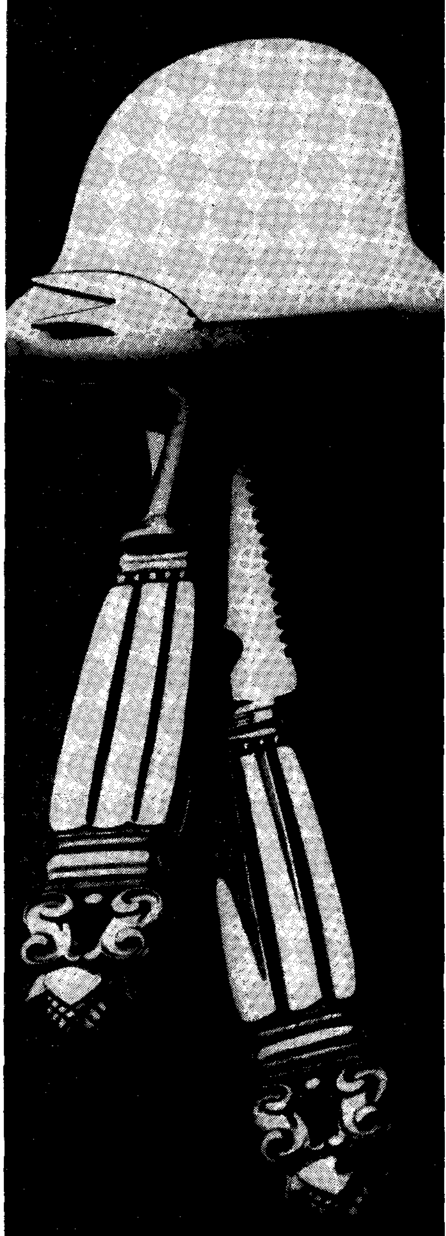

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for them. Lots had been measured off, to which NOVACAP would transport them free of charge, and where they would get help in putting up provisional housing. Reluctantly, the *flagelados* accepted the idea. The new community was twenty-three kilometres from Brasília; NOVACAP wanted this distance to prevent the new community's effluent from draining into the Paranoá basin, which was already being polluted by Cidade Livre—and also to discourage future marches on the capital. And so the second of the Federal District's satellite cities came into being. It was called Taguatinga, after a creek that ran through it. Taguatinga, a Tupí-Guaraní Indian word, means "white clay bank" and, by transference, "white village."

Valdemar saw many *favelas* hastily tacked together and just as quickly taken down. One of the shantytowns, Vila Planalto, grew up five hundred yards from the Dawn Palace, around a group of well-constructed wooden houses for the engineers, and spread quickly into the valley that was to be flooded by Lake Paranoá. Valdemar was living there at the time, and he remembers that after Brasília was finished, Kubitschek came and tried to persuade the *flagelados* to go home. "Everyone told him, 'I'm not going. I'm a *candango*.' Then Juscelino said, 'O.K., I won't bring in the police, but soon the dam will be closed and you will have to move.'" Many of the *barracas* were flooded and the rest torn down. But no one went home. They found places to live in Taguatinga or one of the other satellite cities that were growing up.

By April 21, 1960, Brasília was ready. The principal roads were open, and thirty-eight hundred apartments were inhabitable. The telephone system, built in the record time of ninety days, boasted five thousand lines, eight completely automated substations, and twenty-three switchboards, with more than four thousand extensions, in the main public buildings. The population was almost a hundred thousand. Three hundred thousand guests poured into Brasília for its inauguration, including socialites from Rio with the latest fashions from Paris, and Indians from Amazonia in body paint and ceremonial feathers. Personal friends of the Kubitschek family, numbering in the hundreds, were put up in the Dawn Palace. At the inaugural ball in the Planalto Palace, the President made a short speech before starting the first dance: "Three

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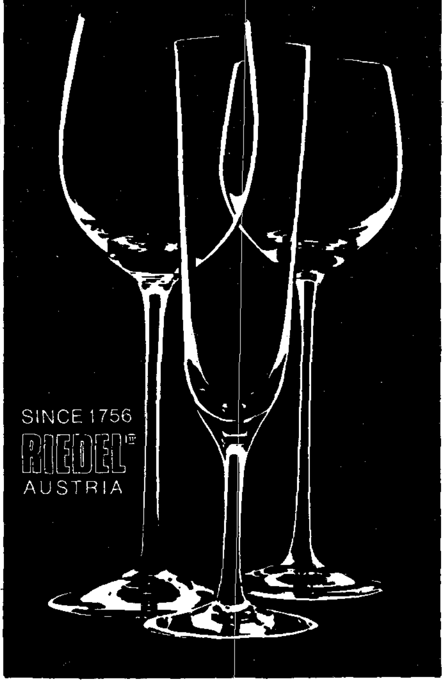

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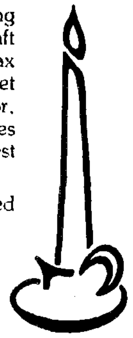

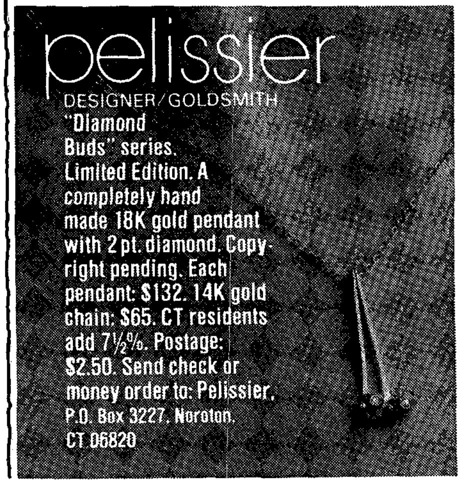

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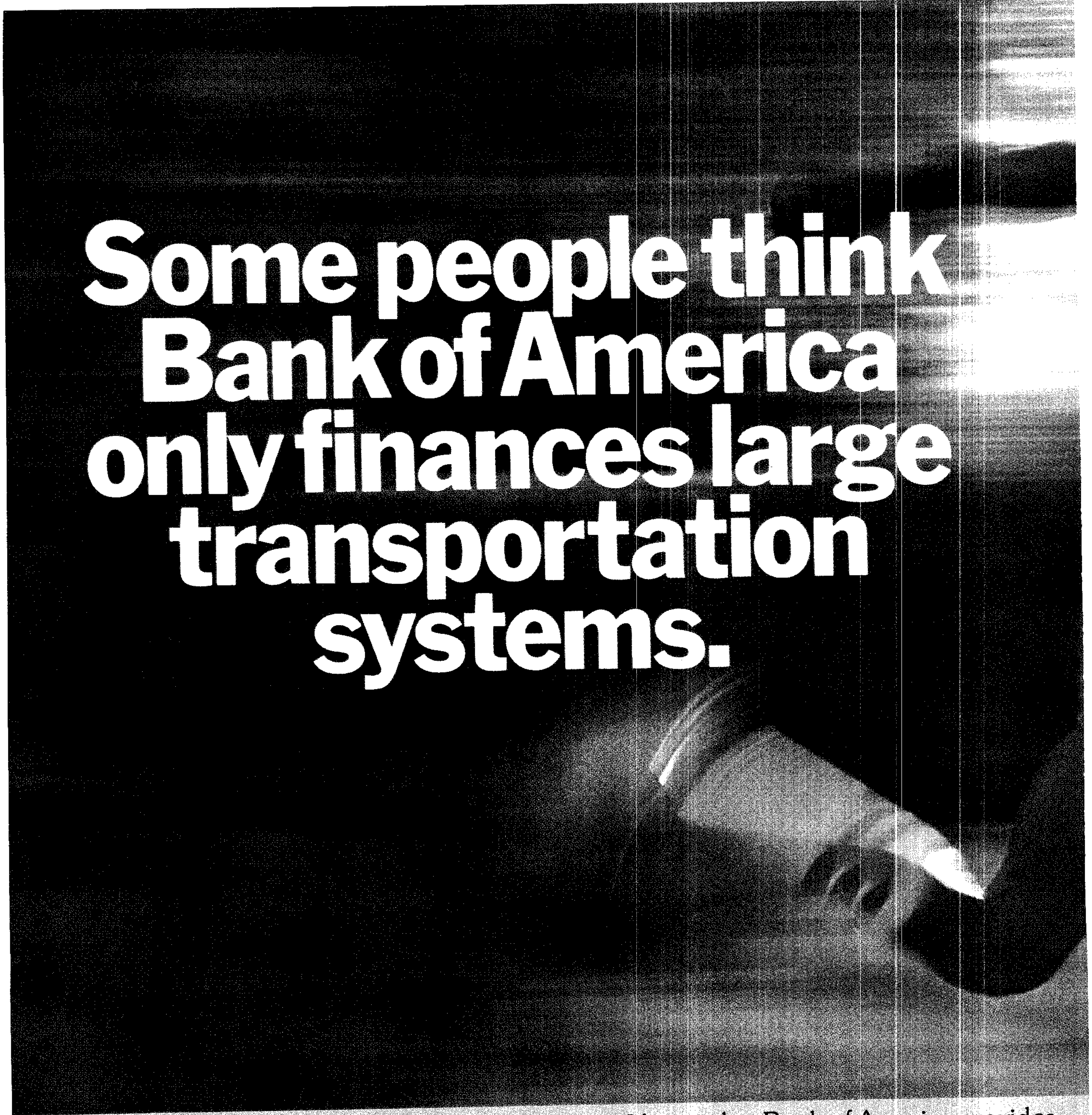

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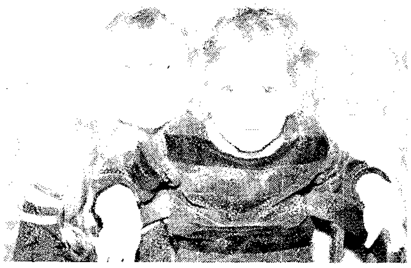

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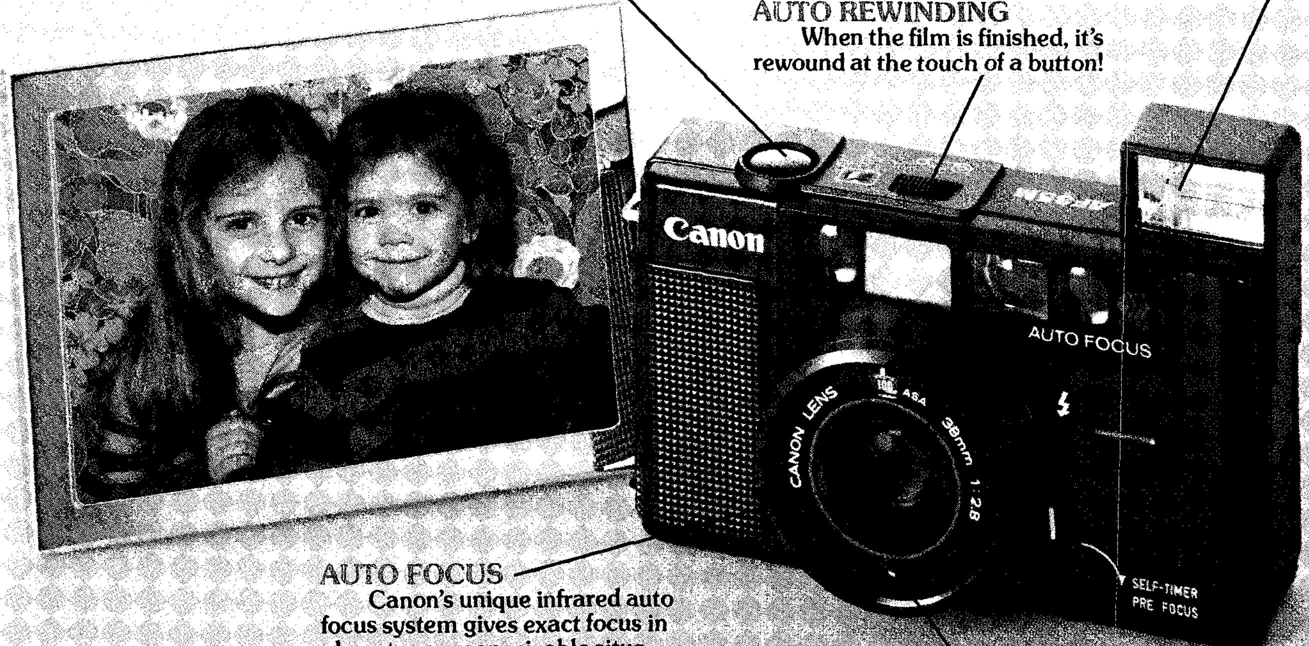

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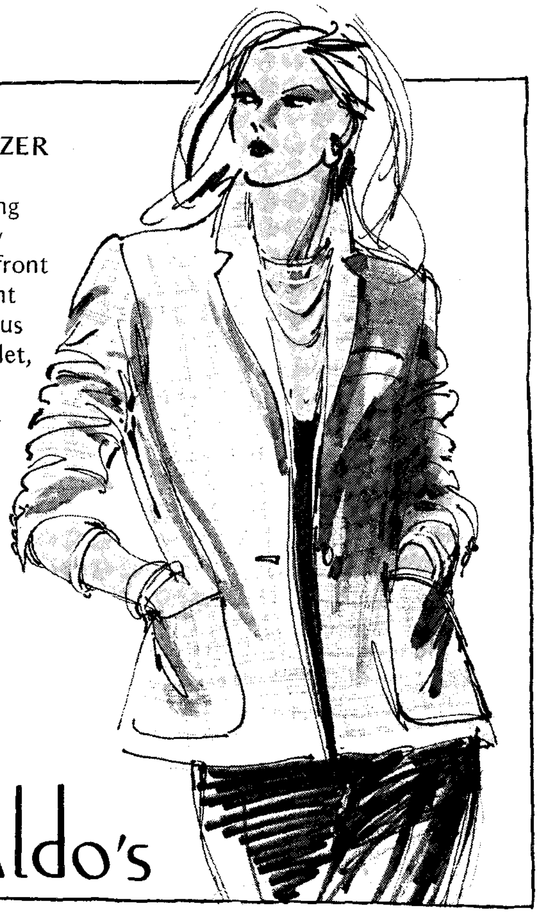
years ago, on this very spot, a wolf crossed in front of my car. His eyes became phosphorescent in the headlights. Today, I receive three thousand guests in formal evening dress." Earlier in the day, the first newspaper in the capital had come out with its maiden edition. It took its name, *Correio Brasiliense*, from the long-defunct paper whose owner had urged in 1813 that the capital be moved to the interior. The lead editorial proclaimed the residents of the new city to be "a people which has projected itself into the heart of the continent, which has taken its territory virilely in its hands and is preparing to be, in a short while, one of the four great nations of the universe."

Valdemar participated in a parade of *candangos*, who marched in loose but proud formation down the esplanade of the ministries. Up on the hill, where only a few months before he had been living in a tent, he now saw huge, illuminated blowups of the Three Musketeers, as they were called —Kubitschek, Niemeyer, and Costa. There was a ceremony in which Kubitschek received a gold key to the city, thanked the *candangos*, and said he was proud to be one of them.

A midnight Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral, a corolla with curved stems of poured concrete, by His Eminence Manuel Gonçalves, Cardinal Cerejeira, the papal legate. As he finished reading a message from Pope John XXIII, the band of the Corps of Naval Fusiliers broke out with the national anthem, and at that moment it was noticed that Kubitschek, in the first pew, was covering his face with one hand and sobbing uncontrollably. The battle was over. So, effectively, was Kubitschek's political career. He had nine more months in office; after that, though no one suspected it yet, and though he would remain Brazil's most popular public figure, he would never again play a central role in the national life of his country. The President's tears were contagious, and soon everyone in the Cathedral was weeping. Valdemar was in the milling throng outside when dozens of spotlights were suddenly thrown on and the city was flooded with light. All night long, there were fireworks. Valdemar says that he had never seen anything like it.

I FIRST glimpsed the futuristic mirage of Brasília on a September evening four years ago, from the window of a bus. I had been on the road



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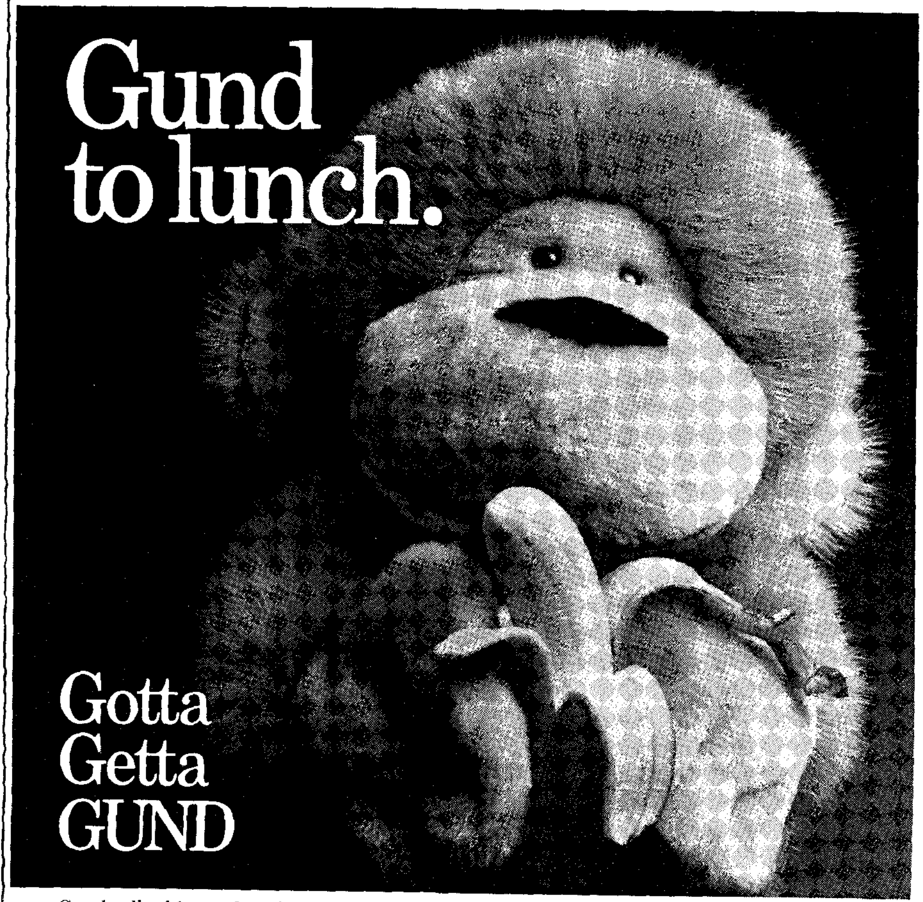

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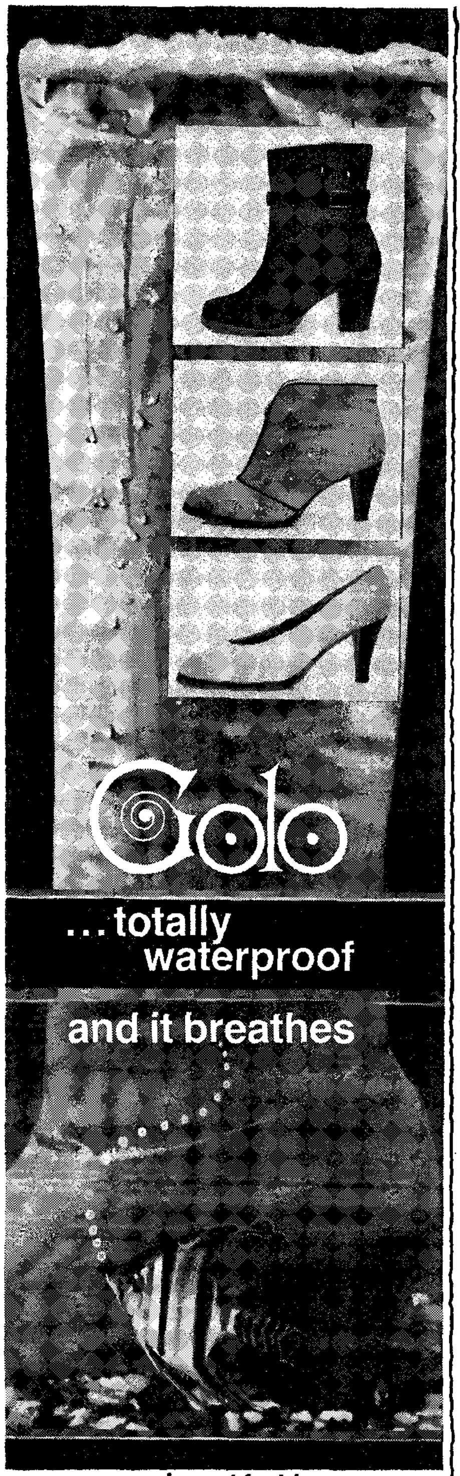

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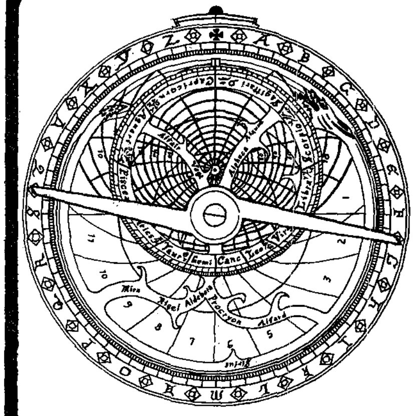
for thirty-six hours, and as the bus negotiated a tedious series of concentric rings, which eventually delivered it, like water swirling down a drain, to the bus station, I blearily reminded myself to check at the earliest opportunity whether water in the southern hemisphere swirls down the drain counterclockwise as, by dint of the Coriolis force, it is supposed to. I had been in Brazil just a week. The Sierra Club had asked me to write a book about the Amazon, and I had jumped at the opportunity to spend eight months roaming the jungle. For someone with an interest in natural history, the Amazon was perhaps the ultimate place to visit, and I wanted to get there while I was still young and unattached. But before I could leave civilization I had to present myself in the capital and get a permit from the National Indian Foundation.

Getting the permit wouldn't be easy, a British anthropologist who'd been kept waiting six months told me. "Make your application as academic-sounding as possible" was his advice. And so, in a document that I got translated into Portuguese by a secretary at the American Embassy a few days after I arrived in Brasília, I stressed the ethno-botanical part of my plans: no one had collected and catalogued the medicinal plants in the Caiapó Indian village of Makranoti; this I would do. To cultivate a scholarly appearance when I submitted my application, I wore a droopy blue bow tie with white polka dots and a baggy old seersucker suit. The young women at FUNAI, as the National Indian Foundation is called, could scarcely control their amusement at my outfit. They accepted my application and told me there was nothing to do but wait. I waited a month. Soon they had a nickname for me: *borboleta*, or butterfly—a reference to the bow tie.

For most of that month, I read up on Indians in the archive at FUNAI. The Foundation took up most of a thirteen-story building in the Southern Commercial Sector, a dense stand of high-rise structures whose height and close proximity to each other are not typical of the city. The archive was a small, poorly ventilated room with a collection of anthropological material, mostly about the Amazon. One afternoon, as I was close to nodding off with a doctoral thesis on my lap, a female voice, speaking Portuguese, brought me to life. I looked up to find a tall, shapely young woman, with high cheekbones and skin like golden



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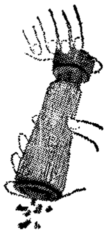

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silk, standing in front of me. Having no idea what she was saying (the question was, I later learned, "Are you Marcos?"), I gave her a helpless little shrug. She smiled, and left the room. In a while, she returned with two demitasses of sweet black coffee, sat down beside me, and started trying out her English. I produced my two-way Collins pocket dictionary, in its pebbly green jacket, and in the next hour we must have passed that little volume back and forth a hundred times.

Her name, she told me, was Ana Goreti dos Santos, and she was a typist who worked in the adjoining room, where telegrams were radioed to FUNAI's hundred and seventy-two field stations. I asked how she liked working with the Indians. They were good people, she said, but *um pouco exigentes*—always asking for things. It was almost quitting time before I got up the courage to ask her to dinner. She said she was having some trouble with her car and would have to think about it. Then she went back to her typewriter, but as everyone was leaving the building she came back to the archive and said, "O.K. *Vamos.*"

Continuing our spirited attempts at communication, we went down some stairs that led from the Southern Commercial Sector to one of the well-worn footpaths the citizens had established in defiance of the more circuitous sidewalks they were supposed to use. Distances in Brasília, on foot or by car, are long, and deviations from both the pedestrian and the highway plans are numerous. We were a couple of hundred yards south of where the South Wing of the airplane-shaped Pilot Plan joins the fuselage. It was hard to believe that two decades earlier, the site had been more or less a wilderness, but now the Federal District had more than a million people living in it, and was in every way an established modern capital. I was still getting used to all the glass. Ana and I had *gone outside just in time to see the* sinking sun color every west-facing windowpane. With her on my arm, I was beginning to like Brasília quite well. No city in my experience was so open to the sky. Brasília had none of the darkness and dinginess of older cities, and none of the odor of fear. Lacking heavy industry, it had no pollution, either, and except that the sidewalks were littered with paper clips—some bureaucratic fallout was inevitable—it was spotlessly clean. Most important, the people seemed to be warm, happy, and well adjusted, and

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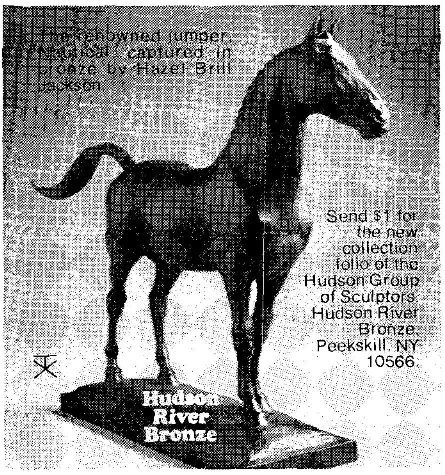

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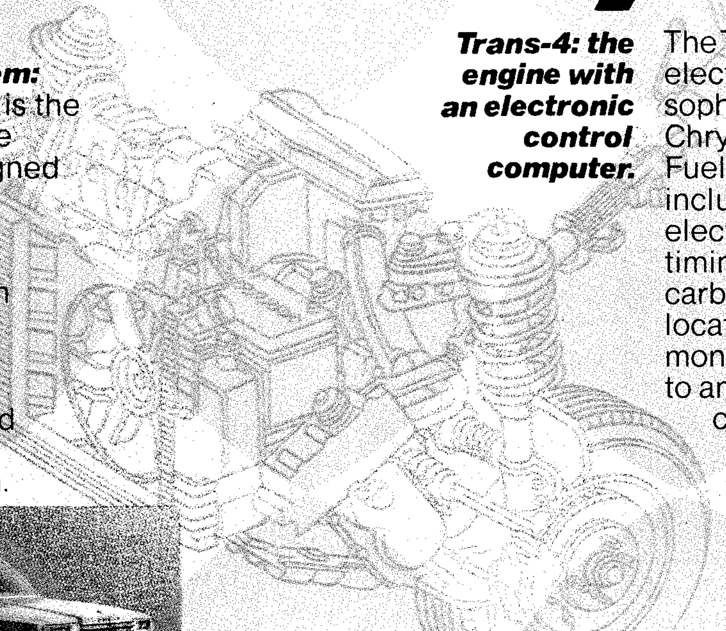

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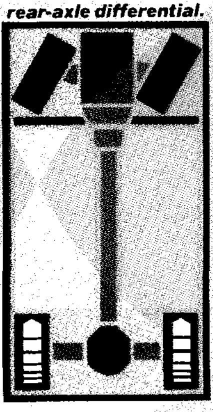
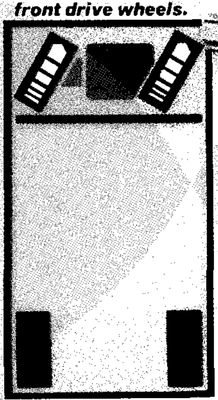


In Dodge Aries-K Trans-4 engine power flows directly to the front drive wheels.



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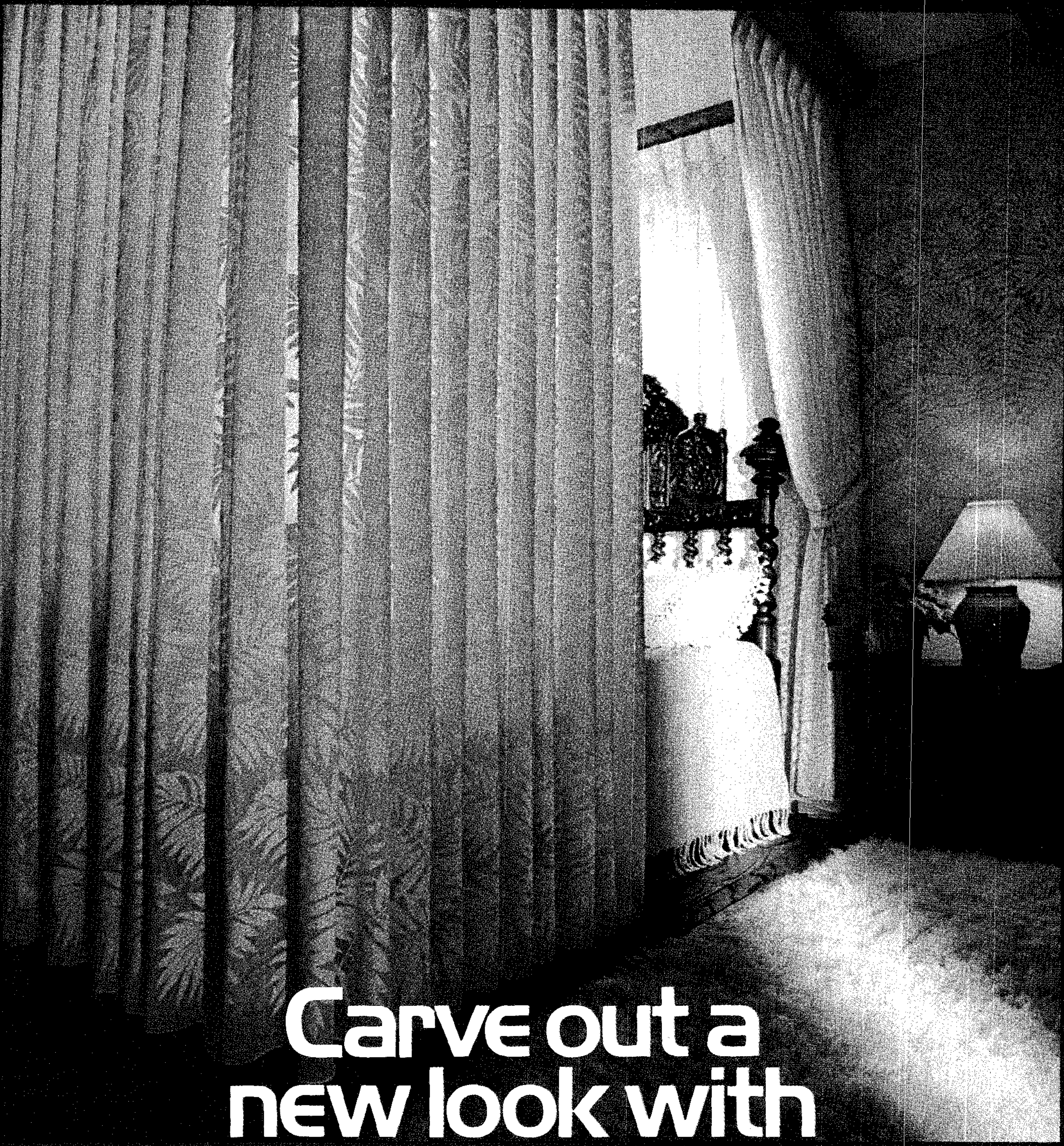

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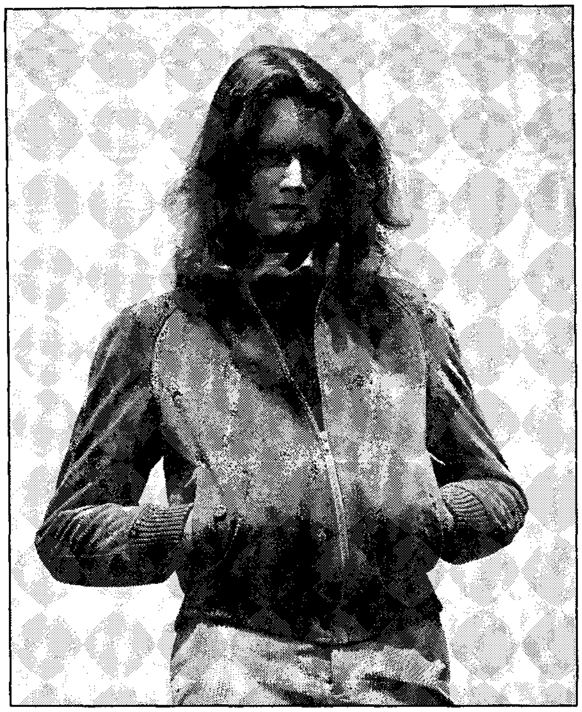
to be suffering no ill effects from the relentlessly rectilinear architecture.

The largest building in the Sector of Diversions is called the Conjunto Nacional. This was the goal of our walk. Four stories high, with two more below ground, it had a façade of varicolored vertical neon signs, all pulsing at different intervals, advertising a bewildering array of tenants: strobe-lit pinball parlors, patronized by young Army recruits in green fatigues, with the sides of their heads shaved (every Brazilian male without a good excuse is required to do a year of military service); soft-porn movie theatres; record stores; sunglasses stores; and stores filled with bric-a-brac and souvenirs. In the midst of this Forty-second Street glitter were boutiques with expensive clothing from abroad: suits by Pierre Cardin and Ted Lapidus; shirts and ties by Christian Dior and Yves Saint Laurent. None of the stores seemed to be doing well. In fact, almost every concern in the Conjunto Nacional—except for stalwart Sears, Roebuck, and the bank branches—seemed to be threatened with "*liquidação total*," "*hiperliquidação*," or even, in the case of one window sign, "*demolição*" of its entire stock.

Ana and I dined, inexpensively but gluttonously, at a barbecue restaurant on the third floor. For less than four dollars apiece, we were offered all we wanted to eat by waiters who moved from table to table with flashing knives and various cuts of beef, pork, chicken, and sausage on long spits. After dinner, we shopped for a movie. Rejecting "Brilhantina," the Portuguese-dubbed version of "Grease," we settled on a Brazilian work that had been panned in that morning's *Correio Brasiliense* as "a ridiculous film which compromises careers and condemns the director to eternal hellfire." What it was about I no longer remember. A group of youths jeered and whistled throughout the performance, ruining it, such as it was, for the rest of us, and when it let out, Ana told me they were "playboys," the local term for the spoiled, idle progeny of Brasília's affluent, who have little to do for kicks except to hang out at the Conjunto Nacional, smoke marijuana smuggled in from Paraguay, and bomb around in sports cars.

Ana explained that she lived with her mother in the suburbs, in the satellite city of Sobradinho, and would have to go home now. We walked over to the bus station and descended an escalator to the lower level, where



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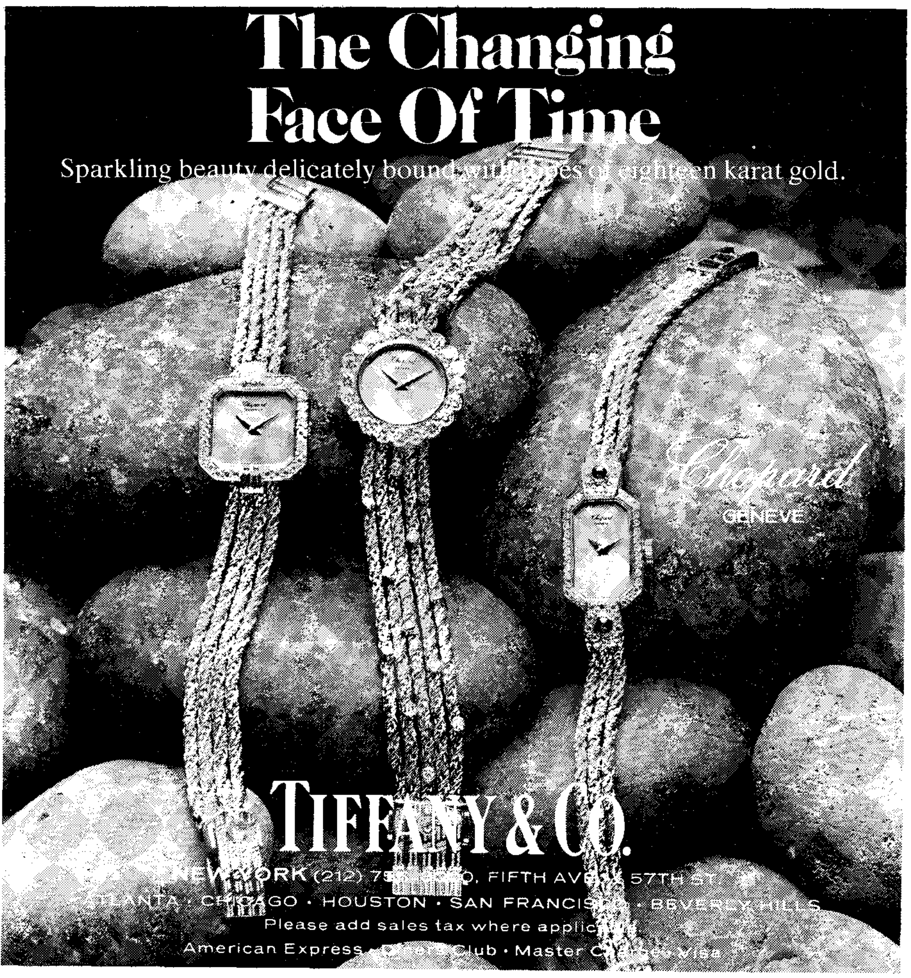
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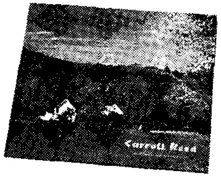

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there were long lines before signs bearing the names of the satellite cities. The people in the lines were noticeably darker-skinned than the ones I had been meeting; were one's experience of Brazil solely in the central Pilot Plan of the capital, one could be misled into thinking that it was a country of light-skinned people. Ana explained that the lines were considerably shorter now than at the rush hour, when, because of the erratic schedules of the buses and the number of people waiting to take them, she usually had to wait an hour to board one. The Brazilian queuing system is quite different from the British one: when a bus finally arrives, the line of patient people suddenly dissolves and there is a mad rush for the door, and in the gleeful free-for-all those who shove the hardest get on.

Ana and I saw a lot of each other, and after several weeks I asked if I might meet her mother. Ana had got her car fixed and brought it to the city, and so that evening—a Friday—we set out in her Variant, a sturdy station wagon put out by Volkswagen of Brazil, on the road for Sobradinho. A proverb was taped to the dashboard: "*A inveja é a incapacidade própria*"—"Envy is pure incapacity." Within five minutes, we had left the city and entered a stark savanna which comes right up to the city's edge and surrounds it for as far as the eye can see—a ten-mile-wide open space that has been set aside in perpetuity, and is one of the capital's best features. Few signs of human activity were visible in it: a mud-and-wattle hovel that probably predated the city and, wading toward it through the tall grass, a bent old woman hauling a load of faggots with a tumpline; a roadside stand of watermelons; some piles of debris dumped outside the city limits from construction sites. The savanna is called the *cerrado*. It is a grassland with shrubs and small trees scattered through it. For reasons that are not fully understood, the trees have intensely contorted trunks and boughs. More than a million square kilometres of central Brazil are covered with *cerrado* vegetation. After the Amazon forest, it is the second great life realm of Brazil.

It was two long rises and two long dips to Sobradinho. The little houses of the town smothered a hillside to the left of the road. Fifty-two hundred of them were counted in a 1969 census; today there must be twice as many. Most of them, like that of Ana's

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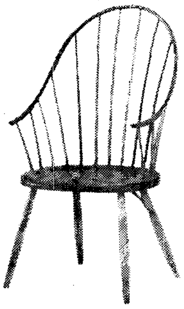

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mother, are *casas populares*—brightly painted stucco-over-cinder-block structures with flat tops or sloping tile roofs. A few hundred are fancier *caixotes*—"crates," literally. Covered with hand-painted tiles, the *caixotes* have gratings on their windows and doors and sliding metal bars to protect their carports, and they look like gaudy pillboxes. The women of Sobradinho take great pride in their gardens, Ana told me, and each year there is a competition for the best one. Showy-flowered trees—African tulip, yellow cassia, lavender jacaranda, flamboyant—lined the streets, and in the yards banana, avocado, mango, citrus, cashew, and papaya trees were dripping with fruit.

It was almost dark by the time we started along a deeply eroded red dirt lane to Ana's mother's house, activating the barks of numerous dogs. The house was pink, with a tall television aerial. A cement path led to the door through a carefully tended garden with shapely rose bushes, philodendrons, dense mats of zoysia grass, and impatiens, which the Brazilians call Maria-without-shame, because it spreads everywhere. Inside, I met Ana's mother, Iraci, and Iraci's sister, Maria de Lourdes. In her late forties, Iraci was a woman of robust health, with striking auburn hair that had only a touch of gray in it. We struggled gamely to converse for several hours, and I ended up spending the night on the sofa. Somewhere after midnight, Ana's brother Paulo returned, with red dirt on his cream-colored dancing shoes, unfolded a cot, and stretched out beside me.

In the morning, I opened the back door and looked out. A white rabbit and a cat were sleeping together on an old oil drum beneath a tattered, gently fluttering banana tree, and in a distant meadow some naked boys were stalking birds with slingshots. The street in front of the house had already come to life. I could hear the banana man, pushing his wheelbarrow full of fruit, call out to the housewives, "Here comes the banana man! Come and get your bananas, cheap and good!" He was followed by a man with a grinding wheel over his shoulder, who blew a scale on a plastic pan pipe and sang out, "Here comes the knife sharpener! Any dull knives or scissors, ladies?" Children were playing in the street, where they would remain for the better part of the day. The girls were skipping rope, the boys shooting marbles or chasing after hoops. A white mule with blinders pulled a wooden

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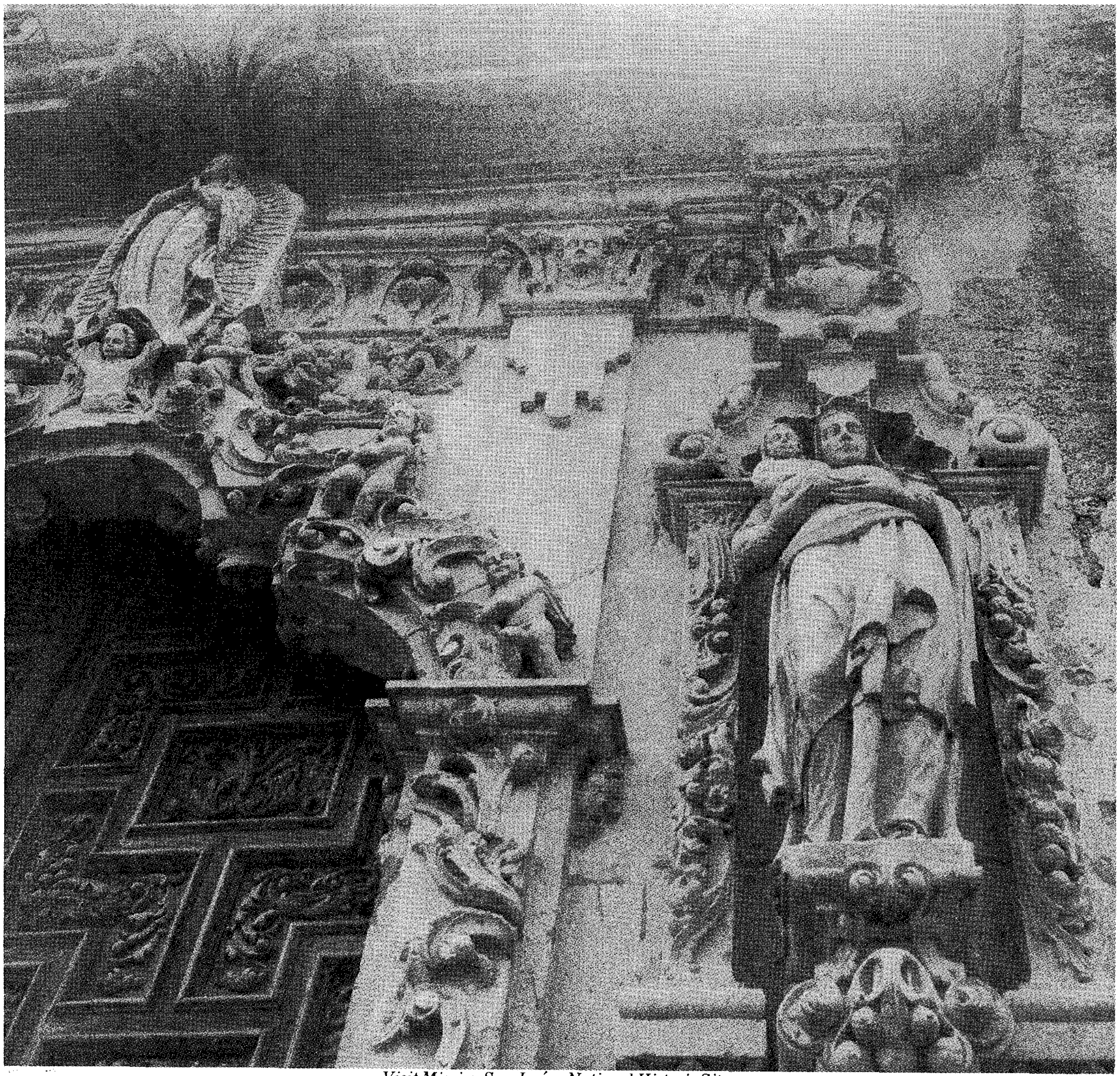

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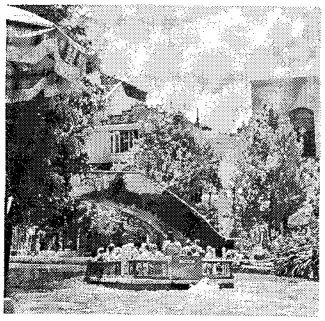

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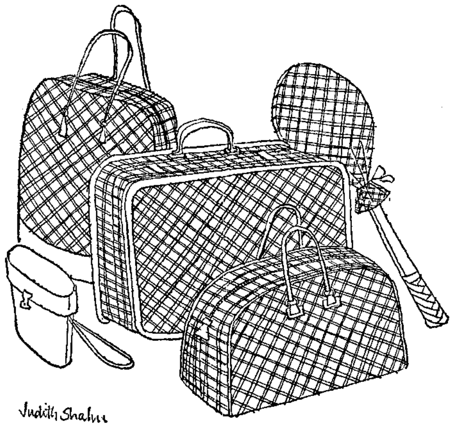
cart that had automobile wheels with tires, and a boy, proudly conscious of his responsibility, stood on the seat holding the reins.

"YOU don't solve the social problems of a country simply by moving its capital," Lúcio Costa told me. "And in Brazil the main problem is the huge number of the poor in the population. Brasília was built by these people. They flocked to it because there was work and hope for a better life. Fifteen days after the workers came, the grandmother, the mother, and the whole family followed. But when construction slowed down there wasn't much for these people to do. The original plan was for a city of five hundred thousand skilled administrative workers, and there just wasn't room in it for the extra tens of thousands of poor construction workers. So the administration was faced with the problem of what to do with them. There were three possibilities. One-third could be sent home. Since most of them were rural people, another third could be put on outlying farms and grow food for the city. As for the rest, they could be absorbed in the activities of the city. But this plan failed. The third of the workers who were supposed to go home didn't want to go; bad as they had it in Brasília, it was worse at home. And the model farms that were to support a second third never came into being; they became dachas for important figures in the government. So the only solution was to create new nuclei, but well beyond the city limits, to avoid slums. These, in time, grew into the satellite cities."

Fully three-quarters of the people who live in the Federal District, an area of more than two thousand square miles, live outside Brasília proper, in the satellite cities. There are eight of them in all, and Sobradinho, in which I spent a fair amount of time as I came to know Ana better, embraces many of their best aspects. It was a poignant place for me, because it was the sort of community I had watched pass out of existence in my native Westchester County. Even though the population of Sobradinho exceeded sixty thousand, the people seemed to know one another with a degree of intimacy that was characteristic of an American town of one or two thousand. They were, moreover, surrounded by trees and flowers and birds. The central rotary of the town was planted with yucca, some of whose flower stalks were twenty feet high. The rotary was called Santos-Dumont Square. (One did not challenge a Brazilian, especially in a bar, about whether Alberto Santos-Dumont was the Father of Aviation. In 1906, three years after the Wright brothers' successful flight at Kitty Hawk, Santos-Dumont's flying machine—the 14-bis—was the first aircraft to sustain flight under its own power in Europe.)

The stores in the shopping district had colorful façades and Wild West lettering. The most popular juke joint, A Cabana Seresteira, had ivory-black walls with murals of dragons, cowboys, and phoenixes. One Saturday night when Ana and I went there, a live band, for whom there was a fifty-cent *couvert artístico*, played samba and disco music. Teen-age girls arrived in twos and threes, hopeful yet afraid of being noticed; young soldiers with shorn heads, on weekend passes, seemed to be paying more attention to older women. The room was full of smoke and bodies and of glasses being tapped to the whining of the electric guitar and the wailing of the wa-wa pedal. The young men of Sobradinho, wearing pants so tight-fitting there was no room for pockets, carried their wallets in their hands. A wallet was equipped with a thong that went around the wrist, so that it couldn't be yanked away, and it was usually heavy enough to serve as a blackjack, should it be necessary to beat off an assailant. The wallets were bulky not because they contained a lot of money but because they were crammed with the innumerable documents you had to be able to produce at a moment's notice, particularly the identity card. Without your *identidade*, you were taken to jail, and, because most people in Sobradinho didn't have telephones, you stayed there until your family realized that you were missing and came down to the police station with your card to get you out. By then, the police



might have worked you over thoroughly.

The police penchant for meanness was encouraged by the repressive climate that began in the mid-sixties. When Kubitschek stepped down from the Presidency, on January 31, 1961, he was succeeded by Jânio Quadros, a charismatic but unstable man who resigned after less than seven months in office, claiming that "occult forces" were preventing him from governing properly. Inflation was a central problem during his brief administration. The cost of Brasília to the government, which was then projected at two billion dollars, was largely responsible. Quadros' successor, João Goulart, was also unable to slow the inflation, and the crisis deepened as numerous strikes paralyzed the country. Goulart was head of the Brazilian Labor Party, and by 1963 many Brazilians were alarmed that he was leading the country to Communism. In March, 1964, Goulart was forced out of office by a group of generals who promised to hold power only until order was restored and a new election could be called. But a few months later there was a coup within the coup, and the reins of power were seized by a group of extremely reactionary generals. The brutality of that period still haunts many Brazilians. Fifty-eight public figures, including former Presidents Kubitschek, Quadros, and Goulart, were stripped of their political rights. Heavy censorship was imposed. The Military Police broke into homes, and tales of torture and beatings in police stations and in prisons were commonplace. One of Ana's uncles told me that the police in Brasília were constantly breaking up groups and telling everyone to move on, even though they had only been discussing private matters. The brutality decreased notably after General Ernesto Geisel took office, on March 15, 1974. The country was getting back on its feet economically, and Geisel decided that the situation was stable enough to give the people back some of their rights. He restored *habeas corpus*, relaxed censorship, revoked the President's authority to remove congressmen and justices at will, and laid the foundation for an *abertura*, or opening up, in which the military would gradually withdraw from its role as superintendent of the government and restore to the country a semblance of democracy. His successor, João Baptista Figueiredo, who took office in March of last year, has continued Geisel's policy of making Bra-

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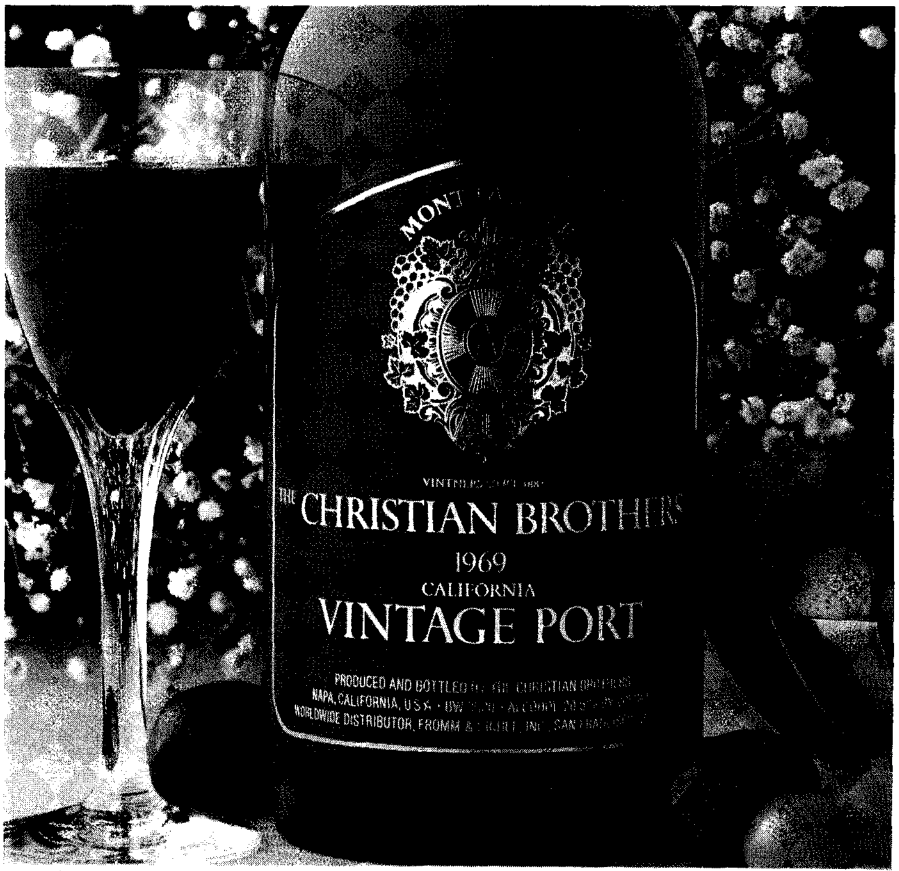

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zil less authoritarian. The last political prisoner in the country was released early this year, though he still has to spend the night in jail. But the news of the *abertura* had travelled slowly on its way to Sobradinho, where the people I met were primarily concerned about inflation, which was breaking their backs, as usual, and keeping clear of the police, who seemed as mean and corrupt as ever—as if the men who joined the force had been selected for those traits.

The stores in the shopping center of Sobradinho offered all sorts of strange, tasty fruit and vegetables, with names like *chuchu*, *jamelão*, and *jabuticaba;* huge, leopard-spotted catfish from the Amazon; coils of pungent black tobacco called *fumo de corda;* fresh bread; a wide assortment of drygoods and notions. But I saw no canned dog food, even though there were probably ten thousand dogs in Sobradinho. These animals, predominantly hound, would attach themselves to a house and, in return for scraps, would shrilly announce the arrival of a stranger and appear ready to attack, although they were in fact easily cowed by a raised voice or driven off with a stone. Infested with worms and covered with infected warts, they were seldom petted or invited inside. Some of their diet was garbage, and they replaced *urubus*, the buzzards of Brazil, as the chief scavengers.

Sobradinho was a good place to observe the famous Brazilian qualities of *alegria* and *calor humano*—cheerfulness and human warmth. Not only Ana's family but every family I met there seemed close-knit, and the love between members flowed uninhibitedly. One saw grown-up sisters holding hands as they walked down the red dirt lanes, and there were often three or four generations living happily under one roof. The numerous churches in Sobradinho attested to the importance of religion in the citizens' lives. Some went to church to pray for miracles—the same motive that drove others to play the lotteries. Because Brazilians believe in miracles, miracles seem to happen with some regularity, and in the churches there is often a room where wax effigies of arms, legs, eyeballs, and other organs and limbs hang from the ceiling as testimony of miraculous healings. The hospitality that one was apt to receive in the home of a Sobradinhian was extraordinary. Visitors were always welcomed with a little cup of sweet black coffee and handed a plateful of whatever was

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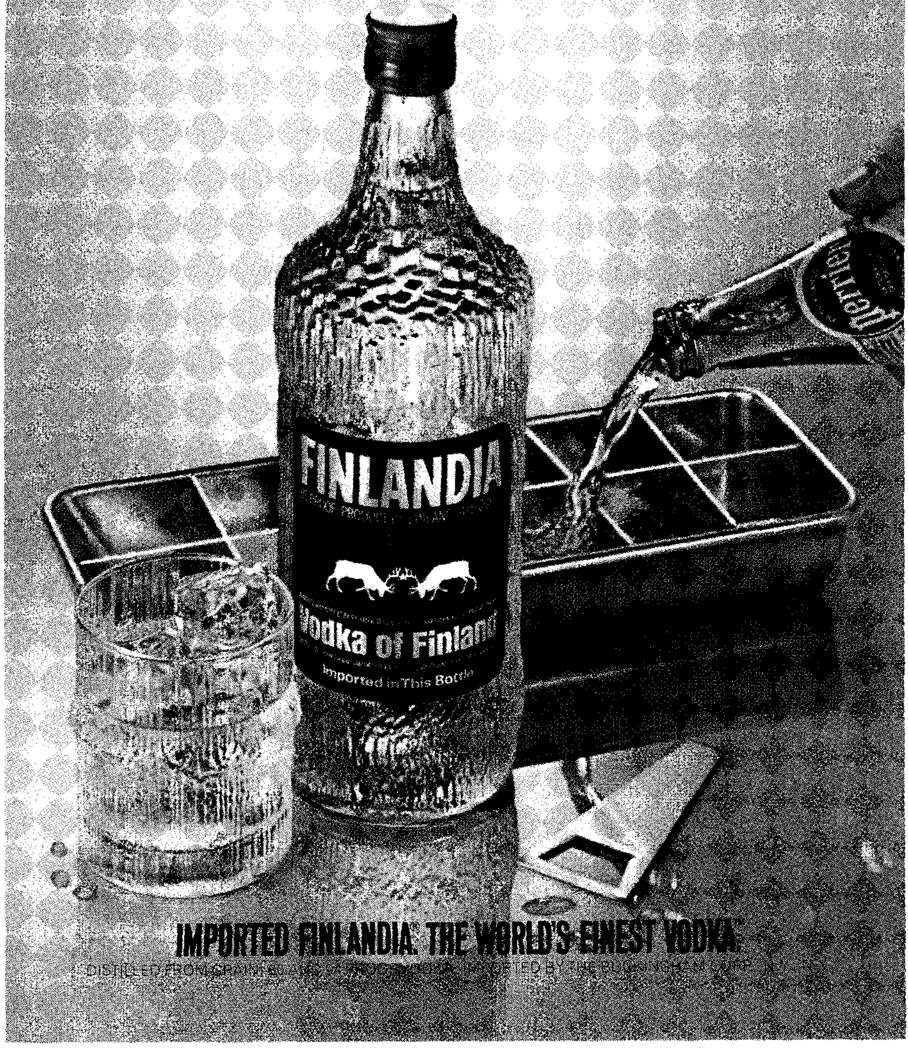

cooking on the stove. The typical host dropped everything and sat and talked until the guests decided to leave, no matter how boring they were or how busy he was, and when they finally got up he would invariably protest, with a look of gentle anguish, "*Tá cedo*"—"It's early." The citizens of Sobradinho were mostly from the northern part of the country, where the population excels at hospitality, especially in the remote sections; in the Amazon, the invitations I received from backwoods people to stay with them were seriously meant to extend not for days but for months.

The work ethic of Sobradinho, Ana's brother Paulo explained to me one day, had only three objectives—"to eat, to clothe yourself, and to have shoes on your feet." At the moment, we were walking past an apricot-colored house from whose open window samba music was gushing. "And maybe," he added, "to dance the samba." This ethic explained, in part, the lack of initiative of the men of Sobradinho. As long as they weren't actually going hungry, Paulo's uncles weren't about to bestir themselves. The women in the family, on the other hand, were all hardworking and stably employed. Brazilian society is matrifocal; as in the other Catholic countries of Latin America, Mother Mary eclipses her son in the hierarchy of devotion. I have heard it argued that as a result of their dependence, the men bear an unconscious resentment toward women, which expresses itself in the frequency with which they make women pregnant and refuse to take responsibility for the issue, or cheat on and otherwise abuse their wives, or leave them outright with a large family to support. In many of Sobradinho's families, the father had been missing for some time.

ANA had preceded her mother to Brasília. Spunkiness was a quality she had never lacked, and in 1968, at the age of twelve, she set out with her grandmother from Floriano, the home of her maternal grandfather, José Leonias, and his twelve sons and daughters. For a while, Ana lived in Gama, another satellite city, with her Aunt Teresinha, who had a college degree and had become a teacher. Teresinha was married to the son of a Brazilian literary critic. More than any other members of the Leonias clan in Brasília, Teresinha's family had achieved a comfortable, middle-class existence, and when I met them they

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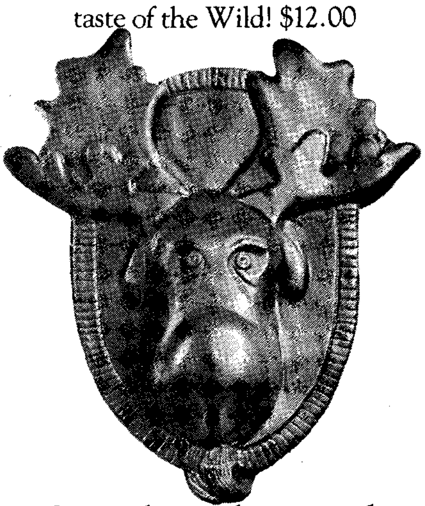

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were talking about buying an apartment in the Plano. This talk made all the Leonias relatives proud, since it represented a big step up, both economically and socially.

A few months after Ana arrived, she was followed by Iraci and Paulo. Iraci, a teacher with almost twenty years' experience, found a job right away. Ana showed me the first home that the three of them had had in the Federal District, a precarious free-form wooden *barraca* in Gama. To take a shower, you squatted under a pipe in one of the walls. Once while showering, Ana looked up and discovered that two boys had climbed an avocado tree and were watching her through a gap in the roof. Ana grew bored with life in Gama. It was an hour and a half from the Plano, and there was little for her to do after school. She took an exam, did well, and was entitled to transfer to one of the better schools in the Plano, where she met the children of government ministers and congressmen and became aware that there was a privileged class. By hard work, Iraci was able to rent a succession of houses for the family, each a little nicer than the last, and in 1972, by a stroke of good luck, the cottage on the quiet street in Sobradinho became available when the original buyer backed out, and Iraci grabbed it. Sobradinho was only half an hour from the Plano—an easy commute for Ana. At night, she took courses at the Cultura Inglesa; every good-sized city in Brazil has at least one such institution devoted to the study of English, and they are very well attended, particularly by the young. Ana's teacher, however, was a Brazilian who had learned *her* English from a Brazilian, so by the time it was transmitted to Ana it bore little resemblance to the language that is heard in the English-speaking world. Ana was exceptionally tall—five feet ten—and she was a natural athlete. She played volleyball and basketball well and excelled at handball—not the game known by that name here but a cross between basketball and soccer that is wildly popular in Brazil. At sixteen, Ana was a star of the Sobradinho women's team, which became champions of the Federal District. Graduating from high school with certification in elementary schoolteaching, she tried to get into the University of Brasília. The competition for six to eight hundred freshman seats that open up each semester was very stiff. The entrance exam, called the *vestibular*, is comparable to the English A-levels. Ana took the *vestibular* three times—in biology, in communications, and in law—but each time there were at least six to eight hundred applicants with higher scores. So she took a course in *biblioteconomia*, in which she learned the techniques of microfilming and filing books, and eventually she got a job in the University's vast library. By now, she had ripened into a stunning *mulata*, as Brazilians call the women who are the subject of most of their love songs. The three races of Brazil had blended in her in a most felicitous way. She had the stately height and the full mouth of an African, the fine nose and eyebrows of a Portuguese, the high cheekbones of an Indian. Swarms of suitors—medical students, engineers, and other young professionals—buzzed around her. While working in the library, she took a fiercely competitive *concurso* (or test) for a position in the civil service, and in 1976 she went to work at the National Indian Foundation. That's where I met her, in the fall of 1976, and we were married the following spring.

SPICED PEARS
SOUR CHERRIES
SOUR CHERRIES
TG

Ana's grandmother, Dona Joana, cried at the wedding, and said, "You have taken one of the flowers out of my garden." I knew that the prospect of Ana's moving to the United States saddened Iraci, too. Her life was a solitary one. She taught a double shift, leaving the house at seven in the morning and returning at six. Her evenings and weekends were spent putting the house in order, visiting with her sister Teresinha's family, or watching television. She had no telephone and didn't want one: "I don't call anyone, and nobody calls me." (Of course, the telephone is not as crucial an accessory of life in Brazil as it is in the United States, since the pattern of socializing is spontaneous there: you don't call ahead to arrange a time for a visit; you just drop in.) After a few glasses of Brahma Chopp, the heady Brazilian beer, Iraci could become very emotional. "I cry for one reason," she sobbed one evening. "I had a husband who did me wrong." To her way of thinking, she could never have another man after her marriage fell apart. Iraci was a deeply religious woman. She would always kiss me and Ana on both cheeks and say, "*Vai com Deus e Nossa Senhora*," when we left the house, even if it was only to walk up the hill to the bakery. She was also quite superstitious. If a knife fell to the floor, she would say, "A man is coming." Had it been a spoon, it would have meant that a woman was on her way. She knew dozens of folk remedies that she administered to her children and herself, with good results. Tea made from the grated avocado pit was a uretic. Avocado-leaf tea calmed the intestines. Orange-peel tea with a lot of sugar put a quick stop to the meanest cold. And her penmanship was the finest I have ever seen from the hand of a living person.

In many respects, the Leonias family of Brasília, late of Floriano, Piauí, my in-laws, were typical not only of the people who had come to inhabit the satellite cities of the capital but of most Brazilians who belonged to the lower middle class. The members of the Leonias family were their own best friends and confidants. In Brazil, the family is the fortress, the main unit of order and stability in a world that is periodically plunged into political and economic chaos and subject to recurrent natural disaster. Communities like the ones that evolved in New England, with their strong democratic tradition of the town meeting, where people decided on matters of common concern, are unknown in Brazil, though communications among Brazilian neighbors are far warmer and more extensive than they are in the temperate world. But neighborhoods are not so much communities as groups of friendly independent families. Each house, each family's plot of land is heavily fortified (as in Iberia) with unscalable outer walls, often tipped with broken glass, screening off the garden and the courtyard. Bars are on all the windows, locks on all the outer doors, and often there is a mangy, emaciated dog to bark his head off at any interloper. Each family stands against the world.

ANA'S Uncle Valdemar, the senior male member of the family, had been the first Leonias to establish himself in Brasília. A wiry man in his middle forties, with wavy black hair and mustache over gray chin stubble, he took it upon himself to tell me about the city and about the family. One evening during a family gather-

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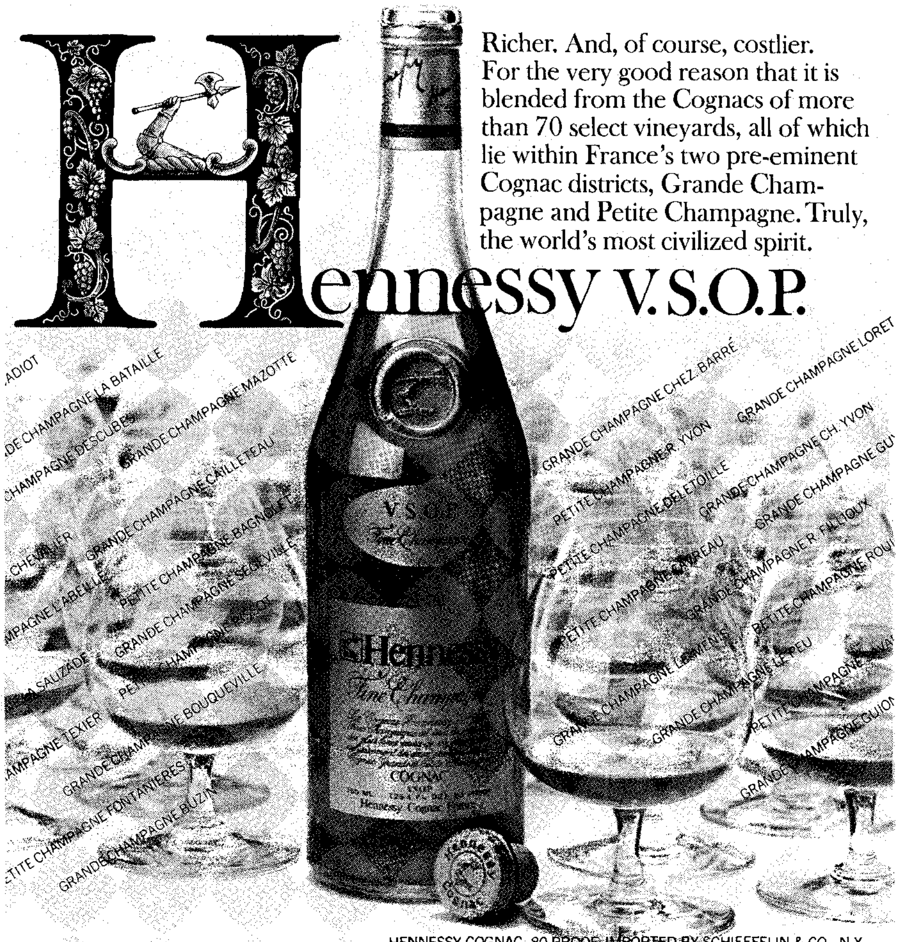
ing at Iraci's house, he poured us both shots of straight *pinga*, as Brazilians call their distinctive white rum, belted his own down, and began, "We were all born in Piauí. *Clima tórrido*." He squeezed his cheeks to emphasize the sun's heat. "I have worked in many places, but have never got anything out of it except for helping a lot of people. Many of my friends are better off than I am. May God bring them happiness. I have no envy. I could have bought an apartment in the Plano years ago, but I was young and single and had everything I needed. In 1968, I went back to Piauí. They were stringing electric lines in Floriano. I met this good woman." He stroked the arm of his wife, Teresinha. "Woman, I've always said, is the mystery of life, the paradise of the eyes, and the purgatory of the purse." Universal laughter seconded the observation. "We have five children living. One died—Ocirene. My work situation has always been a little precarious. I've never stopped at one place very long. Two months here, three months there. Looking back on it, I can see that I didn't play my cards right. But there are two good things you can say about me. I respect others and have never stolen. There has never been a criminal in our family. You can go to whatever delegacy of police you please, and you won't find a record on any one of us."

Having known Brasília when it was still empty, Valdemar was on a first-name basis with hundreds of its citizens, and a more knowledgeable guide couldn't have been asked for. He helped me to see, for example, the extent to which distinctions between wealth and poverty followed color lines. This was really part of a preëxisting national structure that was too strong for the new city to break out of. In Brazil, "poor" generally means non-white, but to suggest that the country has racial problems—that there is discrimination on the basis of pigmentation—is something that no Brazilian wishes to hear, especially from an American. There are at least twenty separate words used to make subtle distinctions among racial hybrids, and they are always spoken with an undercurrent of endearment, never with the sort of hostility that goes with ethnic slurs in the American vocabulary. Ana, for example, who had several friends called Ana Maria, usually referred to the one who was black as Ana Maria Pretinha, "dear little black Ana Maria." As a child in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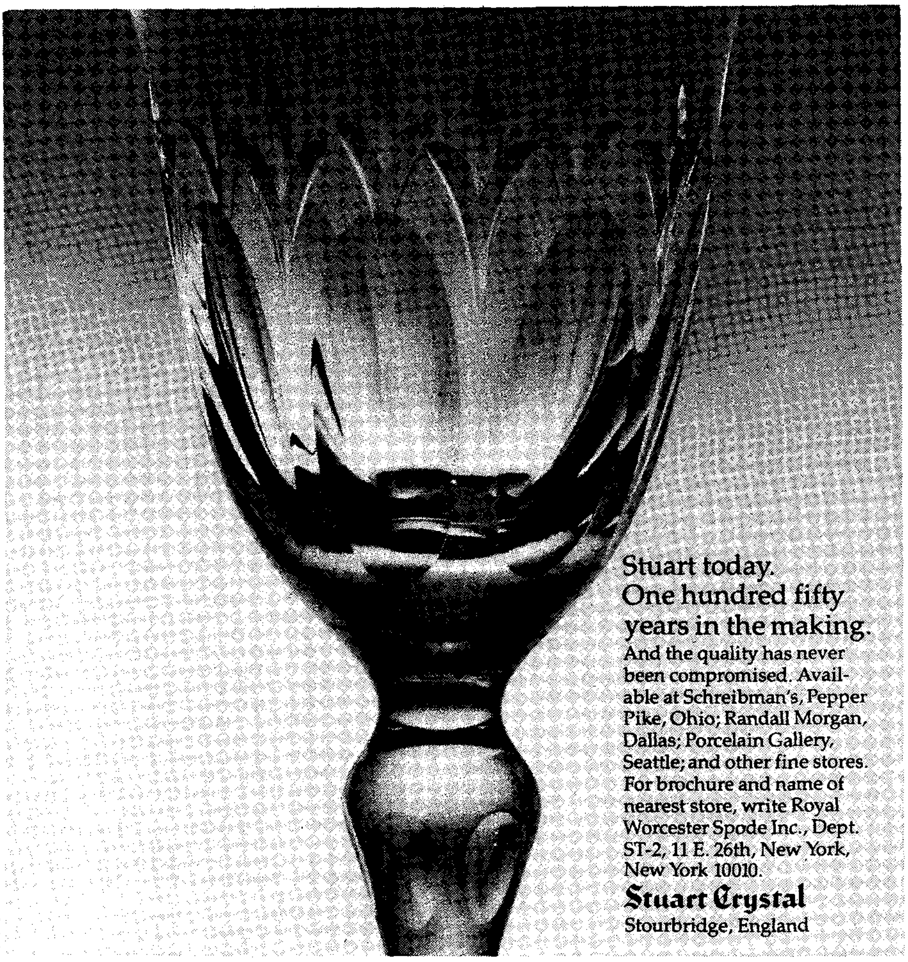
Floriano, Ana attended soccer games in which a player who missed an easy shot was compared by the crowd to a garbage-picking buzzard if he was black and to an immature cockroach if white, and no one took offense. According to her birth certificate, Ana is *morena*, or dark-skinned, an essentially non-racial category that describes the majority of Brazilians. The difference between *moreno* and *prêto* in Brazil is not as charged with judgmental significance as the difference between "brown" and "black" in Jamaica, and *morenos* have little trouble mixing with whites. "It is common for an upward-moving individual, generally a male, to take a spouse several shades lighter," the anthropologist Charles Wagley writes in one of his many good books about Brazil. Unions between very dark and very light people "are considered socially undesirable and cause embarrassment to the individuals concerned." My own experience confirms the accuracy of this. Our marriage raised no eyebrows in Brazil. (I am a white Slavic-American.) As far as the Leonias family was concerned, Ana had married well. On the other hand, marriage to a *prêto legítimo*, a pure black, would not have been deemed good; blacks were all right to be friends with, even close friends, but not to marry, and *brancos*, whites, rarely marry *prêtos*. Most Brazilians insist that prejudice does not exist in their country, and I ran into no blatantly overt racism in Brasília except from a member of the board of directors of a private club who confided to me with palpable pride, "I'm really not supposed to say this, because it's against the constitution, but we have no black members." And yet it must be said that an increasing number of newspaper stories about discrimination and occasionally the lyrics of a song—like those of a 1977 hit, "Would you have the same love for Jesus if he had been a black man?"—seem to indicate that there is a growing consciousness of race in the country.

By 1964, the poor in Brasília had withdrawn to the satellite cities, driven out by high prices and the influx of white-collar workers. Even the poor who owned apartments—for in the beginning it had been possible for almost anyone to buy an apartment—felt an inducement to sell. They had already been getting the feeling that this was not the right place for them. Most of them had never lived in an apartment. To many of them, it



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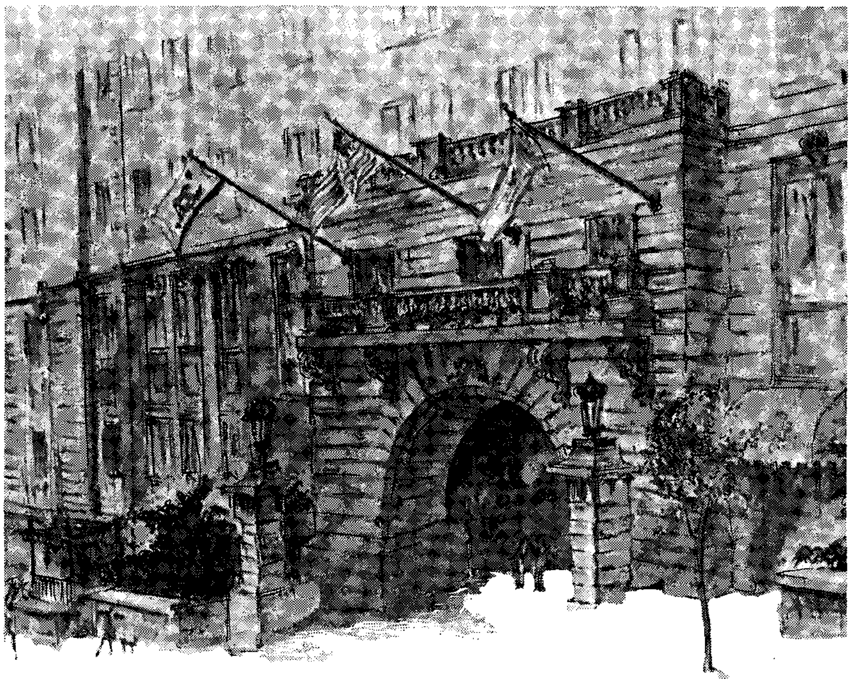

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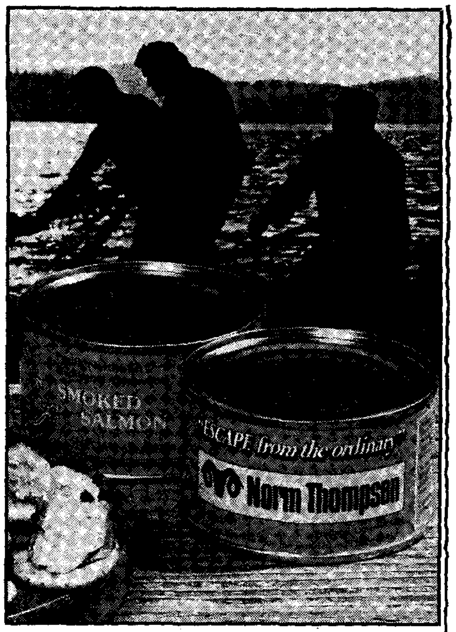

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seemed natural to partition off a big room and invite relatives to move in, and that increased friction with their white-collar neighbors. By selling their apartments, they could make a killing, buy a car and a television set, and move into a simple house in one of the satellite cities, which was more agreeable to them in any case. It was not so much discrimination that expelled the poor from the Plano as it was economics, and, to a certain extent, they themselves rejected Niemeyer's utopia. With the poor gone, the Plano was left to the still rather amorphous *classe média*, which is predominantly white but includes those blacks and *morenos* with sufficient education and *poder aquisitivo*, or "acquisitive capacity." I first heard the term *poder aquisitivo* on the lips of a real-estate agent. It is useful in distinguishing the ambitious from the majority of Brazilians, for whom the concept of "getting ahead" is alien, whose outlook on life is dominated by deep humility, fatalism, and a kind of fear. For those without *poder aquisitivo*, the barriers that exist between the satellite cities and the Plano are in great measure psychological. Ana remembers how her mother was criticized by their relatives: "How can you let your daughter buy a car? How can you let her take courses in the Plano?" In spite of their apprehension, Ana found that the opportunities of the Plano were within easy grasp, and so did many of her childhood friends in the satellite cities. They now have office jobs and are living in the *superquadras*, which is probably where she would be if we hadn't met.

The quality of life in the *superquadras* today is a topic of fierce debate. On one hand are the partisans. The ideal was perhaps best put forth by President Kubitschek:

> Brasília is the only city in Brazil, and perhaps in the world, that is not divorced from nature. Lúcio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer, in their conception of what the future capital should be like, had in mind above all the need to create a work that would be an extension of the *cerrado*. Thus, the city and the landscape which served as its background would interpenetrate, commingle, merge. In all the great urban centers, as the values of civilization spread, the distance is accentuated between what man has created and the Nature that encompasses. Now in Brasília, the phenomenon is the contrary.

And yet it has not worked out just that way. Compare the impression of Selden Rodman, an American poet who was deeply sympathetic to many aspects of Brazil, in 1977:

> Here, in rectangular *superquadras* of glass so soul-shrinking in scale and impersonal that even the bureaucrats who are obliged to inhabit them develop paranoid traits, no casual intercourse or creative impulses are possible. Accessible only by private automobile, no walkways are provided for pedestrians; food must be imported; communication is by electronics; and the living quarters of those who provide the labor and services are relegated to rings of "satellite" communities so distant that visitors are unaware that the majority of the capital's inhabitants live in them.

Or that of the veteran foreign correspondent Tad Szulc two years earlier:

> My own feeling is that Brasília, in its way, is the coldest, most impersonal—even dehumanized—city that I have ever seen. It is so insanely functional that one wonders whether it was built for people or for automatons. . . . Curiously, Oscar Niemeyer . . . failed to equip the *superquadra* apartments with balconies, as if to avoid any external sign of life in his buildings.

Horror of Brasília is not confined to foreigners. Even Ana's Uncle Francisco, having moved to Rio, said of Brasília, "I wouldn't live there for a million cruzeiros. When I see those light-colored buildings all the same—the same height and everything—it reminds me of a cemetery."

But to others the Pilot Plan is eminently attractive. A growing number of congressmen from Rio and São Paulo are staying on after the expiration of their terms. Ten years ago, they were demanding to be flown home every weekend. Physically, life in the *superquadra* is like being on a campus. The landscaping is lush and attractive, though few of the native trees are left. The Corbusian independent towers, separated by green spaces, are often criticized for their coldness and impersonality, but the Brazilians have had no trouble infusing them with *calor humano*. Were Brasília at the latitude of Boston, it would probably be grim indeed, but in the heart of South America it seems to me one of the world's most healthy and amiable urban complexes. Lúcio Costa must be given credit for the general contentment I found in the *superquadras*. It was he who suggested that no building be more than six stories high above its pillars—Niemeyer wanted them higher—and this prevented the depressing stacked-up feeling of other instant cities, like Co-op City in the Bronx. Moreover, in residential Brasília the ascent of each superstructure is delayed for a floor: the buildings stand on pillars. The space beneath them serves as shelter from the sudden rains that lash down without warning, as a common meeting ground for residents of the buildings, as a place for potted trees, as a trysting spot for teen-age lovers. But the character of the Brazilian people also plays an important part in humanizing the buildings. One finds no Anglo-Saxon reserve in the elevators—none of that staring at the ceiling and not daring to address, even visually, the other passengers. In the *superquadras*, before the elevator doors have even closed the passengers have usually struck up a conversation, and by the time they reach the first stop they are fast friends.

The *superquadras* are as disparate as the housing in any good-sized city. Some buildings have already, in less than two decades, degenerated into near-slums. In others, a doorman won't let you in if you're wearing shorts. One often sees banners of professional soccer teams draped from windows. In each neighborhood unit of four *superquadras*, there is a school. The schools' reputations vary considerably, and parents are as concerned about getting their children into the good ones as parents in American suburbs are. Usually each neighborhood also has its own place of worship. Most are Catholic. A few are Protestant churches or synagogues. At 315 South and at 402 South, there are Buddhist temples, serving the hundreds of Asian families who are scattered through the Federal District.

One feature of Niemeyer's design that has attracted criticism is the amount of glass he used. "The trouble with the glass box is that it is poorly adapted to the tropics," a young architect and urban designer named Márcio Villas Boas said to me. "When glass is exposed all day to the sun, there is tremendous solar-heat gain. I went into the Palace of Agriculture at eleven o'clock the other morning, and even though it was air-conditioned I had to take my coat off." Many of Brasília's smooth glass surfaces are now encrusted with air-conditioners. This infuriates Villas Boas. "This city has one of the best climates in the world," he said. "Not only is air-conditioning a waste of energy but it is also totally inappropriate to dehydrate a climate that is already more than dry enough."

"What's the solution, then?" I asked. "Screens?"

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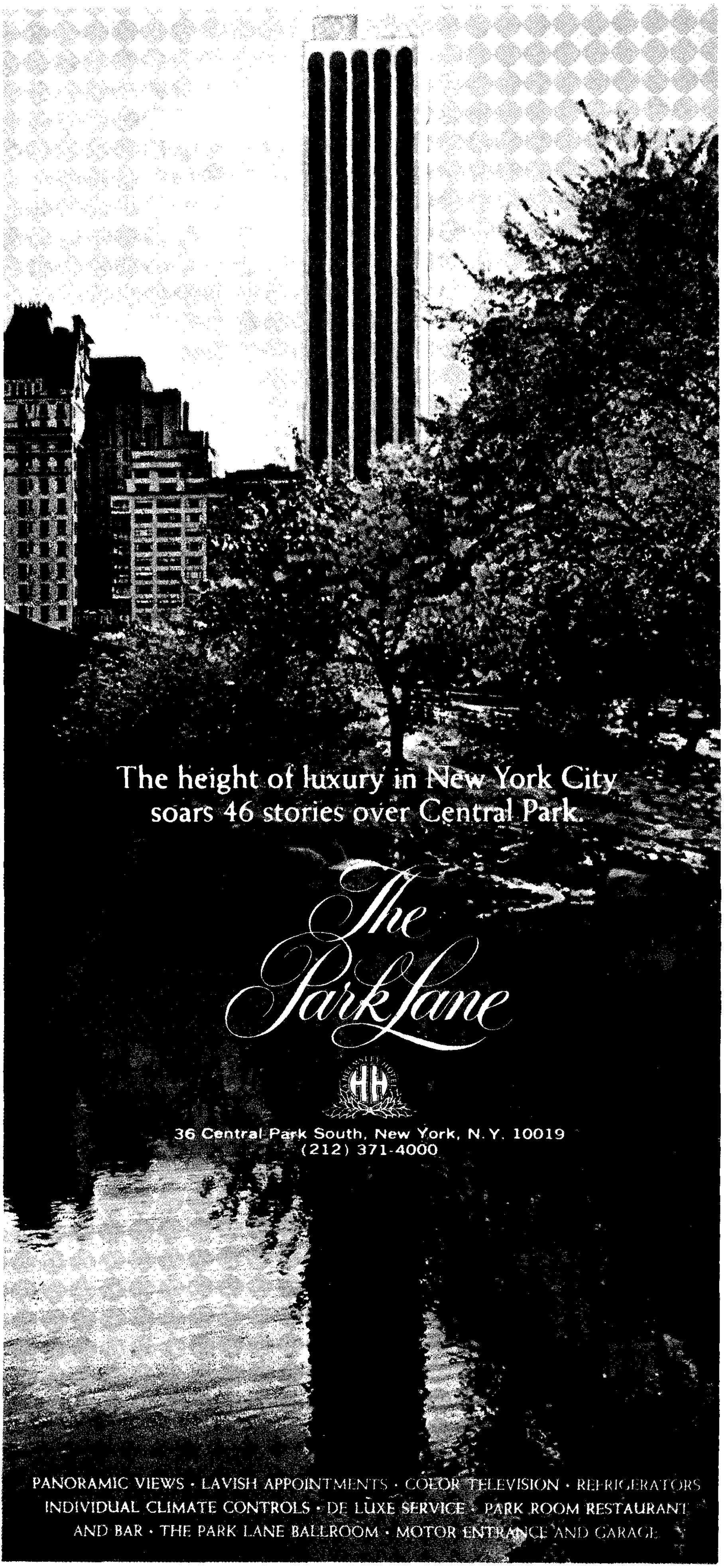
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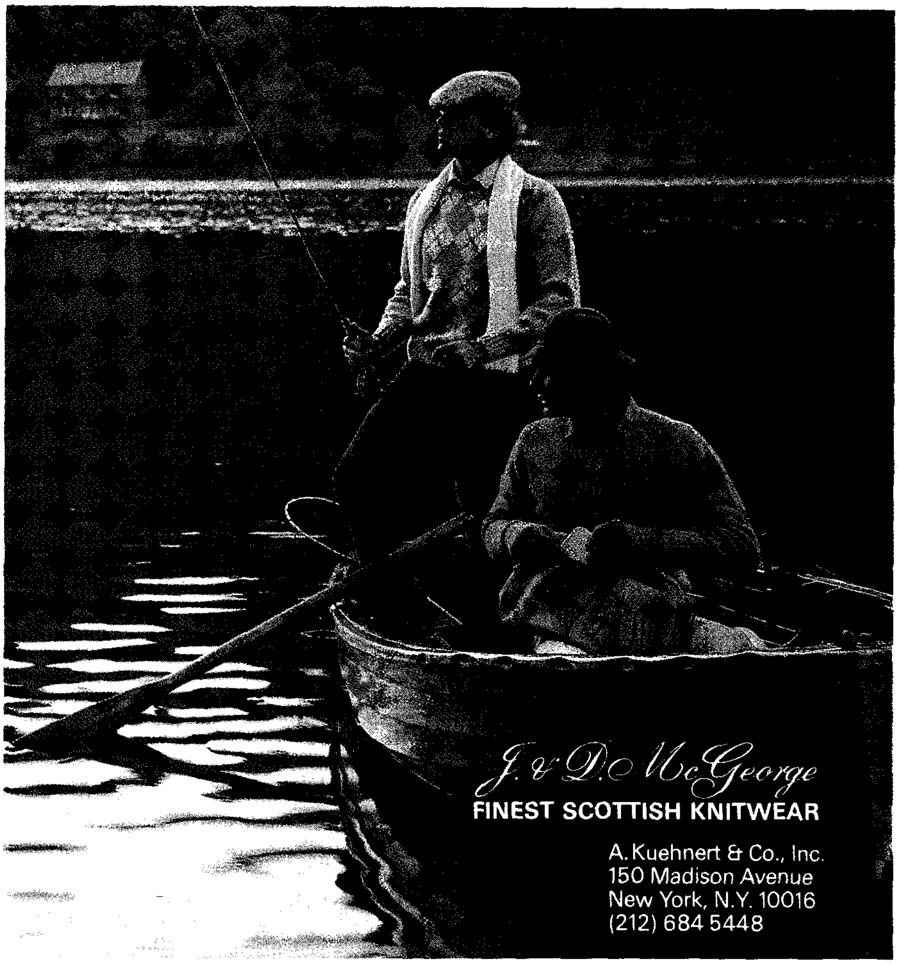

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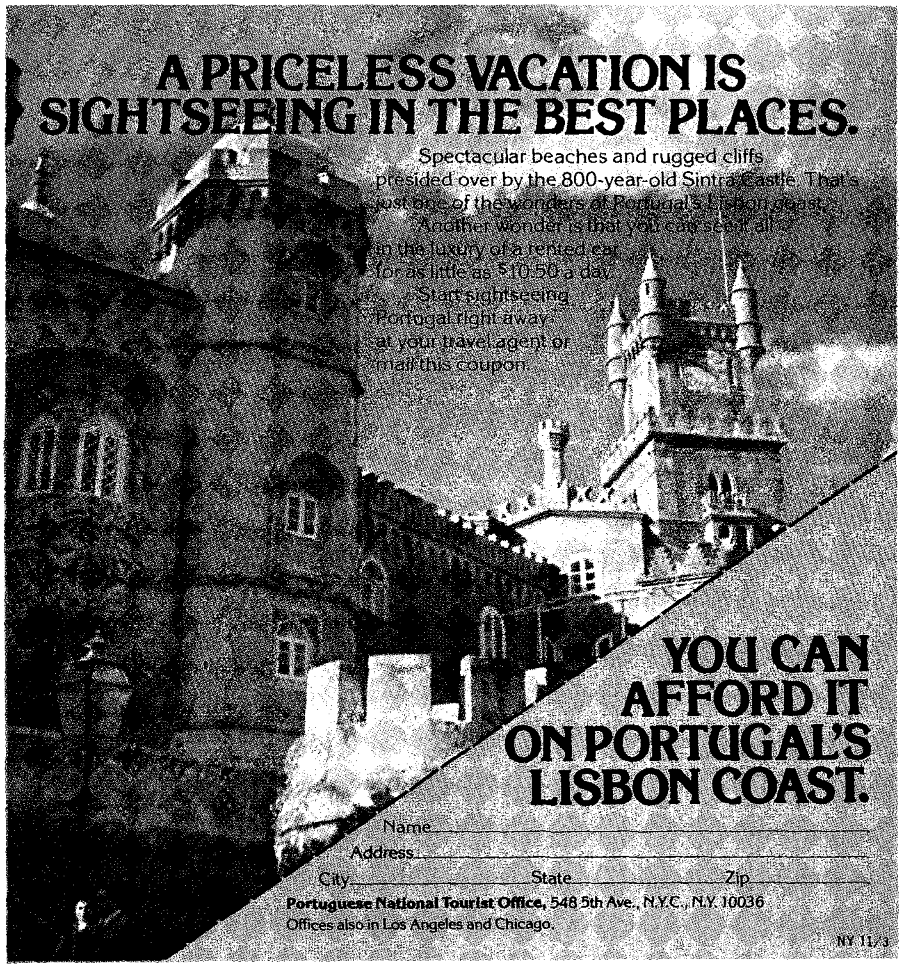

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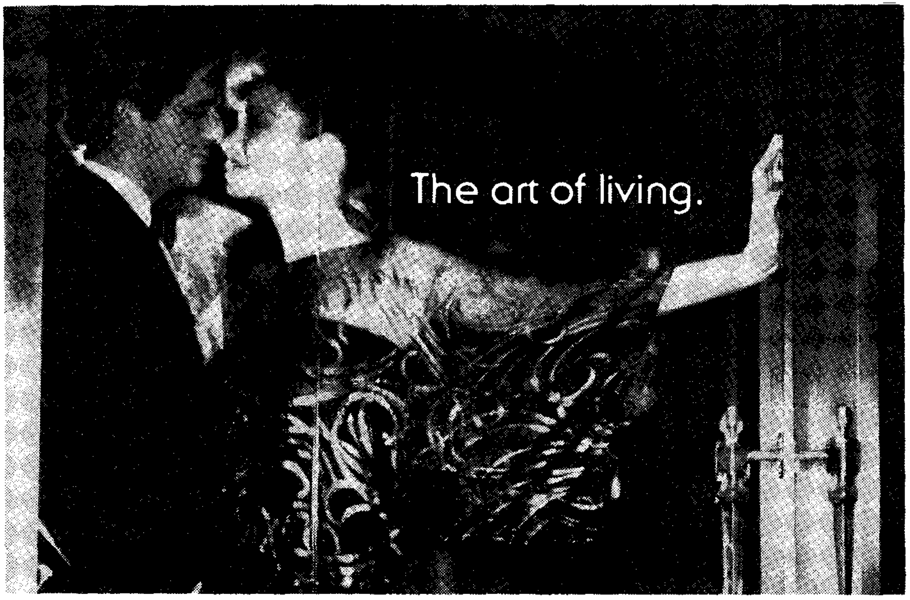
fixture—usually a sheet of metal, fibre glass, or concrete—which is set alongside a window to shield it from direct sunlight. Villas Boas said that there were a few buildings with good *brise-soleil* arrangements in the commercial, banking, and government sectors—buildings with fixed concrete or fibreglass blades that had been ingeniously staggered after careful study of the sun's trajectory. But as he saw it the climatic adaptation of all the ministries was terrible. In the beginning, when the ministries were first occupied, some of the ministers had two offices: when the sun was shining in one at full strength, they simply moved to the other, on the opposite side of the building.

ONE of Ana's dear friends in the Plano was a woman I'll call Artemesia, though she had in fact another, equally lovely classical name. Artemesia lived in an unpretentious *superquadra* and was getting a divorce. Brasília has the highest rate of marital failure in the country. Artemesia put the blame for the high separation rate (actual divorces, which were legalized only in 1977, are costly and still quite rare) on the dullness of Brasília and on the relatively emancipated condition of its female population. "The *carioca* goes to the beach," she said one afternoon when Ana and I were visiting her. "But here, imprisoned in the *superquadras*, what do people have to do? Work and TV. That is your life. My husband spent his weekends in a half stupor, watching the soccer games. We never went anywhere. We had no communication—and women like to communicate, you know. A lot of the problem has to do with lack of comprehension on the part of the male. The women here work, though the men would prefer them to stay home and mind the house. The men won't help clean the floor, because it's a humiliation. But the women are free, and as their frustration deepens the couple grow farther apart, until they end up separating."

Other explanations were put forward. Ana mentioned that young people who were lonely and far from their families, in a brand-new city that lacked the rigid social structure in which they had been brought up, often met at work and married hardly knowing each other. Artemesia suggested that couples in Brasília actually see too much of each other. It is the only large city in Brazil where almost everyone goes home for lunch. The lunch break is two hours long, and for government employees bus service is provided. One would think this would help keep families together, but somehow it seems to work the other way.

I was interested in the suggested connection between television and marital breakdown. Of the three heralds of progress—the three machines after whose arrival life can never be the same (the automobile and the telephone being the others)—television has achieved by far the deepest penetration. Wherever there is electricity, television follows. Sets are available on easy terms, and before a poor man will buy a refrigerator he will buy a TV. Because there is so much illiteracy and unemployment, so much isolation and hunger for knowledge of the world beyond, the attraction of television in Brazil is immense. I met many people with misgivings about it, however. Most of them were simply afraid that Brazil was becoming a nation of zombies. The most important events on television are the *novelas*. I resisted becoming involved in them, because they would have robbed me of my evenings. The *novelas* are prime-time soap operas, which have obsessed the Brazilian public to a degree that has been achieved on American television only by "Roots," "Holocaust," "Shogun," and, briefly, the "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" series. They are a kind of popular theatre with a following of millions, and often the best of the country's professionals—writers like Jorge Amado and actresses like Sonia Braga—become involved in their production. Watching television in Brasília is far and away the dominant—and for many the exclusive—leisure activity. In the *superquadras*, the only windows that are not lit with its glow in the evening are black, because the residents are out.

Many people also have misgivings about the automobile. Though it has opened new dimensions of mobility for those Brazilians who can afford one, at the same time there is scarcely a family to whom it has not brought grief. Automobile accidents are the principal cause of unnatural death in Brasília, which has the country's greatest density of car owners. I myself had three narrow escapes from being run down in Brasília, and twice my car was smacked into by another car while mine was standing still. The perilousness of Brasília's highway system is partly the price of its efficiency. The motorist is never required to stop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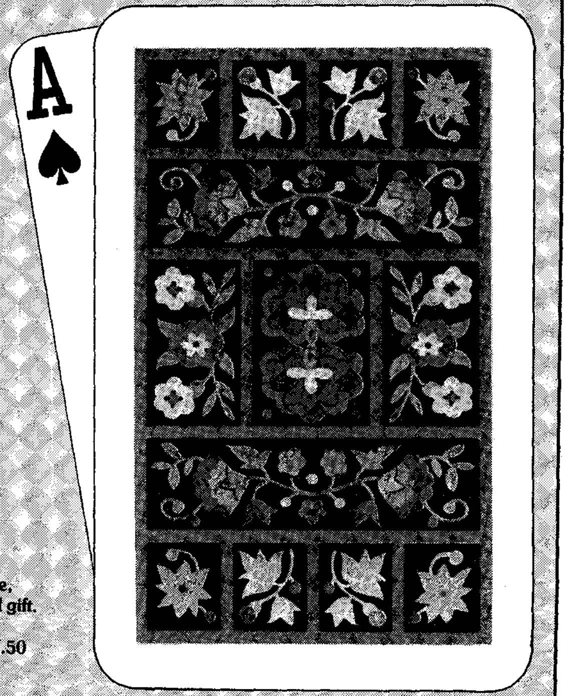

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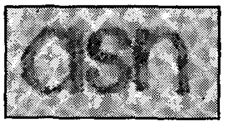

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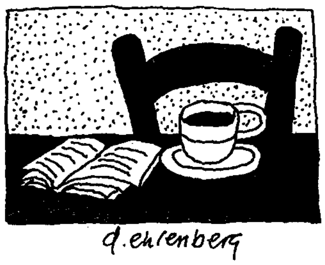
except on the service roads, and grows accustomed to travelling through the city at high speeds, often in excess of a hundred kilometres per hour. (The national limit, which was imposed in 1977 as a gasoline-saving measure, is eighty.) In order to achieve this constant flow, Brasília has one of the most abstruse and convoluted systems of ramps and cloverleafs on earth. The route from Point A to Point B is hardly ever straightforward, and one often sets out by heading in the opposite direction. A newcomer learns his way about the city by trial and error, and a wrong turn is likely to lead to a whole series of wrong ramps and roads, from which he must extricate himself before he can get back to the point of original error. But the system works; once it has been mastered, no destination in Brasília is more than fifteen minutes away, and one is never stuck in traffic for hours, as happens in Rio and São Paulo, although a tremendous amount of gasoline is burned in getting from one place to another. "Brasília was built when oil was less than two dollars a barrel," the Special Secretary of the Environment, Paulo Nogueira Neto, told me. "At today's prices, the road plan is a disaster."



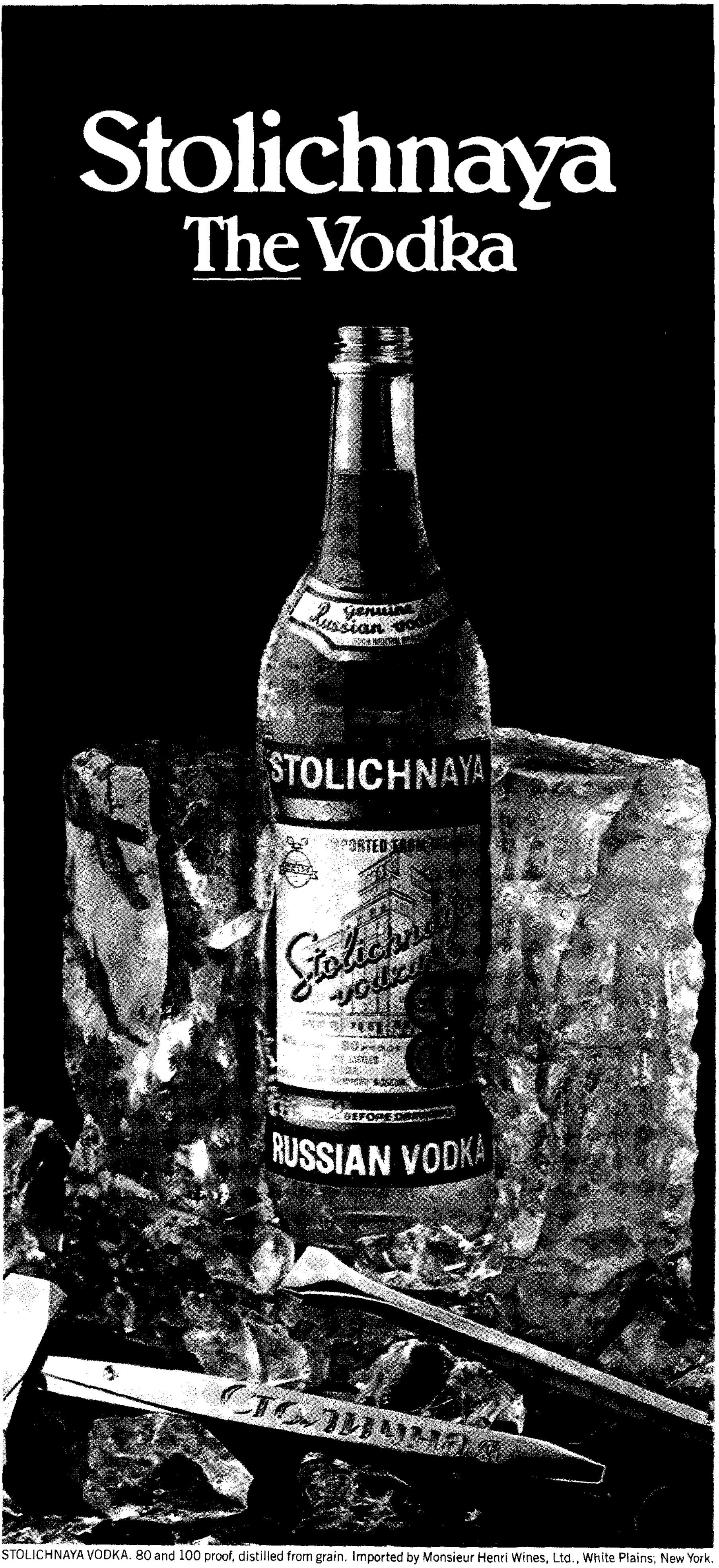
ONE seasoned observer of life in the capital from whom I learned a great deal was Manuel Mendes, who wrote a kind of diplomatic society column for the *Correio Brasiliense*. He also had an office in the Hotel Nacional, where he booked banquets and handled publicity. He had come to Brasília in its earliest days, starting out in the construction yards as a checker of cargo manifests. But he had a special talent for mixing with people, and the sort of presence that brings life to a gathering. He had also written for newspapers since he was seventeen, first in his native state of Paraíba, and later as a free-lance in Rio. Soon after the *Correio Brasiliense* was founded, Mendes joined its staff. "After the military takeover in 1964, newspapers in Brazil became prisoners of the government," he told me. "And even now, the journalist hasn't yet been elevated to heroic status, as he has in your country—except maybe for the famous Carlos Castello Branco, of the *Jornal do Brasil*, in Rio, whose courageous outspokenness has won him several prison sentences."

How Mendes found a chance to write was baffling, for at every moment, it seemed, the phone in his office would ring, a courier would appear with an engraved invitation from some embassy, the hotel's manager would pop in for an urgent consultation about a banquet, or an old friend would drop by. Mendes appeared to live at the center of a whirlwind. Liked by many, feared by some, and known to all, he was the man who conferred or withheld status in Brasília. "See Mendes," an officer at the American Embassy had told me. "He creates the idea that this is a brilliant social scene. Ask him who the big hosts in town are. Most of them, you'll find, are the ambassadors of small countries. Since they have relatively little to do, they entertain a lot. Their job is to spread the word, to make themselves—and thus their countries—liked."

A small man, Mendes was always smiling, and his eyes missed nothing. He made his rounds in an off-white Chevrolet Impala from that period when American cars were built like cabin cruisers. It was one of the largest automobiles in the capital. "When I came here in 1957, there were only two classes—the engineers and the workers," he said one evening as we were driving toward the residence of the Ambassador of the Ivory Coast. "The engineers were allowed to have their families, and the first social events were gatherings in their compounds—dinners, birthday parties, dances to the Victrola. After the inauguration came the clubs, which are still important. The most prestigious is the Yacht Club, where the young and beautiful hang out. We used to go waterskiing at the Yacht Club. Now the lake is too polluted. In 1961, the Hotel Nacional opened. It was immense—the largest hotel in South America. I think it's still the third- or fourth-largest. It soon became the center of chic society. Black-tie nights. Society columns. Then the military took over, and an invitation to one of the service clubs was suddenly the most sought-after thing in Brasília. *White*-tie nights. The great event of the white-tie era was a gigantic reception in 1969 for the Shah of Iran. Coarse, uncultured deputies from the interior—people who had never travelled—showed up in combinations of black tie *and* white tie. It was a ridiculous occasion. The columnists in Rio called it 'diplomacy from the backlands.' "

Leaving the Plano, we crossed Lake Paranoá on the longest non-suspension bridge in South America and entered the South Lake Mansion Sector. The vegetation was mostly juvenile eucalyptus, with round blue perfoliate leaves. The architecture was basic Santa Barbara—white stucco walls and vermillion tile roofs. Those who lived here either were rich or had a foreign government behind them.

"In 1970, the social life of the capital became more elevated," Mendes continued. "That was the year when work was completed on the Itamaraty Palace—the headquarters of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which moved up from Rio. Diplomats who had been used to receptions in Paris and Washington started to entertain, and there was a new frequency of parties—at which champagne, whiskey, and French wine flowed freely, since the embassies were exempt from import tax. Today, there are five types of gathering. The *vin d'honneur* is held on the occasion of a country's national day. It takes place at midday, and is mostly men. In the beginning, there was some confusion, because the Brazilians brought their wives. Now they know better. The second type of gathering—the cocktail party—begins after seven and is usually over quickly. We are on our way to a cocktail party. The Ambassador of the Ivory Coast, Charles Providence Gomis, is one of Brasília's most active hosts. The party this evening is in honor of Karlos Rischbieter, the president of the Bank of Brazil, who is about to become the Minister of Finance. There will be a lot of bankers. It will be a good opportunity to get a *papagaio*." (In Brazilian slang, a *papagaio*, literally a parrot, means a loan.) "The third category—the reception—differs from the cocktail party in that it starts at eight and has more food. At a buffet reception—the fourth kind—you sit and eat, choosing your table and your dinner partners. At a seated dinner—the last type—the dress is often black tie, and the hostess arranges the seating. In the beginning, when seated dinners were first given in Brasília, there was a lot of confusion. The Brazilians never answered their invitations—you know how vague we can be about such things—or they accepted and never came, or they came several hours late and



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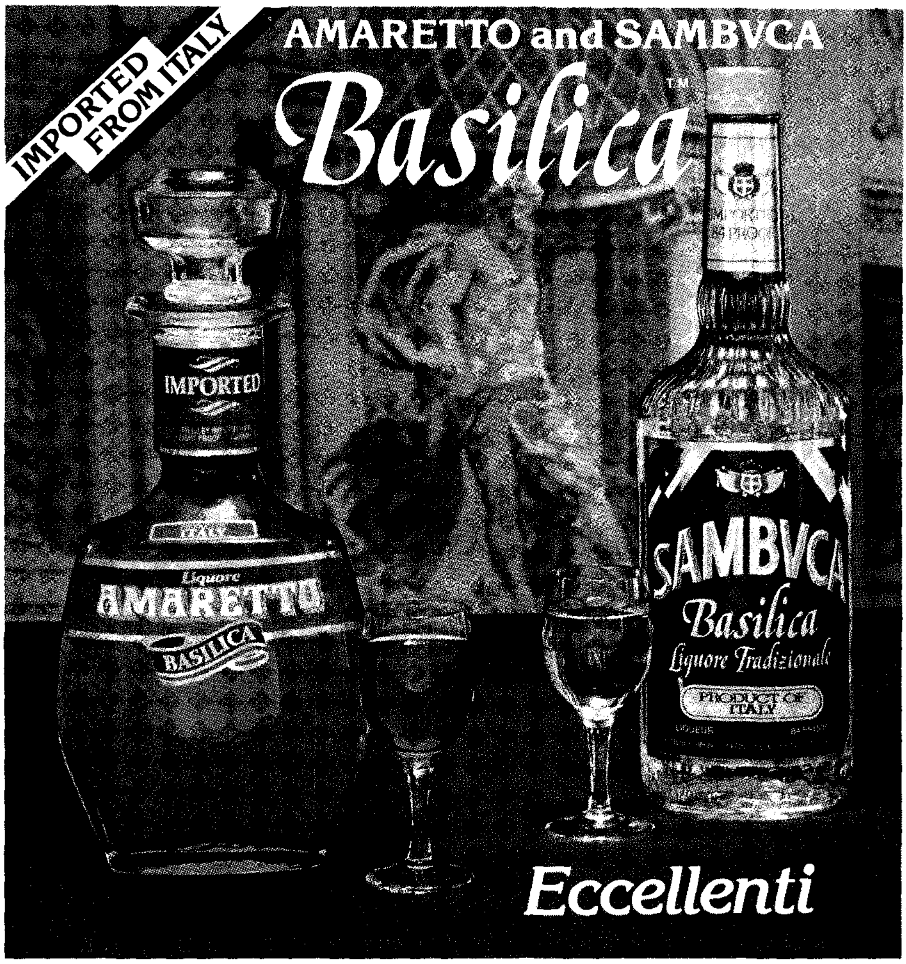

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brought all their friends, or they came on time but during the preliminary drinks switched the place cards around and sat next to the new friends they had made."

The Embassy of the Ivory Coast was at the end of a shady cul-de-sac and was screened from view by a dense hedge. It was a sumptuous modern house with a pool, and a patio on which about forty dark-suited men were already gathered. As might have been expected, a lot of ivory was in evidence. Raw tusks guarded doorways; carved-ivory elephants and busts of regal African women stood on coffee tables. Ambassador Gomis and his wife were at the door, receiving the guests. He was a poised and amiable man of thirty-eight, and she, in a long gown, was as stunning as a model. Most of the guests were clustered around Mr. Rischbieter, who, as flashbulbs popped, was dropping guarded pearls about the economy. Ten ambassadors were in attendance. I met those from Switzerland, India, Syria, Egypt, and Morocco, none of which countries' relations with Brazil were of any great importance. "What are you doing here in Brazil?" I asked the Swiss Ambassador. "Nothing," he answered affably. I saw no Americans. Mendes said that he hardly ever saw them at receptions and couldn't remember when he'd last been invited to the American Embassy. "Although they invented the science of public relations, they seem to have stopped practicing it," he said.

Brazil's connection with sub-Saharan Africa, on the other hand, seemed to be strengthening by the minute. This was understandable, considering the natural affinities of the two continents, the parallels of vegetation, geology, climate, and economic status. Africa, moreover, is the nearest landmass. By direct flight, it is four hours from Brasília to Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast. In fact, Mr. Rischbieter would be flying to Abidjan in a few days to open a new branch of the Bank of Brazil; there would be a week-long celebration of the two countries' rapprochement, climaxed with a concert by the famous Brazilian singer Clara Nunes. "As you know, banks never go in places without a reason," Ambassador Gomis said to me, in perfect English. He had a master's degree from U.C.L.A. His country's Embassy in Brasília, he said, was a very important one. "We are here to do business. Because our countries have so much in common culturally and ecologically, because they have both gone through underdevelopment and are now at *décollage*—or 'take off,' as you would call it—it makes sense that they should turn to each other. It makes more sense, for example, for the Ivory Coast to buy a simple, solid tractor from Brazil than a delicate, sophisticated one from West Germany. The Brazilian tractor is basically the American tractor of 1947 adapted to the soil and climate of the Amazon. If it breaks down, any man can repair it. The German tractor is equipped with air-conditioning, but when it breaks down a hundred miles from Abidjan, only an engineer from M.I.T. will know how to fix it. Brazil's new industry is looking for markets abroad, and we are embarking on many joint ventures. And it's easier doing business with Brazil, because there is no colonial taste in our dealings. It's not a north-south relationship. We can treat each other as equals."

Mendes and I continued to the French Embassy, arriving in time to watch the Ambassador tie a decoration around the neck of a deserving Brazilian admiral and buss him once on each cheek. The Embassy was attractive but stuffy; whoever designed it had not paid enough attention to its ventilation. France, after all, is responsible for much of the protocol that diplomats are obliged to observe, and the French were also stuffy. A haughty young attaché, after listening to my French for several minutes, announced brusquely, "*Je n'en peux plus*," and turned away.

Ana was to meet us at the French Embassy, and as soon as she arrived we proceeded to a military reception at the residence of the Ambassador of Peru, where Mendes darted deftly among brocaded and epauletted Latin-American military attachés. He had been invited to dinner by the Syrian Ambassador, and we had not, so Ana and I bade him goodbye and drove, in her car, to Superquadra 109 in the South Wing, where there are two good Arab restaurants. 109 South is the Bleecker Street, the King's Road, the Boulevard Saint-Michel, of Brasília—the meeting place of a growing number of artists, intellectuals, homosexuals, pot-smokers, and undercover agents. In front of the Beirute, the best-known of the restaurants, several dozen motorcycles were parked, and young bikers were constantly pulling into or patching out of the lineup. Taking an outdoor table, we were soon joined by a former colleague of Ana's at FUNAI, who had kept getting medical excuses from work until he was finally fired. Soon afterward, Ana had heard, he was busted for possession of marijuana, and as he sat with us it was obvious from his languid lids and the remoteness of his speech that he still smoked regularly. We spoke about the Indians. The Xavante, a fierce Mato Grosso tribe whose distrust of white men was long-standing, had lately developed a new militancy that resembled the Red Power movement of our native Americans. Several of their *tuxauas*, or tribal leaders, had become sufficiently acculturated to manipulate the media effectively. A few months before, they had appeared at the Planalto Palace, the office of the Chief Executive, and demanded an audience with the President. "I'm sorry," an aide had told them. "You can't see him without a necktie." The *tuxauas* had immediately called a press conference and announced that no outsider would be allowed into a Xavante village without the proper ceremonial headdress. Recently, the Xavante had voted down a government proposal to make them full citizens of Brazil when they realized that in the process they would lose title to their lands, which they had been granted as wards of the state.

Ana's former colleague left us, and the waiter brought steaming platters of couscous and curry—more than the two of us could possibly eat. Three shoeshine boys came to our table. Fifty-one per cent of the population in Brazil are under nineteen, and there are about two million abandoned children. Only seventy-five per cent of Brazilian children start elementary school, and of these, only twenty per cent finish it. Malnutrition is the main reason. Lethargy sets in, and it's not correctable. The *pivetes*, or street kids, of Brasília are not as aggressive as the ones in Rio, who will steal food from your plate when you're not looking. These three boys, irresistible as puppies, were too polite to beg. "You hungry?" I asked. They nodded in unison. "Then come eat," I said. The waiter threw up his arms when I asked for three more plates, but people at the other tables turned and nodded approvingly, several even

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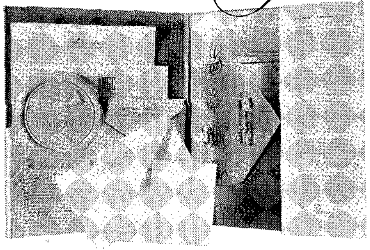

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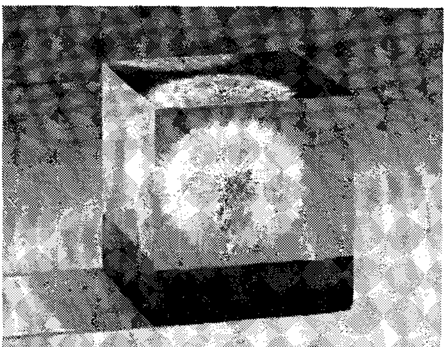
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raising their glasses, as the boys sat down and started shovelling the food in. I told them they didn't have to eat so quickly. "Don't worry, I'm not going to change my mind," I said. They told us they were all on vacation from school and had met in the Plano, where they had come to make some money shining shoes. They gave about ten shines a day, at ten cruzeiros (about forty-three cents then) each, and at night they slept in a nearby cinema. "I came from Minas Gerais to live with my aunt in Sobradinho six months ago," the oldest boy said. "My mother still lives in Minas Gerais. My father left her when I was little. She didn't know how to take care of me, so she gave me to her sister."

"Are you Portuguese?" he asked some time later. I had ordered a shine, and he was scrubbing the red dirt from the edges of my shoes with a toothbrush.

"No, American."

The youngest boy got up the courage to ask a question. "Do you know Wonder Woman?"

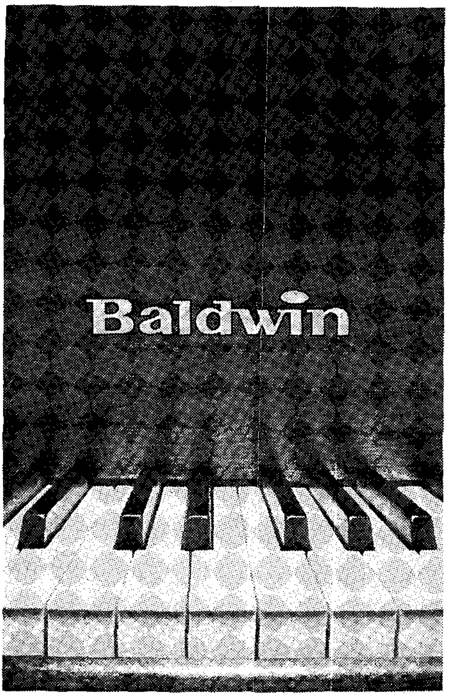
"Naturally."

"She exists, or is she just a story?"

"She exists."

"Come on," the oldest boy said. "You think she really fights off those bullets?"

IN a capital that was built as a showpiece, it is perhaps understandable that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, being responsible for the nation's appearance to the world, should have the most handsome edifice. The Itamaraty Palace, as it is called, is Niemeyer's masterwork in Brasília, and one of the world's most serenely lyrical public buildings—a low-slung structure sitting in a square reflecting lake bridged by ramps, with a sheath of tall, slender arches enclosing and shading its glass sides. The arches, of reinforced concrete that is gray and finely pockmarked with a decade's weathering, are a stylization of Brazilian colonial architecture. Rising out of the water, their tranquil spans leap symmetrically toward the horizon. There are islands of fantastic vegetation, which gardeners tend from small aluminum boats. One end of the building was left open behind its arches, its great central hall shielded by two-story stands of climbing philodendron. The plants were put there by Roberto Burle-Marx, the great Brazilian landscape architect. Burle-Marx, who is also a highly regarded abstract painter,



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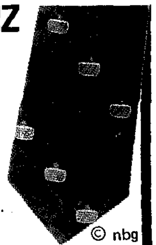

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belongs to the same wave of creativity in Rio which produced Niemeyer and Costa. He got his start, in fact, in the nineteen-thirties, when Costa, his neighbor, admired his garden, and Burle-Marx agreed to do one for a house Costa was designing. This led to Burle-Marx's being entrusted with larger gardens, private and public, in Caracas, Paris, Geneva, and many other cities. "The landscape architect in Brazil has an overwhelming floral richness to work with," he said one morning as we sat on the veranda of his two-hundred-and-forty-seven-acre spread on the side of a mountain south of Rio. "Nowhere else is like it. There are five thousand arboreal species and fifty thousand different plants at our disposal. Just in my collection, I have five hundred species of philodendron. And one of the greatest collections of heliconia in the world." Burle-Marx was not in on the general planning of Brasília, because of a difference with President Kubitschek, but when the buildings were finished he was invited to landscape some of them and to lay out a botanical garden with plants representative of the various ecological regions of Brazil. He designed aquatic gardens and skylit gardens in the interiors of buildings, and several roof gardens. He landscaped the interior patios of the Congress and the American Embassy. His triumph, however, was the Itamaraty Palace: not only did he embellish it with plant arrangements that were like sculptures but he drew the cartoons for the vast tapestries on the third floor, where inaugural balls are held and new ambassadors present their credentials and state functions of the highest importance are given.

Every morning at ten or so, a black limousine stops at a plated-metal wall at the rear of the palace. The wall rises by remote control, and the limousine continues up a ramp to the second floor, where it stops. Out steps the Secretary-General, the No. 2 man in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From there, he has about a thirty-foot walk to his office. The Secretary-General in the closing days of Ernesto Geisel's Presidency was a shrewd, highly cultured diplomat named Dario Moreira de Castro Alves—a short man with polished manners and gray hair cut in a rigid crewcut. When I called on him one day early in March, 1979, he was sitting behind a huge desk and sifting through the morning's stack of printed matter—interoffice memos, confidential reports, foreign newspapers.

In Brazil, I had learned, one ad-

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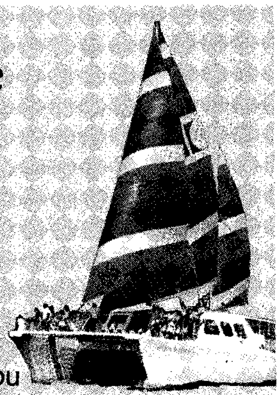

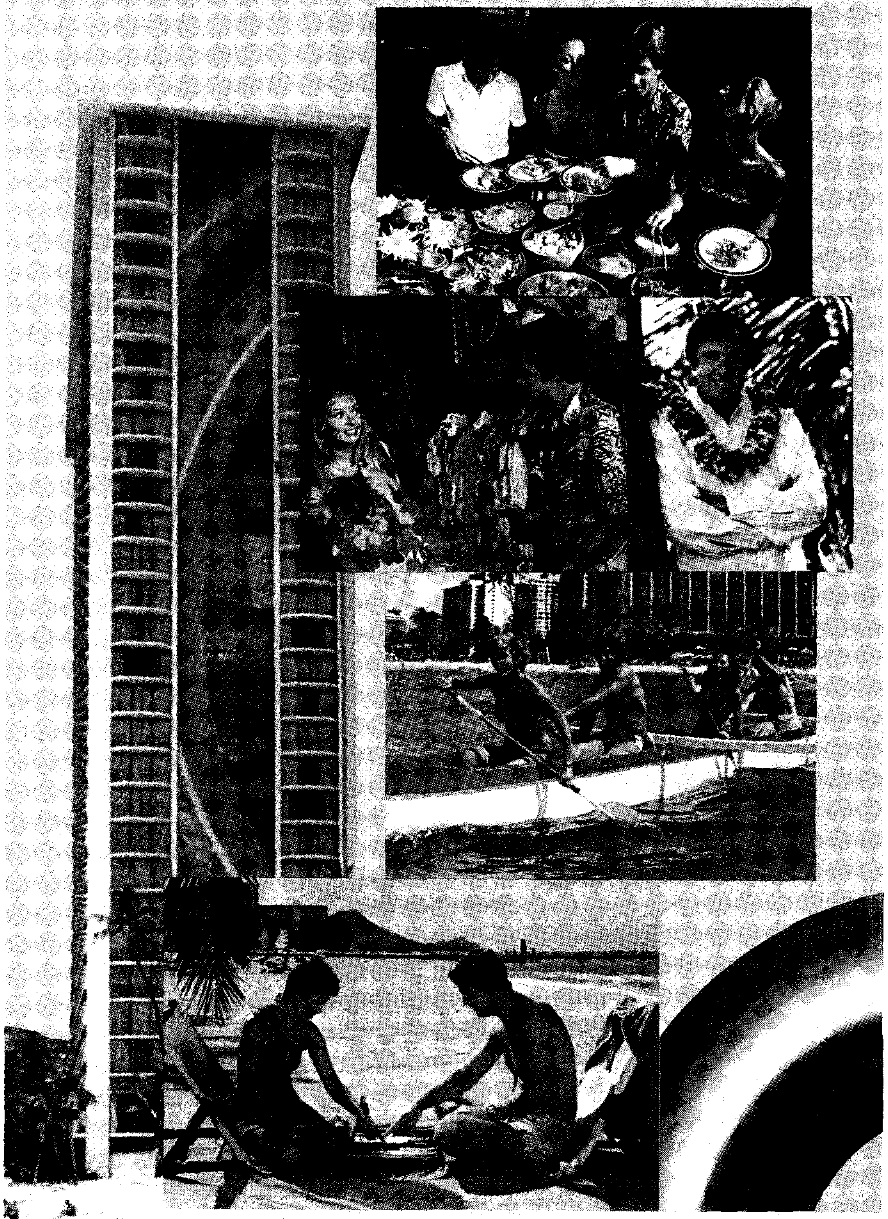

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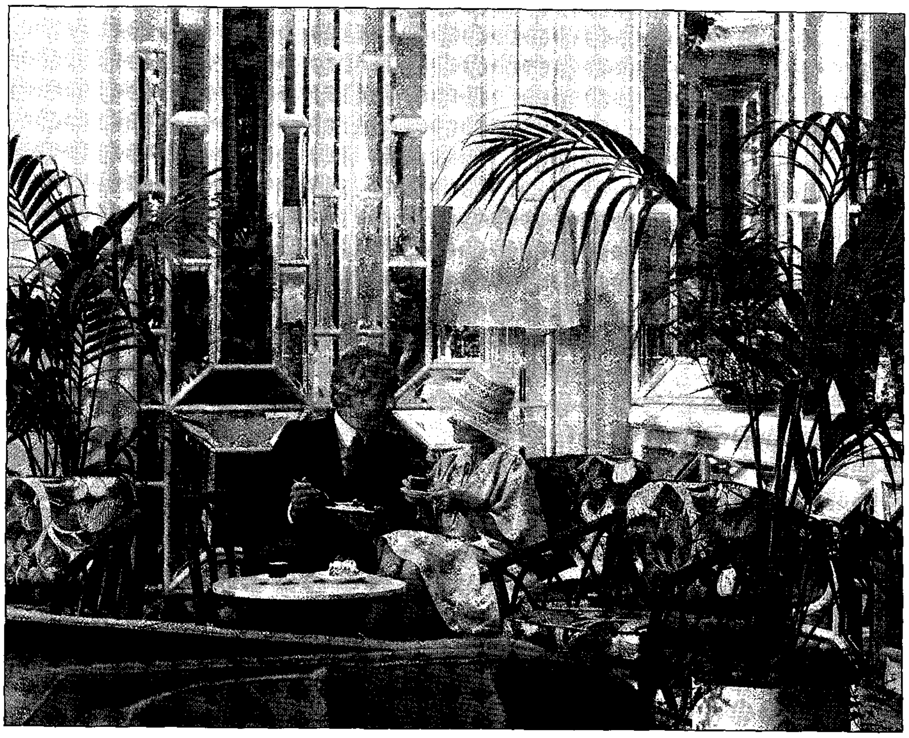

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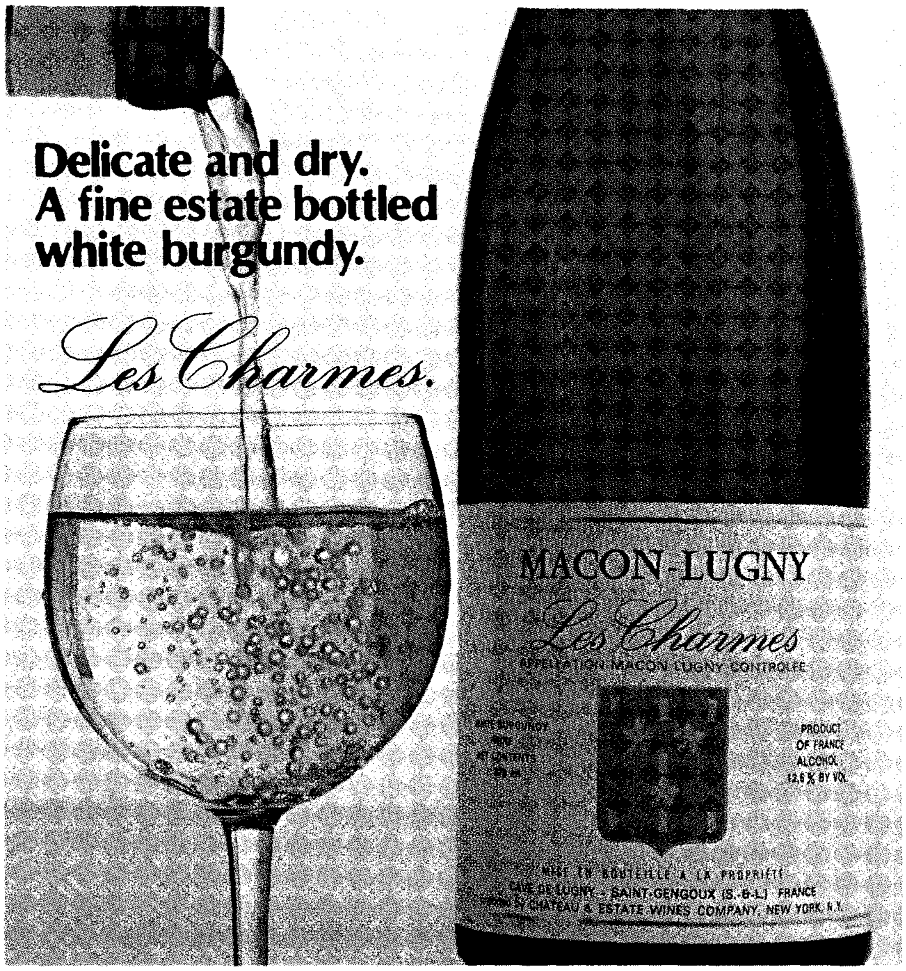
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dresses all government officials except the President with his or her title and first name—rather in the style of a British knight—so I referred to the Secretary-General throughout our talk as Ambassador Dario.

I began by saying that in a country where sweetness and civility were so much a part of the national character, there must be a strong diplomatic tradition.

"Yes," he said. "Brazil has a deep sediment of diplomatic habit, because we have ten neighbors with whom to settle our differences." The Ambassador's English was excellent. "Only the Soviet Union has more neighbors —eleven or twelve, I think."

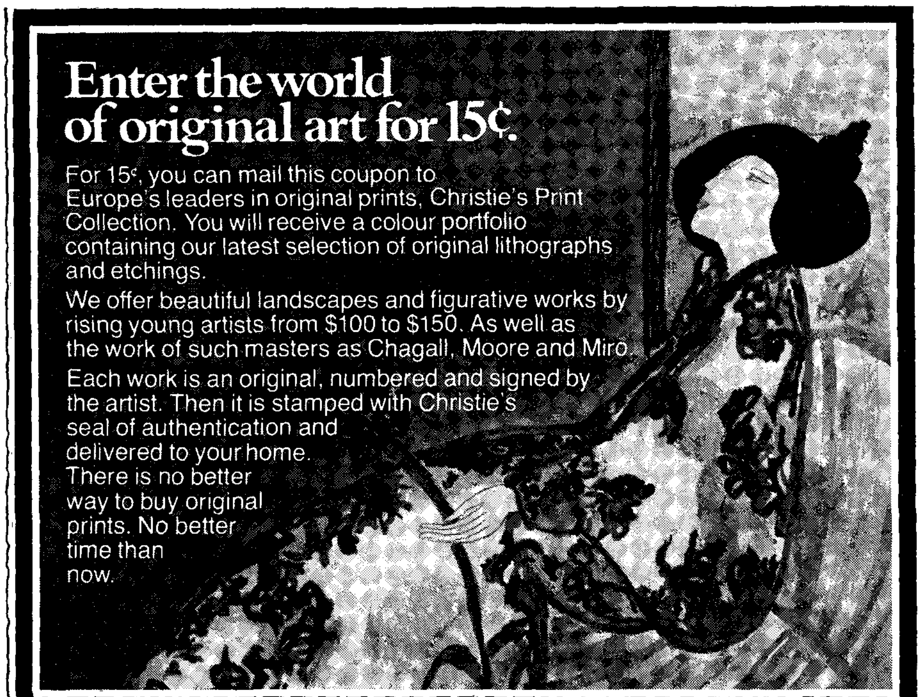
It was admirable, I said, how Brazil managed to keep good relations with all of them, while they seemed to be always involved in border skirmishes among themselves. Few countries have had such a placid history, at least externally. Was it that Brazil was so big that the other countries on the continent didn't dare to pick a fight with it? Or was it the contentment of its people, who wanted nothing more than what they had already and seemed incapable of imperialistic behavior?

"I *think* it has to do with the difference between the Spanish and the Portuguese," Ambassador Dario said. "The Portuguese *toureiro* does not kill the bull, you must remember. The Spanish are more bloodthirsty. It is revealing, I think, that the Portuguese presence in the New World was manifested in a single bloc, while the Spanish presence was broken up into small, volatile republics. Even our internal disorders are seldom violent. To be sure, the Revolution of 1930 was rather nasty, but all our coups d'état since then—those in 1937, 1945, and 1964—have been bloodless." He spoke of the stages of Brazil's economic growth. The sixteenth century, he said, had been devoted to the extraction of brazilwood, the seventeenth to sugar, the eighteenth to gold and diamond mining, the nineteenth to coffee, the beginning of the twentieth to rubber. "Now we are in a period of diversification—of polyculture and heavy industrialization. Unlike the Latin-American countries with a large semi-acculturated Indian population, such as Mexico and Peru, we have no cultural barriers against the importation of progress, and our clergy is not reactionary, as it was in Russia. Our big task is to build the economy. But we must spread its base, too, or it will be too compressed, like that of the Soviet

Union. On the other hand, if you share too much of your wealth before building, as in Uruguay, the cake you share will be poverty. The condition of reaching the optimum point of sharing and building defines statesmanship. We are among the top five world exporters of food. This is important in a world that will be hungrier and hungrier."

It was natural for Ambassador Dario to think of his country in terms of Russia, because in Khrushchev's time he had been a consul in the Soviet Union. Now, in a matter of a few days, when President Geisel stepped down, he was going abroad again, this time as Ambassador to Portugal.

"I'M so happy Dario is being sent to Portugal," I was told by his wife, the celebrated novelist Dinah Silveira de Queiroz. Manuel Mendes, who had arranged for me to visit her, had described her as "the most expressive cultural figure in the capital," and she was clearly one of Brasília's *grandes dames*. Dona Dinah was a tall, patrician woman of about sixty. Touching on this and that, she spoke with a vague, decelerated drawl that gave her time to study her listener's reactions. Her house, on the Peninsula of Ministers, a compound on the southern rim of Lake Paranoá which was built for prominent members of government, is called the Vila Muralha, after her most famous novel, "A Muralha"—"The Rampart." It is surrounded by an attractive brick wall—a rampart—with small circular windows. "My forebears came to Brazil in the beginning of the seventeenth century," she said. "My ancestor Carlos Pedro da Silveira minted the first gold money. He appears in 'A Muralha.' " The novel is about the first nationalistic stirrings in Brazil. It has been translated into Russian and Japanese and has been used as the basis of a Brazilian soap opera. "In the days of Carlos Pedro da Silveira, the women stayed home and minded the house," she went on. "The men sometimes spent years away from home, prospecting. When they came back, they brought their 'children of the woods'—their offspring with Indian women. That was the beginning of miscegenation. Today, the youth of Brazil is one of the most beautiful on earth. We are a country of *mestiços*, or crossbreeds. But each year Brazil is becoming whiter. It was always thought that the black genes were strongest and would prevail, but this is not proving to be



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the case. Only ten million Brazilians are still pure black. As for the Indians, they lose their culture faster here than in Central America. But I am opposed to keeping them in zoos. I think we have an obligation to develop the human being to the maximum. Today, we are the first of the undeveloped countries. Our territory is so great that we can have flooding in the north and drought in the south. We have many riches, but they are unevenly distributed. We are where Europe was many years ago: many are suffering for progress. We are paying the price for being different from the developed world. We are going through what a whole class in Europe went through in the nineteenth century—children working in factories, so many dying of consumption—in order to reach industrialization."

Dona Dinah opened a cabinet whose shelves bulged with notebooks and manila envelopes. "My diaries," she said. "I have been making daily entries for forty years. I would have more than a hundred books if I published them." On the next wall were books by her husband about political science and Brazilian history. "The diplomacy of Brazil is one of the most nearly perfect in the world," she said. "Unlike American ambassadors, who are often just friends of politicians, ours receive rigorous training. The hierarchy of diplomacy here is like that of the Church. But as yet there are few women or blacks in the foreign service. The first black woman to reach a high diplomatic post, who beat out all the men in the *concursos*, was named Monica. I invited her to tea. She cried." Dona Dinah told me that she encourages local writers to make use of her library. "I am trying to create a tradition of culture in Brasília," she said. "Our proudest achievement, the greatest thing that has ever happened for our national morale, is this city. It was built by people from the Brazilian backlands. When I think how the *candangos* could erect something as exquisite as the Itamaraty Palace, I am filled with pride."

BRASÍLIA'S great scenic asset is its sky. In the absence of mountains, the clouds are towering snowpeaks; in the absence of the sea, the sky is oceanic in its always changing immensity. For six or seven months of the year, from the moment the sun surfaces to the moment it drops below the horizon a new drama is presented in the sky each day. The actors are always

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the same—epic clouds, portentous shafts of light, ashen curtains of rain, red veins of lightning, rolling choruses of thunder—but no performance is ever repeated. The action begins when the sun gets high enough to burn off the dew. There will be few clouds as yet—only scattered fragments of cumulus. A sky with only small cumulus clouds means fair weather; at sea, a stationary group of these clouds in the distance usually means an island. During Brasília's winter, from May to July, when there is little rain, the sky is often cloudless, or it may contain, by late afternoon, a few shreds that hardly even deserve the rank of cumulus—and these disappear, in any case, by the following morning. But during the wet season, as the sun moves to its highest point in the sky, rapid evaporation occurs throughout the morning and into the afternoon. By late afternoon, the little puffs have swollen into colossal nebulosities—cumulus congestus, cumulonimbus. A few thunderheads in the Federal District have been estimated to measure thirteen kilometres from foot to anvil-headed summit, and once, as I was driving in from Sobradinho, I saw a single cumulus congestus hovering over the entire capital and threatening to burst. The afternoon rains are generally short-lived and torrential, in the tropical fashion. So intense are they that in twenty minutes up to thirty millimetres may fall. The cul-de-sacs in the *superquadras* are converted into sluices of muddy red water, whose force elsewhere has opened, here and there on the plateau, deep, jagged lines that seem like earthquake cracks but are in fact *voçorocas*, or erosion gullies. The striking thing about the rain to me is how it never seems to penetrate. There is no lingering wetness when it stops, and only occasionally at the beginning of the rainy season is the air oppressively humid. Many of the rains are purely local. Sudden showers move from hill to hill, and while the North Wing of the Plano may be experiencing a thunderous downpour, the South will be bathed in sunlight. One moment, you need sunglasses, and the next you must turn on the wipers of your car as you pass people who have taken hasty refuge from the slanting rain by leaning against the lee sides of eucalyptus trees.

The best cloudscapes are in September and October and again in April and May—the transitional periods between the wet and dry seasons. During the rainy summer, from November to

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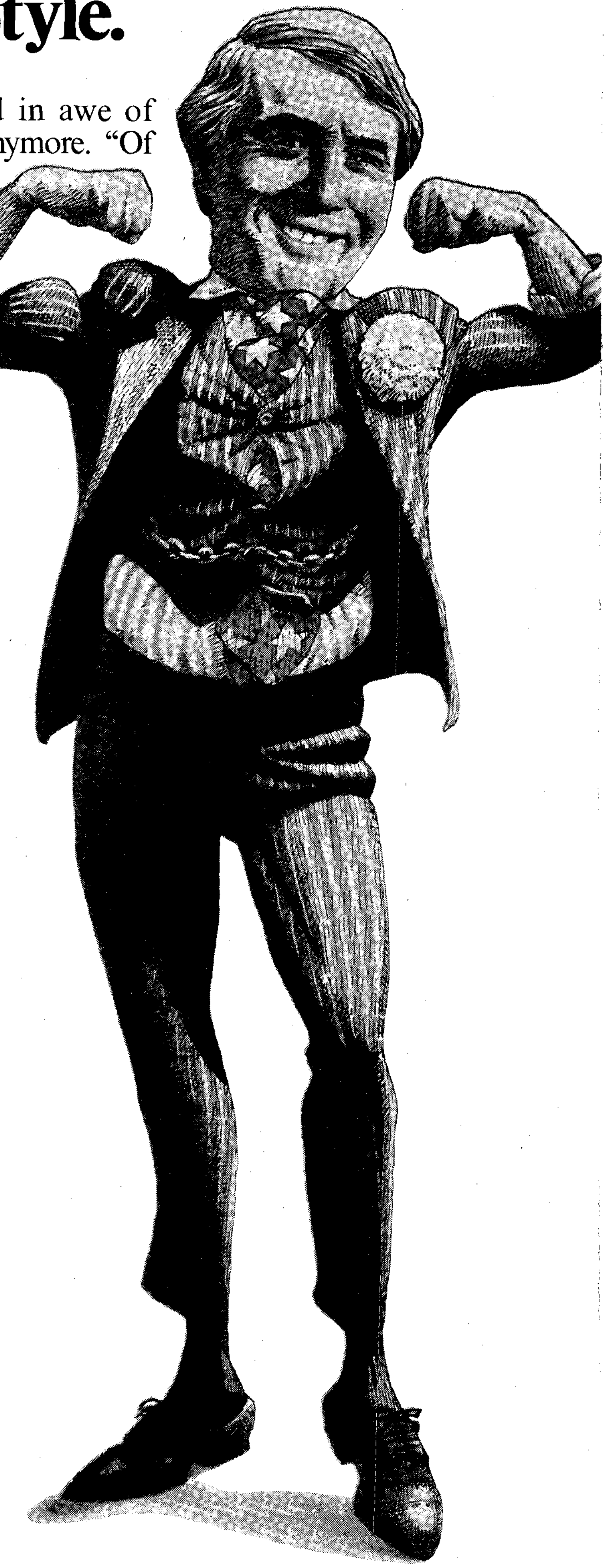

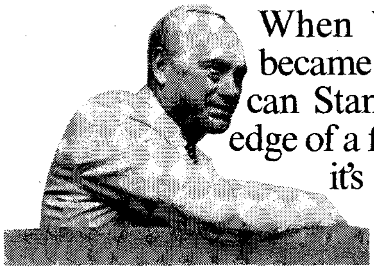

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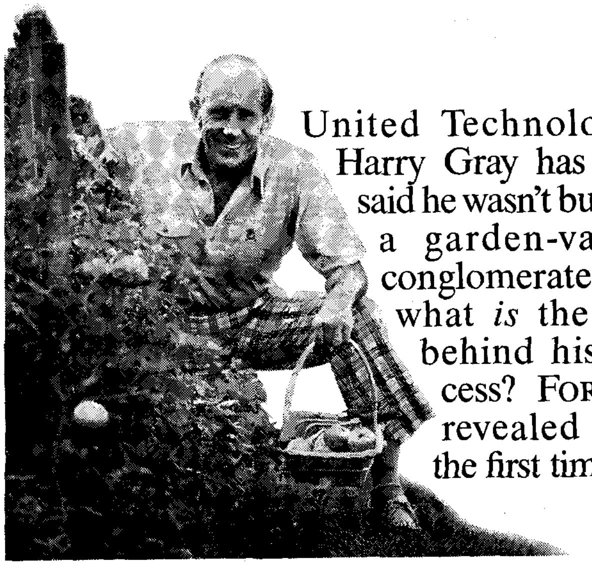

United Technologies' Harry Gray has often said he wasn't building a garden-variety conglomerate. But what *is* the plan behind his success? FORTUNE revealed it for the first time.

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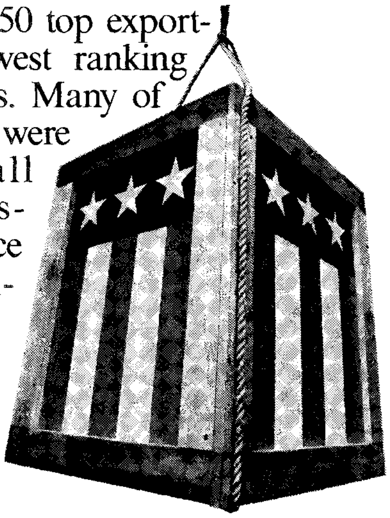

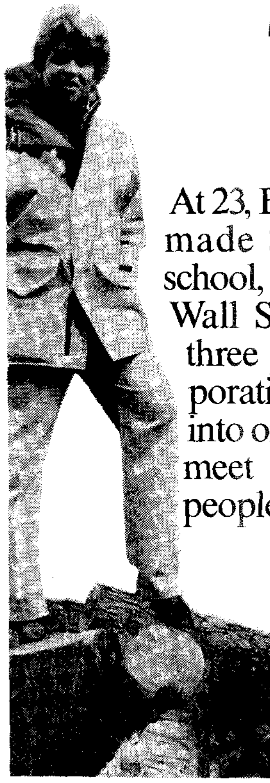

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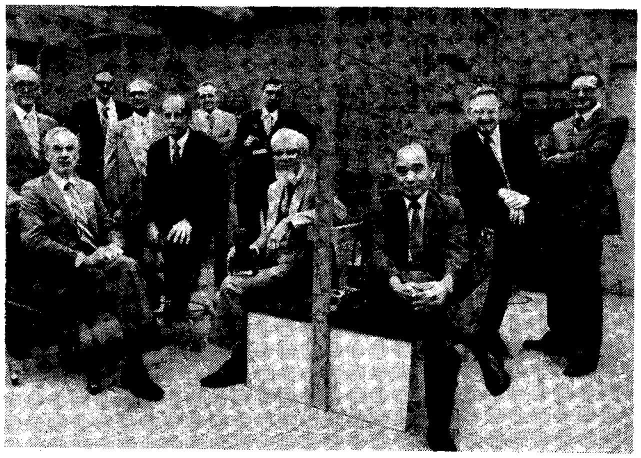

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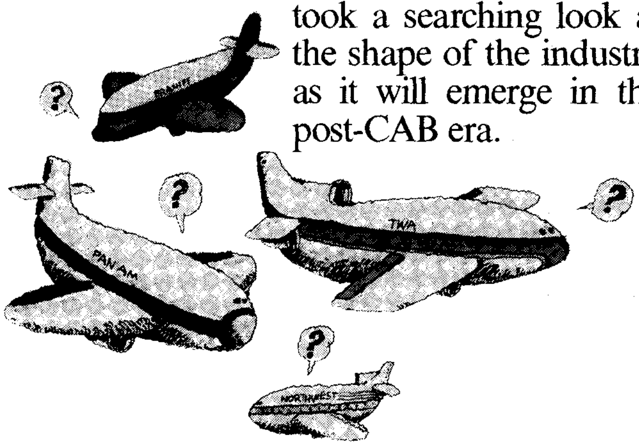

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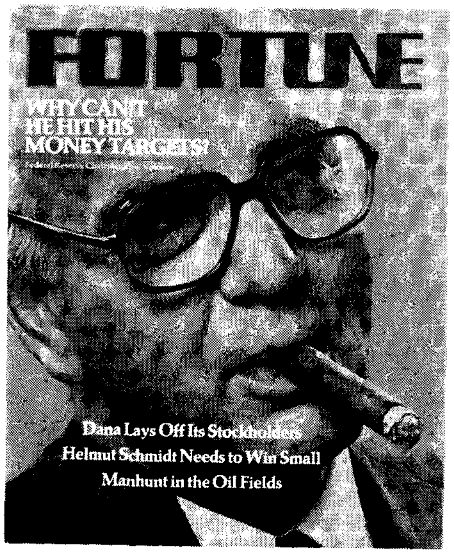
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March, the cloud cover is frequently too solid for spectacular individual clouds. In the winter, the monthly rainfall averages about three-quarters of an inch. By late winter, with little moisture in the soil, not much solar energy is diverted into latent heat by evaporation; the plateau absorbs the full heat of the sun, and everything becomes dry. Dust devils—erect eddies several hundred feet high—whirl across the savanna. At night, in winter, the relative humidity rises and, as in the desert, the temperature plunges as much as thirty or forty Fahrenheit degrees.

Many sober travellers, among them Charles Darwin, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and Aldous Huxley, have spoken highly of the South American sunsets. I don't know why they should be more remarkable than the sunsets on other continents, but they do seem to be; and nowhere are they more sensational than on the Planalto Central, the high central plateau of Brazil. By the time the sun is ready to go down on the plateau, the various types of cumulus have grown to maximum impressiveness, like flowers at the height of bloom, and as the ones in the west roll and redouble, horizontal shafts of rose light break through the gaps as if shot from a projection booth, and, travelling all the way across the sky, fire up, in bands of varying intensity, high, translucent veils of cirrus. After this initial pink phase, the sunset proceeds to a more violent orange phase, at whose climax opalescent plumes of vapor escape from the crests of the clouds in brilliant arcs and tangents, and the whole western sky is too unbearably aflame to look upon. Then, in the last, purple phase, the disc sinks quickly, but its reflected light lingers for twenty minutes or so, steadily weakening, and receding westward from the edges of the clouds.

In Brasília, the profusion of glass, the flatness of the plateau, and the space between buildings combine to expose residents to cloudscapes and sunsets as in few other cities. But to judge from questionnaires that have been circulated in Brasília the residents respond to the steppelike vastness of the Planalto mainly from their cars or apartment windows; few venture out into it. Brazilians' appreciation of nature, as a whole, is still largely on an unconscious level. That it exists is evinced by large numbers of house plants and caged birds, among other things, but on the conscious level the job at hand is to acquire higher

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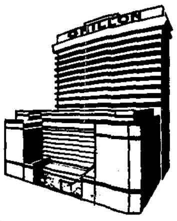

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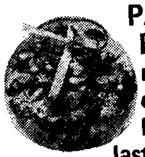

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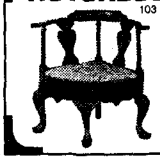

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Myth No. 1 ***Too many children. Too little help. Too late.*** That's he kind of logic or rationale that does make us helpless. Because as long as we say it can't be done, it won't be done. Sure the need is great. Imagine surviving on less than $384 a year (average per capita earnings in countries where Foster Parents Plan operates). Imagine trying o compete in a modern world with no education. Ah, but then imagine what happens when you give a needy child a little help—food, education, job skills. Then he can take charge of his own life.

Myth No. 2 ***All they want–all you give–is a handout.*** That's not our style. Our resources are limited, and we can't help all who apply. We carefully select those needy children and families who demonstrate a willingness, an eagerness, to work hard. If we "hand out" anything, it's opportunity.

Myth No. 3 ***You can't break the poverty cycle.*** Yes, we can—child by child, family by family. But consider this simple fact. No school—No future. A child who can't afford to go to school is doubly trapped—by poverty and illiteracy. We give them a way to break the cycle. With your help we *can* help them have better lives, better futures.

Myth No. 4 ***It costs a lot.*** Not really. Not when you weigh the cost against the benefits. $19 a month doesn't go very far in our culture. But with it you can make a truly significant difference in the life of a family overseas.

Being a Foster Parent offers you a way of showing your own children how others live and, more important, how they *can* do something to make this a better world. It makes more sense than telling them to eat their carrots.

Myth No. 5 ***You can't work miracles overnight.*** No, we can't wave a magic wand and change the world. And we don't offer one-time, band-aid relief. Because we feel it's not enough just to save lives. We are committed to giving needy children and their families the capability to take charge of their own lives.

Their lives won't change overnight. And your sense of gratification won't be instantaneous, either. Because what we want is truly significant progress. And that takes time and hard work. We hope you'll join with us in offering needy children the chance of a better life. Because even sadder than their need is our knowledge that we *could* help if . . .

Please write us today. The sooner we can begin, the more we can do.

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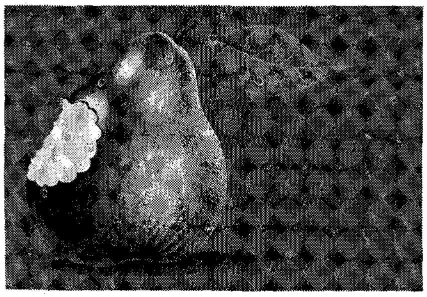

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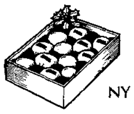

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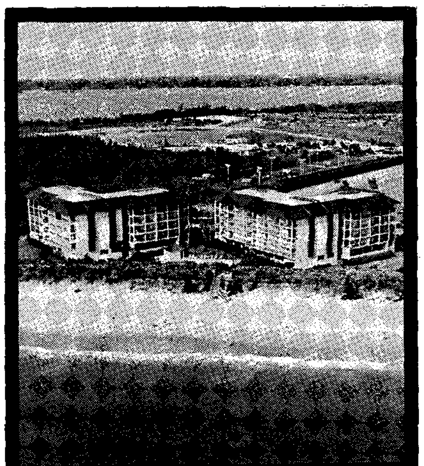

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technology, and the Brazilians are so preoccupied with defeating the wild and the primitive, those enemies of progress, that they do not yet hold them in particular esteem. Nature in the raw is something to be feared, conquered, and eradicated. The ecological movement is just starting to appear. A few dedicated conservationists in the government are laboring over a national-parks system—still largely on paper—and there is growing concern in the educated sector of the population about the Amazon Basin. But few have been to the Amazon or know anything about the region; those who can travel go abroad. Moreover, some exaggerated reports by foreign scientists about the extent of deforestation (serious as the problem is) have reduced the credibility of the conservation movement in Brazil. "Only élitists become ecology-minded," a high government official told me. "The entire uproar is just a by-product of sophistication and technological advance." Another official was even blunter: "Why should we keep more than half of our country from being developed just so a handful of foreign scientists can get their Ph.D.s?"

In a way, the idea of communing with nature conflicts with the innate gregariousness of the people; in Brazil, no one is alone by choice, and the pursuit of solitude is regarded as peculiar behavior. If I announced that I was going for a walk in the savanna, therefore, I was generally asked "What on earth for?" and "Don't you want someone to go with you?" I was warned that the savanna was filled with snakes, but in the hours I spent wandering in it I never met one. It is true that there are deadly species on the Planalto, including fer-de-lances, rattlers, and corals, but the snakes there are as reticent as they are in most places. My favorite walk was a little-used dirt road that ascends the northern rim of the Sobradinho valley and leads to a place called Fercal, where there is a large manufacturing plant that produced most of the concrete and cement used in the construction of the capital. Indeed, the availability of suitable limestone for making cement at Fercal was an important factor in the selection of the site of the capital.

The rock of central Brazil is part of a crystalline and metamorphic massif called the Brazilian Shield, and its exposed rock formations are among the most ancient on earth, dating to the Archaean Aeon. Much of the shield is covered with sedimentary

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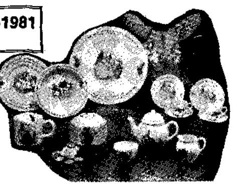

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bands of limestone, sandstone, and shale, many of which are folded and deformed and metamorphosed. The plateau on which Brasília stands is technically described as a dissected peneplain. Weaker sedimentary layers washed away, leaving *chapadas*, or flat tablelands, of more obdurate rock. Most of the plateau is now suavely undulating, but, seen from a ridge at the head of the Sobradinho valley, the effects of erosion are dramatic. The terrain is ruffled with deep ravines and with sheer green hills whose slopes are ribbed like fans. Such sudden breaks in the landscape are known as *quebradas*. The hillsides gleam with freshets and are coated with velvet grass. The ravines are choked with gallery forest—miniature jungles that are floristically related to both the coastal and the Amazon rain forests. Gallery forest is a sign of water. It lines streams and sprouts about springs.

One morning, on one of my walks, I examined the cross-section of a hill that the road had cut through. In some slow upheaval, thin laminations of yellow-green slate, with a subtle tracery of blue and orange lines meandering through them, had been tilted ninety degrees, until they stood vertical. The foot of red soil above the slate was typical of the soil of central Brazil. It is colloid clay, whose microscopic particles become the dust of the dry season. Such fine weathering is an ndication of the plateau's aridity. I wondered if at some point in the complex geological history of this *quebrada* any crystals had been formed. They are found elsewhere on the plateau, in hydrothermal dikes called pegmatites, where the cooling down of molten magma was slow enough for individual minerals to separate and grow in bristling clusters along the edges of the seam. The nearest pegmatite of consequence is about eighty miles south of Brasília, near a settlement called Cristalina. Thirty miles from any neighbor, Cristalina has one industry and one raison d'être: the extraction of quartz crystal. There are also several dozen stores that bring in polished, aceted semi-precious stones from other parts of the country—displaying glitering trays of amethysts, aquamarines, garnets, citrines, topazes, morganites, tourmalines, kunzites, rubellites, chrysolites. In Brazil, each profession has ts associated stone. My mother-in-law, a teacher, wears a green tourmaline ring. Secretaries are entitled to rose tourmaline. Dietitians sport amethysts, members of the telecommunica-

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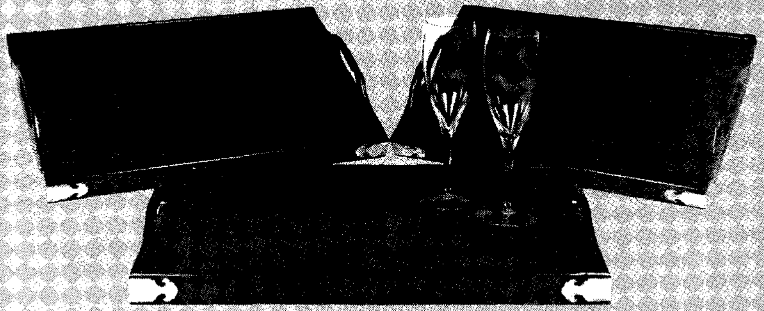

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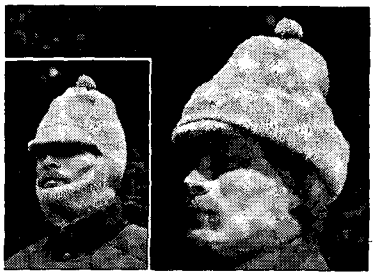

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tions industry have blue sapphires, bacteriologists wear emeralds, and economists aquamarines. As a journalist, I am eligible for a ruby.

Halfway down a gully with a stream that splashed from rock to rock, there was a hovel of scavenged planks and sheet metal, constructed without benefit of nails, the roof held down with boulders, the wall elements simply leaned against the roof. In the yard, a white mule was tethered and a banana tree bravely fluttered. From inside came the sounds of a child crying and utensils clinking against plates. A shirtless man was standing in the doorway. "Come eat!" he called. The less people have, it seems, the more generous they are. Below, a thin swath of gallery forest escorted the stream into the valley to its meeting with Sobradinho Creek. The trees were tall and straight, encrusted with lichens and cabled with vines, and their canopy was loud with the calls of unseen tanagers and finches, ant wrens and ant shrikes, honeycreepers and woodcreepers.

I noticed the iridescent blue wings of a morpho butterfly flashing in the gully. Then the sparrow-size insect leaped up in front of me and, bobbing erratically, continued down the road. I would have liked to take its picture, but the morphos are very strong fliers. Were it not for a fatal weakness—they are irresistibly drawn to specimens of themselves, which morpho hunters set out as decoys—they would not be so badly persecuted. Morpho wings placed under the glass of ashtrays and cocktail trays, along with landscapes made entirely of butterfly parts, are staple items in the Latin-American tourist trade. I spent the next few hours stalking more coöperative species with my zoom lens. There are about twelve hundred species in the *cerrado*—half the number in the Amazon Basin. The most visible butterflies here, as in most of the New World tropics, are the heliconiines. Once I saw a heliconiine, or one of its many mimics, fluttering around in a store inside the Conjunto Nacional which carried bolts of cloth and leather handbags. It must have sailed in from the plain looking for shade. Heliconiine larvae feed on passionflower plants, whose alkaloids are thought to make the creatures toxic. Birds have learned to shun the lazily flapping, elongated, contrastingly colored wings of the heliconiines, and there are dozens of unrelated species, some of them palatable, that look and behave just like heliconiines. The

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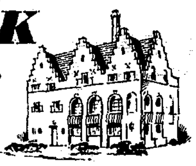

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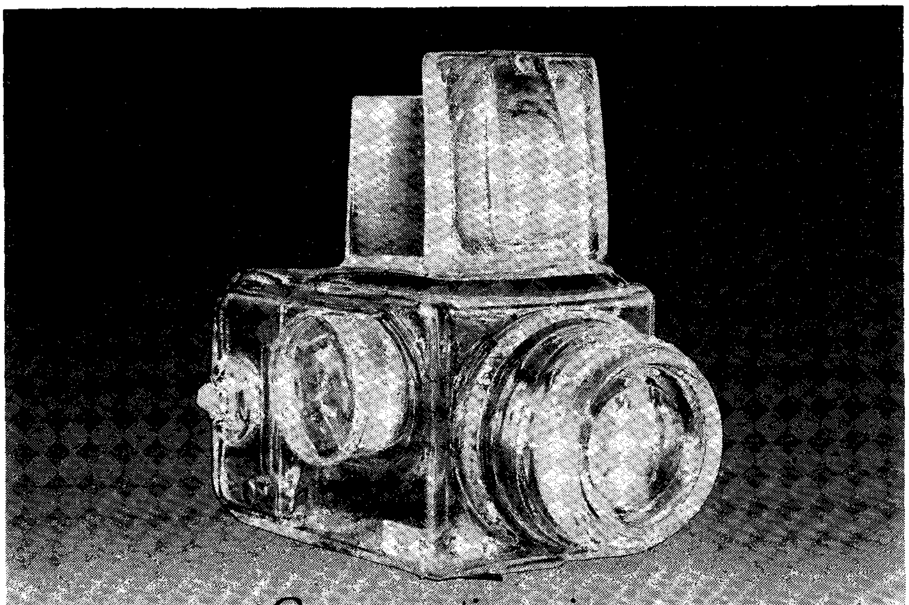
heliconiines themselves are among the most plastic creatures; one species alone may have some twenty-five different forms. They produce from three to five broods a year, offering a rare opportunity for the student of evolution.

After a long chase, I finally got a butterfly to hold still. It was small, with brilliant red-and-blue upper sides and with the numeral "88" inscribed by dots and wavering black lines on the white undersides of its hind wings. It was resting on a tree of the tomato family which is called fruit-of-the-wolf—a common weed tree whose fruit is in fact eaten by wolves, where there are still wolves. A few maned wolves roam in the savannas of the Federal District. I have never seen one of them, but I have found their rusty hairs entangled in barbed wire, and their scat, filled with fruit-of-the-wolf seeds. None of the large mammals native to the Federal District are easy to see except the pampas deer. Without an all-out effort, one must be satisfied with proof of the other animals' existence: a termitary recently demolished by an armadillo; the three-toed hind prints of a tapir, with a spread of up to five inches; the well-travelled path of a capybara, the mastiff-size rodent, in the tall grass along a gallery forest. All these animals have been forced off the open plain by dog packs, composed of feral canines who have found the savanna more to their liking than the satellite cities. In many cases, the slaughtered victim is left untouched; the dogs seem to hunt for the fun of killing. One of the places where wildlife survives in quantity is the Brasilia National Park, a pristine twenty-four-thousand-acre tract that comes up to the northern edge of the city. The park is fenced, and two guards patrol its borders in a Volkswagen Xavante, a kind of four-wheel-drive dune buggy, named for the Mato Grosso tribe. The guards shoot any dogs that try to get into the park.

On my way back from Fercal, I left the road and struck out across the savanna. I wanted to follow the scarp for a few miles and come down through the meadow behind Iraci's house. A few hundred yards ahead, several seriemas were engaged in a squawking bout. They were about as tall as egrets, with long red legs, long necks, and heads like hawks except for the crests sprouting up whimsically at the base of their bills. Their raucous noises, rising and falling in volume and pitch, were like some mad, hysteri-



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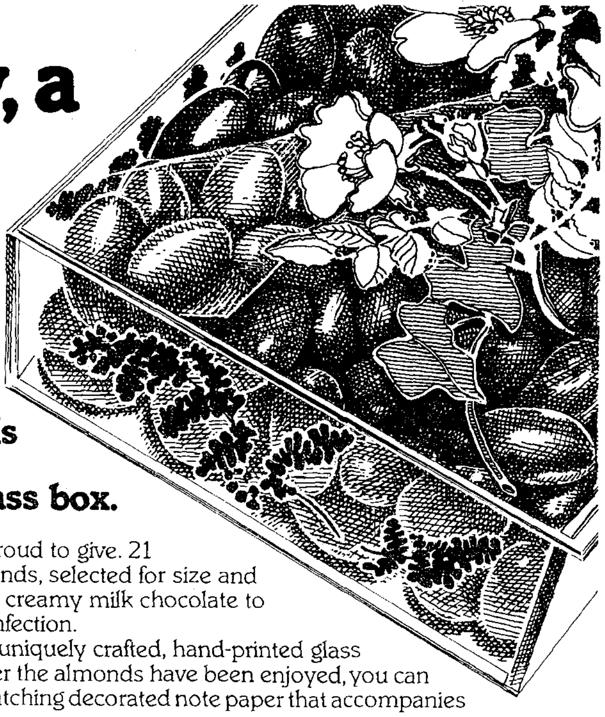

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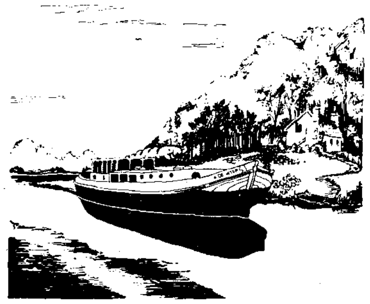

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cal laughter. The seriema eats rats, reptiles, and insects, and occupies the approximate niche of the North American roadrunner, though it belongs to a different order. It is particularly fond of surprising snakes basking in the road, and relies more on its legs than on its capacity for flight—though when pressed it will take to the air with slow, heronlike wingbeats. Once Valdemar and I chased a seriema down a back road in Ana's Variant and clocked it, in full stride, at forty miles per hour.

As I drew near the place where the seriemas had been calling, they stopped, of course, and I was left in silence, surrounded by strange vegetation that was unlike anything I had seen in the temperate zone, or anywhere else. Hundreds of bizarre plants of the pipewort family had flowered several feet above the grass. Their hoary inflorescences—like dandelion heads gone to seed, but many times magnified—had sprouted on the tips of four-inch shafts, haloes of little black and white buttons. In the center of one of the flowers was a metallic-green sheen—a buprestid beetle. The pipeworts gave way to a sparse forest of even more bizarre treelets, the vellozia, whose local name, according to a boy I met in the savanna (who also told me he walked three hours to school every day), is "rhea-shinbone." I have never inspected a rhea's tibia at close range, but I expect that it is sturdy and gray, like the stalks of the treelets. In August and September, the treelets produce a striking lilylike lilac-colored flower with a yellow center, which is often devoured by ants. The rhea-shinbone belongs to a family of some hundred and seventy species that are partial to the semi-dry parts of South America and Africa. Rheas, which resemble the African ostrich, have been much hunted in the *cerrado*, and are getting very scarce. Standing as high as five feet, they are the largest bird in the New World, though the Andean condor has the greatest wingspan. I saw a rhea once, in the national park, for several seconds before it bounded into a stand of rhea-shinbones. At the beginning of the rains, when there is an abundance of insects and grain to fuel the rigors of courtship and reproduction, the cock rounds up five or six females, scrapes out of the ground a nest about a yard in diameter, and lines it with grass. The birds chase each other round and round the nest in a circle of ten to twenty metres. The females lay

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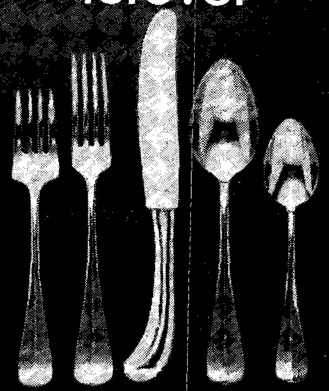

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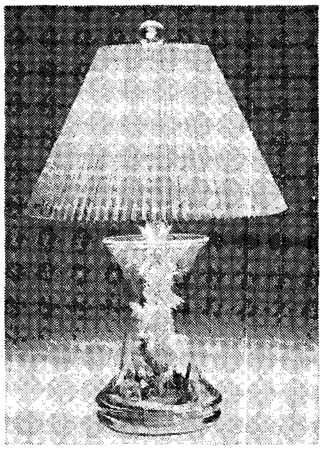

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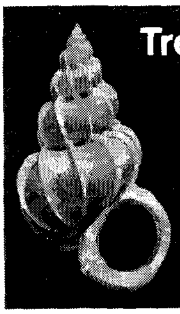

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from twenty to fifty yellow-green eggs in it, on which the cock sits, and after they hatch he jealously guards the warren, even against his harem, until the chicks are ready to go off on their own, some six weeks later.

On the other side of the thicket, I came to a hilltop that had been cleared—the trees pulled up by the roots to prevent their sprouting again, and neat rows of pine seedlings left in their place. The agricultural and silvicultural potential of the *cerrado* has suddenly, in the last few years, become the subject of excited discussion. Because the hopes of opening the Amazon to agriculture were largely dashed by the dismal results of farming schemes along the Trans-Amazon highway, some large-scale farmers, mostly of German, Dutch, and Japanese extraction, are now turning to the *cerrado*—which is believed to be about sixty-five per cent arable—as the new frontier. The main beneficiaries of "reforestation" (a term I find as offensive as "reclamation," since both imply utter insensitivity to the value of native ecosystems that are being replaced) are Caribbean pine and eucalyptus, successful colonists that thrive all over the world. Some farmers are wildly enthusiastic about eucalyptus as a quick cash crop; it is steadily supplanting the forests of southern Brazil, because it gives the best return to the tree farmer. Eucalyptus detractors point out that it is bad ecological practice to destroy varied native forests and replace them with a monoculture, but I find it hard to despise the trees—not to be refreshed by the eucalyptole of their crushed leaves, or charmed by their woody seed capsules, which seem like buttons from a coat, each incised with a cross.

The main force behind the exploitation of the central plateau is agronomic. Many Brazilian scientists, looking ahead to the food shortages predicted for the twenty-first century, see Brazil, with its long and in many places uninterrupted growing season and its vast untouched terrain, becoming more and more important as a world food producer, and the focus of production may be the *cerrado*. A more immediate local objective is to make the Federal District self-sufficient with respect to its own food supply; sixty per cent is still trucked in from elsewhere in Brazil.

In the middle of the pine plantation, I came to a large temporary shelter, such as the Indians construct. Under the shade of palm thatch, twenty men

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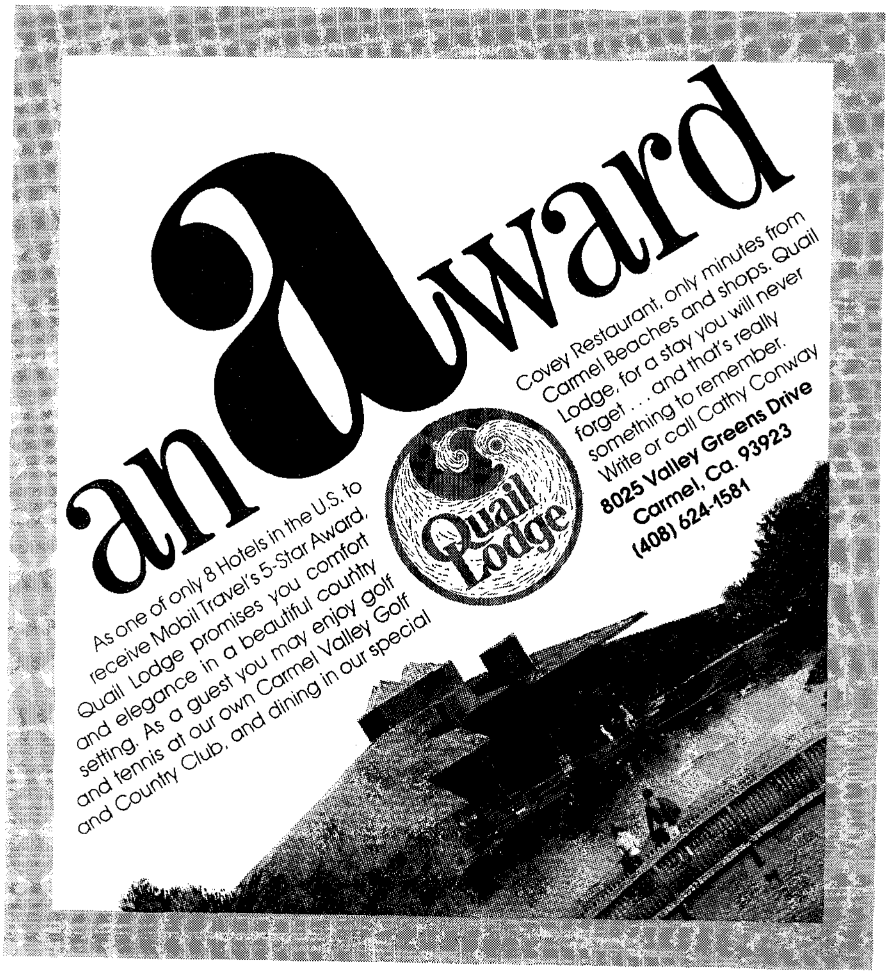

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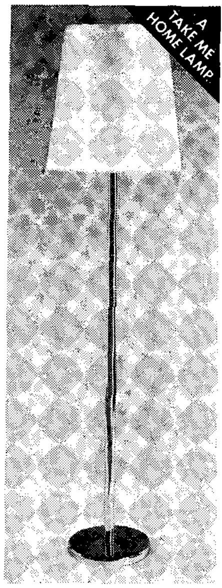

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were taking their midday meal. They were migrant laborers from the Northeast who had been brought in to cut down the *cerrado* trees and to replace them with Caribbean pine. Their boss was called an *empreiteiro*, or subcontractor. The hill had been cleared in exactly the manner in which the Amazon forest is being taken down: the large rancher subcontracts the work to *empreiteiros*, who come in with gangs of *nordestinos*. "Come eat!" said the *empreiteiro*, handing me a plate of gruel. It was my second invitation to lunch. After I had passed around the contents of my sidebag—guavas from the yard of Iraci's neighbor—and taken a long draught from the spring that rose beside the hut, I continued up and over the parched hilltop. Even the termitaries had been razed.

But the termites would be back. I once saw a mature stand of eucalyptus "reclaimed" by their three-foot-high terrestrial red bell jars. Like earthworms in the deciduous woods, and along with ants in the rain forest, termites are the chief earth movers and decomposers of organic material in the *cerrado*. The *cerrado* is singularly blessed with termites. Up to eight hundred mounds have been counted in a single hectare, or 2.47 acres, with several million termites in each, belonging to as many as eleven genera. The genera are named for outstanding physical or behavioral traits. *Velocitermes* is highly active. *Cyranotermes*, named for Cyrano de Bergerac, has a long nasus, or tubelike extension of its head, which fires out defensive secretions. The heads of the soldier caste of *Constrictotermes* are pinched just behind the level of the antennae. *Diversitermes* has three separate soldier forms. *Ruptitermes* has no soldiers at all, and the colony is defended by workers who, contracting their abdominal muscles, intentionally burst the body wall, so that attacking ants can be repelled by the fluid that is thus spread about. To these workers, the survival of the colony is more important than that of the individual—one of numerous indications that termite society is more advanced than ours in altruism and cohesiveness, if not in intelligence. The mound itself is a kind of superorganism, and if an armadillo or an anteater should break into one the soldiers rush to the opening and defend it with chemical secretions which seem to thwart the predator until the workers can repair the breach.

The outer walls of *cupinzeiros*, as

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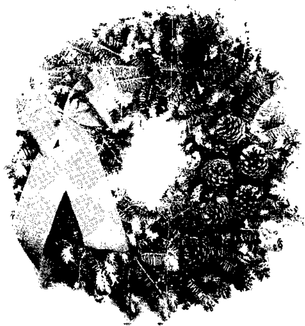

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the termite hills are called, are cemented together from bits of soil, grass, and fallen wood, which, depending on the species, are either regurgitated, excreted, or simply coated with saliva. The walls are rock-hard and up to a foot thick. Standing in the savanna, one is hardly ever more than twenty yards from a *cupinzeiro*. Most termite species live on the ground, foraging dead leaves, blades of grass, and organic matter in the soil. Open-air foragers work at night, mostly, to avoid desiccation and predation. In the dry season, some of the subterranean tunnels go down about twenty feet to the moist soil above the water table. The arboreal termites feed largely on the tree to which their great clay globe is fastened. Numerous other organisms inhabit *cupinzeiros*: ants and beetles (whose larvae get a free meal by mimicking the larval termite's chemical secretions), along with scorpions, spiders, snakes, lizards, frogs, and small rodents. Some of these inhabitants eat termites; some eat things that eat termites; some simply find the *cupinzeiro* damper, more constant in temperature, and safer than the dry plains around them. —ALEX SHOUMATOFF

•

'ELEPHANT MAN' CHANGE

Bernard Pomerance's "The Elephant Man" will now open at the Playhouse in Wilmington on Oct. 20 instead of at the Forrest in Philadelphia. The play will begin a four-week run at the Forrest on Oct. 20.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Thanks for the tip.

•

It all leads to the obvious question: Are we in for another October bloodbath which could start any day now? I got an affirmative no when I put that question to two of the country's investment giants—Citibank and Prudential Insurance Co. of America.—*Dan Dorfman in the San Francisco Examiner.*

Answers like that are what makes them giants.

•

On Sunday, September 14, 1980, Father Donald Desmond and John Bonsignor discuss the problems of Northern Ireland today on "Crossroads on Long Island", on WNYG Radio, 1440 AM.

Father Desmond gives a historical background on the Irish situation and how it ties into the problems that exist today in Northern Ireland. It is his feeling the best way to solve the problem is for the English to pull out of Long Island, as Charles De Gaulle did in Algeria when he removed the troops.—*Suffolk County (N.Y.) Pennysaver News.*

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looks back in surprise at
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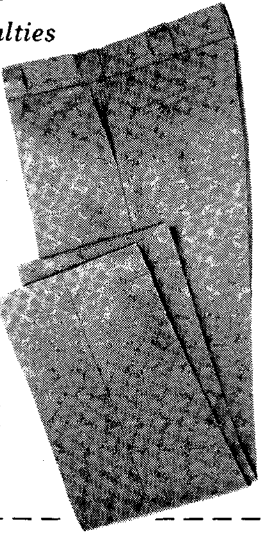

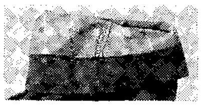

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THE THEATRE

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

FORTUNATELY, the five performers who make up the cast of "Tintypes" are all young and vigorous, and I see no reason whatever that they oughtn't to be able to go on singing and dancing and striking perky poses in this delightful, old-fashioned gallimaufry of a musical for another twenty years at least. They have found an appropriate home at the John Golden, which is, for Broadway, small and cozy, and the simple settings devised for them by Tom Lynch will need only an occasional dusting to go on looking their best in the year 2000. The subject matter of "Tintypes" is a compendium of popular American songs that range in date from 1876 ("I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen") to 1917 ("Smiles"), and along with many another song that remains familiar ("Meet Me in St. Louis," "Kiss Me Again," "Bill Bailey," and "The Yankee Doodle Boy") there are a number of largely forgotten ones, which prove to be of almost equal charm ("Nobody," "I'm Goin' to Live Anyhow, 'Til I Die," and "Fifty-Fifty"). Between songs, the performers act out a series of sketchy but affecting little melodramas, often in pantomime, about life in New York as it may be imagined to have been for a young Russian-Jewish immigrant at the turn of the century; for the Ziegfeld Follies beauty Anna Held; for Teddy Roosevelt; for Emma Goldman; and for a proud young black woman making her way unassisted through a world of whites.

Though the lyrics of a number of the songs in "Tintypes" are concerned with loneliness and social discomfiture, their cumulative effect is one of happy affirmation. However unjust American society may have been in the decades between the Civil War and the First World War, the note struck again and again in our popular music is one of hope. Archibald MacLeish once wrote a book entitled "America Was Promises," and it is perhaps the degree to which we have lost confidence in the truth of those three tremendous words that makes us respond so eagerly nowadays to every scrap of evidence of an American past idyllic not in its physical circumstances, which were harsh, but in its intentions. We feel a nostalgia not only for what used to be but for what ought to have been. Our minds become a sort of brightly colored Disneyland of invented family lore; mock ancestors more pleasing than authentic ones press forward to receive our embrace. If, according to the Hobbesian hypothesis, the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short, "Tintypes" plays hob with Hobbes by offering a counter-hypothesis: life is ragtime, shortenin' bread, and being waltzed around and around by a deft partner named Willie. I choose the second hypothesis over the first.

"Tintypes" has been "conceived," as the saying goes, by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle, with Mr. Pearle directing the show and Mr. Marvin playing a piano accompaniment—now tender, now rousing—from a shadowy hideout at one side of the stage. The witty costumes are by Jess Goldstein, and the no less witty lighting is by Paul Gallo. The five brilliant performers are, in alphabetical order, Carolyn Mignini, Lynne Thigpen, Trey Wilson, Mary Catherine Wright, and Jerry Zaks. O brave old world, that has such people in't!

A MISGUIDED young man named Stephen Wade has brought to the Century Theatre a curiosity that he calls "Banjo Dancing." He appears to believe that it is a show worthy of occupying a theatre; in fact, it is a not very lively, not very talented

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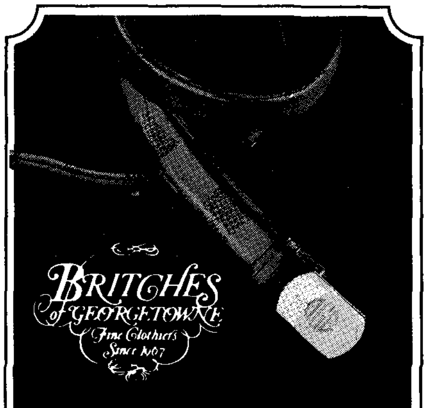

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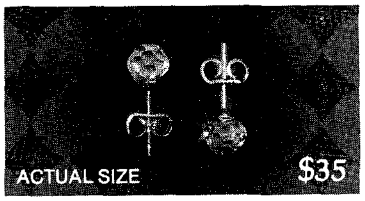

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night-club act, in which Mr. Wade plays a banjo—and what a peremptory and overbearing instrument the banjo can be!—and recites tall stories culled from nineteenth-century sources. Mr. Wade's professional persona is that of a shyly smiling urban hayseed, and I doubt if he is any such thing. I left at the intermission, feeling something like the relief that Houdini must have felt on emerging from a chained and locked trunk that had been thrown into the icy depths of the Chicago River.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

T.K.O.

THE Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season at its new uptown headquarters—Theatre Four, on Fifty-fifth Street—with Samm-Art Williams' "The Sixteenth Round." The play begins with a soliloquy about innocence and innocence gone, spoken over a microphone by Douglas Turner Ward, artistic director, actor, dramatist, and founding father of the company. The action takes place in a ratty apartment in North Philadelphia, where a boxer named Jesse has been hiding out with a woman named Marsha ever since he killed another fighter in the ring; he is punch-drunk and crazy with guilt and fear but still babbling about becoming heavyweight champion of the world. She, encumbered with failed dreams of her own of becoming a dancer, nurses him and indulges him and loves him. The third, and pivotal, character of the play is Jesse's former sparring partner, who much of the time stands motionless staring at the apartment from across the street, and now and then enters in a threatening way. He may or may not be the hit man of mobsters who want Jesse killed. There is much talk of gangsters and corruption, and eventually a confession from Jesse of his having set up the dead fighter.

"The Sixteenth Round," slack and lifeless and dull, is a major disappointment. Mr. Williams, whose "Home," with enough momentum for five plays, is one of the glories of the current season, does not himself seem at home—or able to convince an audience that he is—in these surroundings. The evening is not a total waste, however; there are passages of dramatic writing and clear scenes, and although Paul Benjamin seems miscast as Jesse, there are strong performances by Roscoe Orman as the sparring partner and nemesis, and by Rosalind Cash—a fine actress who has been away from the local theatre far too long—as Marsha. No rescue, though, for "The Sixteenth Round," and I couldn't help comparing it to J. E. Gaines' "What if It Had Turned Up Heads"—another play about human discards in dingy quarters (a basement in Harlem this time), which was so valid and so filled with vitality and feeling and humor that it almost burst its setting at the New Lafayette in 1972. At Theatre Four, in 1980, Horacena J. Taylor was the director, and the effective scenery and lighting were by Felix E. Cochren and Shirley Prendergast.

—Edith Oliver

• •

FRAGMENT OF A CONVERSATION IN BED

Then again when I saw the moon shadow
of an owl, three or four winters past,
gliding over the snow, I felt it, too,
this sense you speak of, we lying now
in our comfort, our warm, naked, loving
bodies. I knew it. Say it is the honor
of insight unexpected, such a gift! That
was far from this city of churches and
offices; it was a field in the North.
Was it the same? I think for you the moon
might have been the gift there, the sign
of further light unseeable; but I,
who could have seen the owl if I had looked
up in the brightness, somehow in that meadow,
where the vague but unmistakable form
moved over drifts of whiteness,
a perfection of movement, without force,
without sound, cared only to see the shadow.
I did not look up for the source.

—Hayden Carruth

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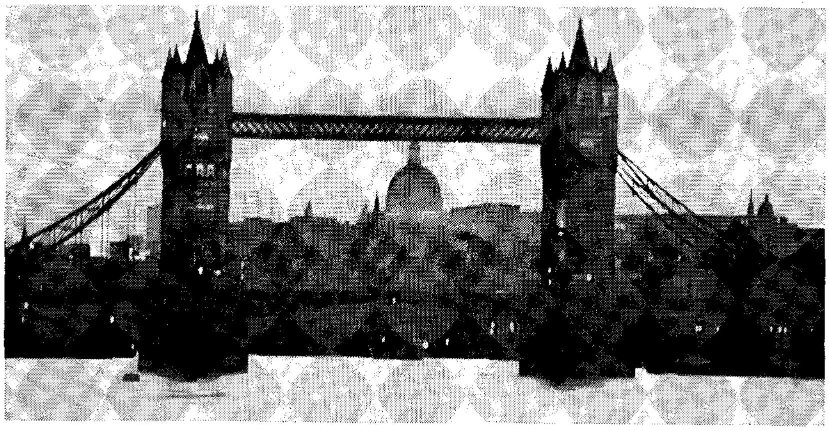

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AROUND CITY HALL

COALESCING

SOMETIMES circumstances change in a city, and the people who live there hardly notice until events lead them to make comparisons. During the eleven-day transit strike here last April, as New Yorkers beat their way back and forth to and from work as best they could, many of them inevitably began to recall the way things were during the last transit strike, in January of 1966. There was no doubt, everyone agreed, that the sidewalks New Yorkers had trudged along morning and evening fourteen years earlier were safer and cleaner, but, of course, that had been long before the phrase "fiscal crisis," said as one word, was used to explain and excuse nearly all the inadequacies of local government—serving much the same purpose as the question "Don't you know there's a war on?" had for New Yorkers in the early nineteen-forties. There were only a few bike riders during the earlier strike, compared to the hundred thousand or so who swirled in and out of traffic this year. In 1966, roller skates were for children under ten, and there were hardly any joggers: an informally dressed person seen racing around a corner that year risked being tackled by the cops as a suspected footpad.

A particular reminder of how some things have changed since 1966 was the look of the thousands of local policemen who were put back on duty to handle the crowds of involuntary pedestrians last April. Many of the policemen's jackets appeared to be several sizes too small and gaped apart, unbuttonable. Notice of this condition was soon being taken in letters to local newspapers. ("Why does the greatest city in the United States have a police force that looks like a fat brigade?" a *Daily News* correspondent asked, and another demanded to know how policemen so encumbered could catch up with criminals.) During the earlier strike, most of the police had short-cropped hair. Many of the young men who were being arrested in demonstrations against the Vietnam War at that time wore their hair to their shoulders. Long hair had political connotations in those days, and in the precinct houses the protesters sometimes faced not only the appropriate charges but jeering remarks from the cops, questioning their Americanism. By the time of this year's transit strike, if members of the counterculture—among whom long hair is no longer particularly stylish—were unfortunate enough to get arrested, the men who put the cuffs on them were likely to be wearing their hair hanging down over their collars. Though New York policemen don't wear beards (which fourteen years ago were taken in many quarters as proof of subversive tendencies but are now associated with upward mobility and suburban crabgrass), the ends of their thick mustaches often stretch almost far enough to reach their bushy sideburns. In 1966, there was a certain poignancy in some of the scenes of policemen arresting demonstrators, since the embattled figures on both sides were usually about the same age. During this year's transit strike, the median age of New York cops was over forty—which helped explain the department's weight problem. Many of them were the same cops as those on the force in 1966; as of early April of this year, no new policemen had been available for street duty since 1975, primarily because of the fiscal crisis. The prospect of younger policemen being added to the force also looked grim. The previous November, a federal court order had required the department to select members under a special quota system that over a period of several years would sharply increase black and Hispanic representation, which was then eleven per cent in a city whose minority population is now believed to be at least forty per cent. Mayor Koch, who has denounced the principle of quotas as "an abomination," refused to comply with the order and halted all hiring of police while it was appealed. A move has now been made to end the local phase in which the greatest city in the United States relied on the protection of an overage (and often overweight) police force. In early August, after the federal court's order was modified by an appellate judge to require that one out of three rather than one out of two new policemen be members of minority groups, Koch declared that the city would "never give in" until forced to by the courts—that is, presumably at the end of the appeals process, which could go as high as the Supreme Court and could take several years. A few days later, however, faced with a rising crime rate, the Mayor announced that the city would comply with the order while the appeal continued, and in September six hundred

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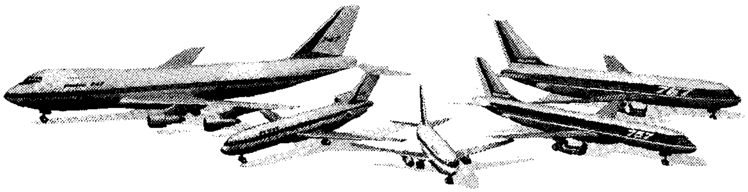

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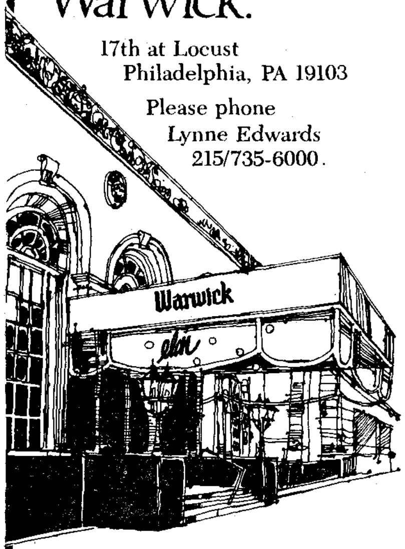

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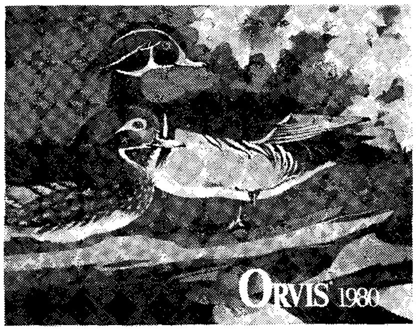

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new policemen, including minority members in accordance with the judicial guidelines, finally joined the force.

During the 1966 strike, New York's Mayor was John Lindsay, who had been sworn in only six hours before the transit system was shut down. Despite this miserable start to his first City Hall administration (in all, he served eight years there), many New Yorkers were convinced that the handsome, liberal Republican was launched on a political career that could take him to the White House. In January of 1966, Koch had not yet been elected to public office. To the extent that he was a recognized figure at all, he was known as the district leader who had helped challenge and defeat the regular Democratic organization in Greenwich Village. A Reform Democrat believed to be deeply committed to civil-rights issues, to improving the lot of the city's underprivileged, and to other liberal causes, he was then seen as the personification of what local conservatives liked to describe as a bleeding heart. At the time of this year's transit strike, Lindsay, who became a Democrat in 1971, was getting ready to run for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate. Hopes for his future remained high in one area: in the September primary, he carried, by a large margin, every one of the city's black districts, where his walks through troubled streets on such nights as that of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., are still remembered. When the returns were in, however, he had taken only sixteen per cent of the votes in a four-candidate race, and the next morning he announced that he would never again run for public office. Koch, the onetime bleeding heart, was elected Mayor in 1977 as the defender of the middle class, on a platform of reducing the power of the municipal unions and a crime-cutting program that included the restoration of the death penalty. Since he took office, in January of 1978, he has been engaged in an almost unbroken series of battles with various groups of his constituents, particularly union officials and black and Hispanic leaders. He is now on excellent terms with the city's Democratic bosses (and lately with the Republican bosses), and looks pleased when he is described as a conservative.

SOMETIMES if there is no particular event to cause people to look back on the way things were they may hardly notice changes or may take them for granted. It has been five years now since New York was pulled back from the brink of bankruptcy, largely through the efforts of an alliance that Governor Hugh Carey likes to describe as "ecumenical"—a group venture that has had a considerable influence on how things are done in the city. This fall, Edward Silver, counsel for the Metropolitan Opera, received calls from two men now familiar enough to the public to be referred to in tabloid headlines by their first names: Victor Gotbaum and Felix Rohatyn. Gotbaum and Rohatyn proposed that they work together to try to resolve the opera company's disagreement with the musicians' union—a dispute so intractable that it has caused the cancellation of the Met's season and, in the view of some, threatened the future of the institution. Few New Yorkers who heard about this stopped to consider how bizarre it would have seemed before 1975 for such a pair to operate as a negotiating team. Gotbaum, the wild-haired, fierce-talking executive director of District Council 37, the city's largest municipal union, about sixty per cent of whose members are black or Hispanic, used to come to public attention only at the time when municipal contracts were being negotiated, when he was regularly denounced by the *News* as the scourge of the city. Rohatyn, a senior partner in the international investment house of Lazard Frères, is a slight, soft-spoken man, rather elegant of manner, whom few people outside the financial world had ever heard of before the summer of 1975, when he and Gotbaum first met. Commenting editorially last month on their suggestion, the *News* hailed what it called "The Felix and Vic Show" as "just the ticket" to "harmonize once more," this time for the benefit of the Met. The editors added, "Both have proved many times over that they are savvy thinkers who specialize in finding solutions to seemingly hopeless problems. We offer their performance during the city's 1975 fiscal crisis as Exhibit A."

A number of the principal figures in the informal 1975 coalition—Republicans, Democrats, corporation presidents and their lawyers, municipal-union officials and their advisers (some of whom went way back in local radical movements), financiers, state and city politicians—had until then been noted for playing up and profiting from the hostilities that are traditional among their varied constituencies. (In the minds of some critics of the events of 1975, such animosities are the way things should be; it is the present fraternization that is against nature.) Meeting together in a series of emergency sessions through the summer and the fall five years ago, the classic adversaries were able to agree on a number of severe measures, including the surrender of power over the city's finances to a state Emergency Financial Control Board. These actions could not by themselves have pulled the city through, but they were dramatic enough to enable the coalition members to persuade Congress late in 1975 that New York deserved to be the beneficiary of a federal revolving-loan program. That successful pitch to Washington then became the model for the effort, engineered by essentially the same team, that, two and a half years later, won the city the billion-six-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar federal-loan-guarantee program that is currently keeping the city afloat. Rohatyn (who, with the particular assistance of Jack Bigel, chief consultant to the municipal unions, devised many of the more creative rescue strategies, such as the use of municipal-employee pension funds to keep the strapped city in day-to-day cash) has since described the task force that was convened in 1975 as a "commune"—no doubt enjoying the anomaly of associating this revolutionary term with an enterprise in which a number of quintessential capitalists, among them the Chase Manhattan Bank's chairman, David Rockefeller, were central figures.

Members of the 1975 team, many of whom still play prominent roles in the life of the city, are understandably eager to make sure that this stirring phase of their lives doesn't fade from local memory. To more detached witnesses, it is evident that the participants in the coalition acted not necessarily out of philanthropic motives: a city bankruptcy would have been a disaster for all the elements they represented—the banks, the unions (who might have lost their pension security entirely), the corporations with a large stake here, and, of course, the politicians. Because of the crisis nature of the rescue mission, however, it is usually described in terms of derring-do and heroics not often applied to municipal fiscal events. For good measure, there are colorful sidelights of the B-movie-plot sort. If it hadn't been for the save-the-city operation,

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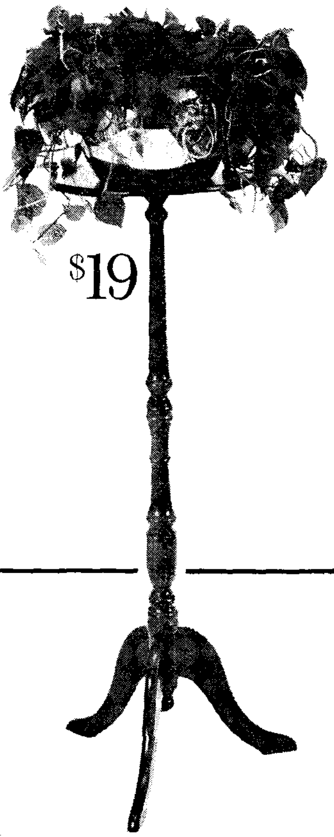

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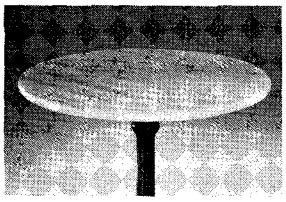

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Gotbaum almost certainly would never have met another of the 1975 principals, William Ellinghaus, the president of the New York Telephone Company, who last year described Gotbaum and his wife, Betsy, as "among my best friends." Before 1975, Gotbaum would have called it unimaginable that he would ever refer to David Rockefeller, as he has since done, as "quite sensitive and quite understanding." Rohatyn, who thought the union leader "very intimidating" when they first met, would never have discovered Gotbaum's prowess as a tennis opponent (which he has also described as intimidating) or have had the director of District Council 37 as best man at his wedding four years later. It is possible that before Rohatyn became one of the folk heroes of the fiscal crisis he might have been asked to sit on the board of the New York Philharmonic, as he now does, but it is unlikely that Gotbaum would have occupied his present seat on the board of Lincoln Center back in the days when municipal-union leaders were regarded only as part of the problem. Gotbaum's invitation reportedly came at the suggestion of Rohatyn, who urged the Lincoln Center directors to "get out and find someone in the real world."

Even if social and musical events didn't bring the members of the Class of '75 together from time to time, some of them would keep running into each other at meetings of the various bodies that were established as the result of their 1975 schemes to revamp the city's crippled financial structure. Rohatyn is chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or MAC, the state agency set up to sell the bonds that investors have been reluctant to buy directly from the city since March of 1975. Governor Carey wanted to name Bigel a member of MAC's board of directors in 1978. The union consultant decided not to accept, because of the union pension funds' huge holdings in MAC securities, but he attends most MAC meetings. Two years ago, the Financial Control Board dropped the word "emergency" from its title—a signal that New Yorkers should expect it to be around for a long time. The Governor, who was over-all director of the 1975 rescue operation, serves as its chairman, as he has from the start. The seven Control Board members include, besides Carey, Mayor Koch, State Comptroller Edward Regan, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and three delegates from the private financial and corporate community, who are appointed by Carey with the consent of the Republican-controlled New York State Senate. Rohatyn and Ellinghaus are among those who have served on the Control Board in this capacity. Although they have never been Control Board members, Bigel and Gotbaum and several other union leaders often come to its meetings (which are open to the public) and have their say. During the proceedings, one or another of the union leaders usually mentions that, contrary to the frequent expressions of concern by the Mayor and others over the distress visited in recent years on the local middle class, it is the city's poor and relatively unaffluent residents who suffered most from the cutbacks in services and jobs required by New York's fiscal troubles: the reduction of the city payroll by sixty thousand workers between 1975 and 1977 affected most heavily blacks and Hispanics, who, having been most recently hired, were the first fired, under the last-in, first-out rule. Once the union leaders have made this and other serious points—including commentaries on the latest municipal-union contracts, which the Control Board has the power to reject or modify—their tone often turns retrospective and chummy, and any other veterans of the celebrated fiscal rescue who are in the room join in. Such exchanges may include recollections of "that wild night at Felix's apartment after the city almost defaulted" and "the time Victor took his shoe off and pounded the table with it." At last month's board meeting, the Governor asked, "Remember October 16th, 1975, the night of the Al Smith dinner, when it looked like the Ford Administration would block any chance we had to get a nickel?"

There is an occasional suspicion that this ostentatious camaraderie at Control Board meetings has a mischievous motive having to do with the Mayor. His colleagues don't mind calling it to his attention that when all these events were going on he was nowhere near the scene. In 1975, Koch was a member of the city's delegation in the House of Representatives—a group that was notorious for its lack of helpfulness in solving the crisis. Queens Representative Benjamin Rosenthal reported in September of that year that his constituents kept asking him, "What are you people doing? Where have you been?" Said Rosenthal, "I think it's a fair question." Some of Koch's fellow board members may be particularly eager to make the point about Koch's absence from the scene when things were at their worst here, since, with the passage of time and the Mayor's growing reputation as the symbol of City Hall activism, the impression has spread that he must surely also have been the man who took all the dramatic steps that got the city back on its feet financially—an impression that Koch, like any sensible politician, would have no reason to go out of his way to contradict. Sometimes it seems that members of the Koch administration have themselves forgotten when certain things happened. Last winter, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, the chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee and a prime congressional naysayer where the city is concerned, asked James Brigham, the director of Koch's Office of Management and Budget, for examples of how the city was facing up to its fiscal problems. Brigham cited the reduction of the labor force by sixty thousand workers, although this huge cutback took place, at the insistence of the Control Board, under Koch's City Hall predecessor, Abraham Beame. The public nostalgia for the old coalition days could also represent an attempt to suggest to the Mayor that he might occasionally temper his relentless confrontational style of government with a more coöperative—even ecumenical—approach.

LATELY, the coalition experience has been offered as a resource that New York politicians would be glad to export to Washington. In late August, when Carey finally endorsed his fellow-Democrat in the White House, he told the Carter staff, "I like to put together coalitions that belong together—business, labor, independents, men, women, Hispanics, minorities. . . . I'll try to use that technique through the fall whenever I'm asked for help." In supporting the city's former Consumer Affairs Commissioner, Bess Myerson, in the Democratic senatorial primary, the Governor declared that she was the kind of person who could join with senators from other parts of the country to pass legislation beneficial to New York. Miss Myerson also had the backing of Koch and Senator Daniel Patrick

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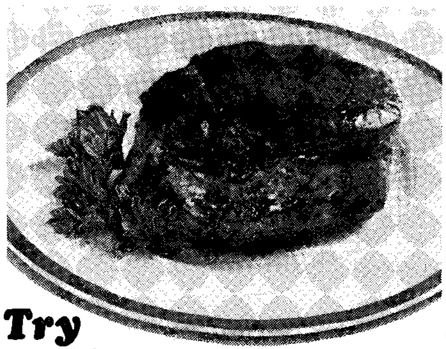

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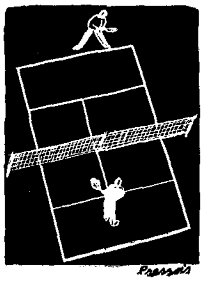
Moynihan. The Senator assured voters that he and Miss Myerson could form useful alliances with other senators, and in campaign debates she never failed to mention her ability to build coalitions.

All three politicians were obviously eager to suggest to voters that Miss Myerson's major opponent, Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, would be no good at building coalitions: according to rumor, she was too stiff-necked and uncompromising. ("Does not work well with others," in third-grade-report-card terminology.) At first, Miss Holtzman insisted that on principle she was against compromises, but later she began to insist that she, too, could build coalitions. She pointed out that Miss Myerson had no record of persuading any senator to do anything, whereas she had been able to talk a number of them around on several issues, most notably that of extending the deadline for the Equal Rights Amendment. After Miss Holtzman took the Democratic primary with forty-one per cent of the vote (besides Lindsay's sixteen-per-cent showing, Miss Myerson got thirty-one per cent, and Queens District Attorney John Santucci twelve per cent), Carey and Moynihan immediately moved to close Democratic ranks and gave her their support. If the Brooklyn Representative or any of several other female senatorial candidates wins in November, it will mark the first election of a woman senator who did not come to Congress as her husband's successor or, as in the case of the only present woman senator, Nancy Landon Kassebaum, as the daughter of a famous politician.



Miss Holtzman is one of the most liberal members of the House, while Moynihan is relatively conservative. In the past few weeks, however, as she campaigned upstate, where Moynihan is very popular, Miss Holtzman has been assuring audiences that she plans to form a coalition with Moynihan on "a whole variety of issues." Koch was the last of the prominent New York Democrats to endorse Miss Holtzman, his former colleague in the House of Representatives. After the primary, he announced that she would not have his support unless she called him and asked for it. In the next few days, he frequently mentioned that she had not yet called. "Do you think the phone works?" he asked City Hall reporters. Miss Holtzman pointed out that the President and the Vice-President of the United States had been generous enough to offer her their congratulations and support within hours of her victory. Eventually, however, she came to heel and made the call to the politically powerful Mayor. (According to the most recent *Post* poll, Koch has a favorable rating with sixty-seven per cent of New Yorkers and eighty-one per cent of local Jews, who, in contrast to blacks, vote in far larger numbers than their proportion of the population.) Koch endorsed Miss Holtzman two weeks after the primary. Early in October, however, the Mayor told Clyde Haberman, of the *Times*, that the state's Democratic voters had "made a terrible mistake" in choosing the Brooklyn Representative over his good friend Bess Myerson, calling it a "really regrettable" result. Then he agreed to join Miss Holtzman in some campaign appearances.

Although some Democrats have not been happy with the Mayor lately, he has been proving that he can work well with others when it comes to Republicans. The defeat of the seventy-six-year-old incumbent, Jacob Javits, by Alfonse D'Amato, presiding supervisor of the town of Hempstead, Long Island, in the Republican senatorial primary shook up local politics as have few events in recent years, particularly since it seemed clear that it had been the savagery of the challenger's attacks on the health and age of the four-term Senator which had won it for D'Amato. ("Look at him—does he look as if he can last another six years?" D'Amato demanded at one point.) D'Amato is now running with not only Republican but also Conservative and Right-to-Life Party endorsements. Javits has continued in the senatorial race on the line of the Liberal Party, which had often joined with the Republicans in supporting him in the past. Although Koch has been openly at odds with the Liberals, who talk of backing a candidate against him in his 1981 campaign for reëlection, on the same day he pronounced the choice of Miss Holtzman "regrettable" he made a pitch that could take more votes away from the candidate he had officially endorsed. Anyone voting for Javits, he said, would "not be sorry." On October 14th, the Mayor met at City Hall with D'Amato (who likes to make fun of

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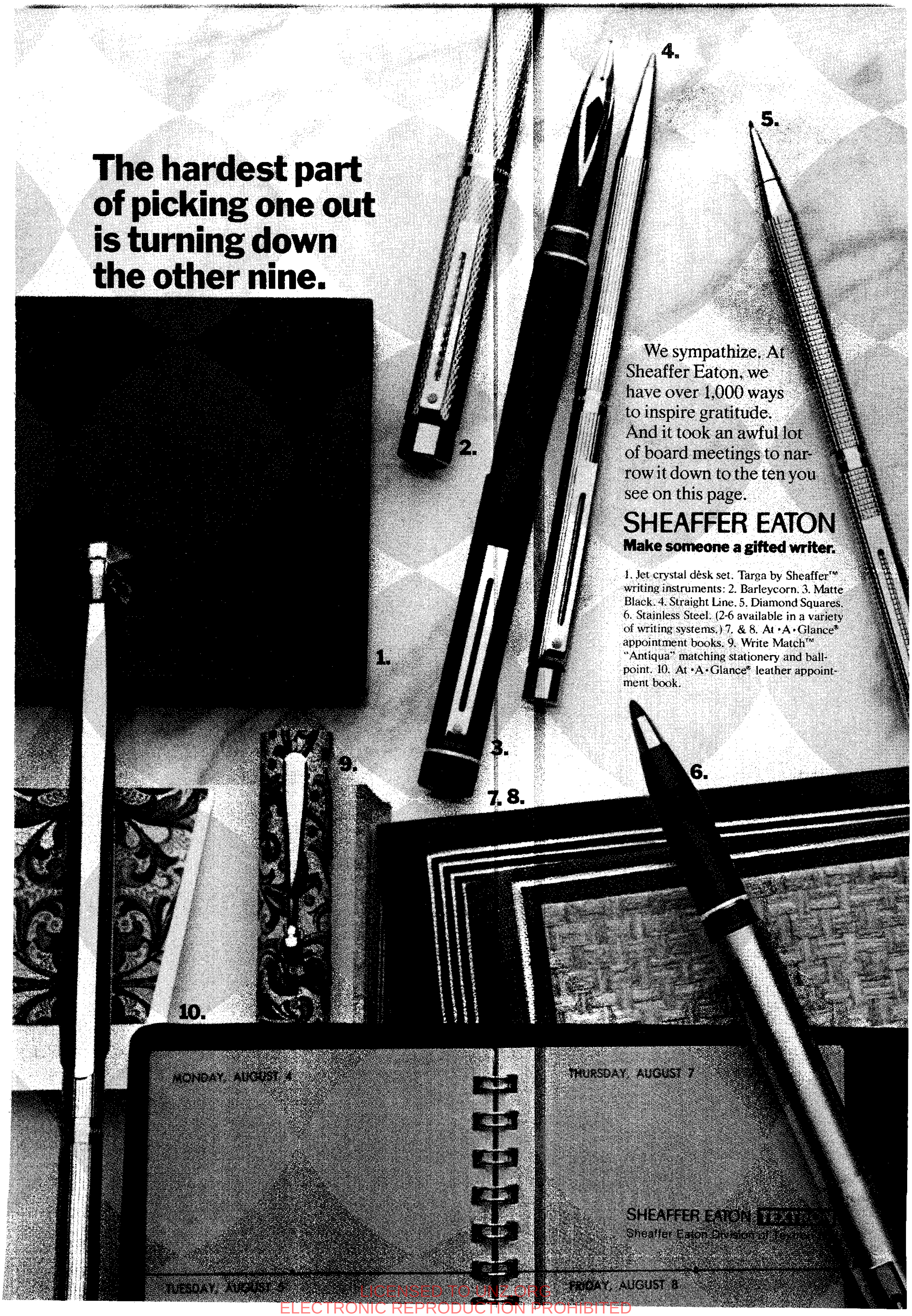
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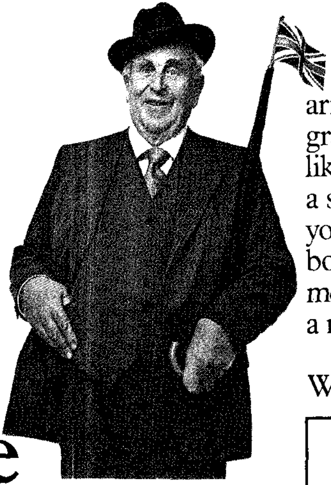

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the feminist movement by referring to his Democratic opponent as "Congressperson Holtzman"—although if he *really* wanted to make fun of such pretensions he should probably call her "Congressperson Holtzperson"). After Brigham, the budget expert, briefed the Long Islander on city issues, D'Amato and the Mayor had their pictures taken, smiling broadly, at a joint press conference. Later, Koch stood by as D'Amato attacked Miss Holtzman's fitness as a candidate. "*What* is the Mayor up to?" White House staff members kept asking in frantic calls to their New York operatives. One thing that Koch had achieved by the end of the D'Amato session was praise from the Republican so extravagant that it fell just short of a commitment to support the Mayor in his reëlection campaign next year.

It would save time and, of course, money if Koch had Republican as well as Democratic backing in 1981. Earlier this year, the Mayor boosted his prospects for such an endorsement by announcing his support for the reëlection of two Republican state senators: John Marchi, of Staten Island, and John Calandra, of the Bronx—Calandra being also the Bronx Republican boss. This move infuriated Democratic State Senate leaders, because it seemed to scotch any hope they had of winning control of the Senate this fall. It would require a shift of only six seats and would presumably be better for the city, since Democrats tend to be more accommodating about problems downstate, where most of the state's Democrats are. In another friendly gesture toward the opposition party, Koch broke with precedent last June and addressed the Platform Committee not only of his own party but also of the G.O.P. Before his appearance at the Republican hearing, campaign aides of the President, whom Koch endorsed for reëlection in the summer of 1979, sent the Mayor a message reminding him that much of the legislation that the city and Carter had tried to get through Congress had been blocked by congressional Republicans. Koch's testimony before the Republican Platform Committee, in which he urged support for federal-aid formulas that would be more helpful to cities and particularly for a larger commitment to mass transit, was interspersed with entertaining one-liners ("Congress passes all these laws against dumping sludge and then doesn't tell us where we *can* dump it. I may have to take it back to my apart-

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ment"), and so delighted Bill Brock, the Republican National Chairman, who was present, that Brock urged the Mayor to consider changing parties. Apparently, the Republicans didn't pay attention to his serious points, however. In its final form, their platform offered almost no special help for cities. As for mass transit, the Republicans specifically rejected "the élitist notion that Americans must be forced out of their cars" and, instead, vigorously supported "the right of personal mobility and freedom as exemplified by the automobile and our modern highway system."

DESPITE the Mayor's disappointment with the G.O.P. platform, when George Bush came to Harlem early in September to dedicate a housing project built by Lionel Hampton, the jazz vibraphone player, who is also a prosperous Harlem real-estate operator and the honorary chairman of the New York State Blacks for Reagan-Bush Committee, Koch was on hand. Asked why he was present for what was essentially a Republican public-relations event, he said, "Because I'm the Mayor." He was not amused at speculation that it was safe for him to come to Harlem only when he could stand next to someone who had Secret Service protection. Later that month, however, neighborhood protests against his closing of a municipal hospital in Harlem turned very ugly, and when the time came to dedicate the new, publicly built Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, which is the repository of black history in the city, there were threats that his presence could lead to serious racial troubles. On the advice of police officials, he did not attend. On October 20th, when the President and Senator Edward Kennedy made a joint appearance in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section, another black area of Koch's city, there were again warnings that there would be demonstrations if Koch showed up, and, despite the heavy Secret Service presence, he stayed away.

A Koch approach to the Republicans that had gratifying consequences was the recent bipartisan defeat of a move by Senator Proxmire to forbid the city's use of the balance of its billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees. According to the terms of the federal-loan-guarantee act, the city was expected to be in a strong enough position financially by June of 1982 to enter the private bond market on its own. Despite all the cheery City Hall reports about the city's fiscal progress, it is now widely agreed that by that date the city will not be in sound enough condition to finance itself on its own. Last summer, Rohatyn devised a convoluted scheme, supported by Koch, that would combine the use of increased MAC borrowing authority and the remaining nine hundred million dollars in loan guarantees in such a way that, as Proxmire instantly complained, the guarantee program would be stretched out an additional two years. When no one, including the United States Treasury, was looking, Proxmire clapped an amendment on to a Senate appropriations bill that forbade this maneuver, and in this piggyback state it passed the Senate by a wide margin. Eager to nail down New York's critical forty-one electoral votes, President Carter launched a strenuous campaign to persuade a Senate-House conference committee to reject the amendment. Meanwhile, Koch got in touch with William Simon, who as Gerald Ford's Secretary of the Treasury led the fight in 1975 against having the federal government bail the city out. As a leading Reagan adviser, he, too, had a big interest in the state's forty-one electoral votes (which New Yorkers like to credit with having kept Ford from renewing his White House lease four years ago). On Simon's advice, Reagan was soon calling for the defeat of the Proxmire amendment. Eventually, the Senator withdrew it, saying crossly that it had "fallen victim to Presidential politics." The Carter forces had been slapping up posters all over town showing Carter (in the presence of a smiling Mayor and Governor) signing the New York loan-guarantee agreement and quoting Reagan's past statement about praying morning and night that the federal government would not bail the city out. When Reagan was asked if his latest position wasn't wholly at odds with his former stand, he agreed that he had opposed the 1978 agreement "as a matter of principle," but explained, "I changed that position a long time ago, and I changed it when Mayor Koch was elected and began doing the things that needed doing to straighten it out." Although in a press conference only last November, nearly two years after Koch took office, Reagan had still seemed to oppose help for New York City and also not to know anything about the requirements of the loan-guarantee program, he

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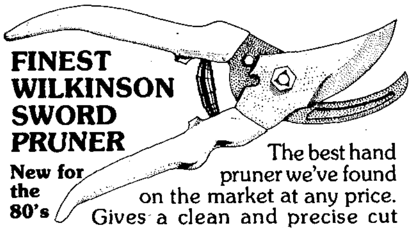

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now said, speaking of the Mayor, "I have been in favor of these loans ever since he started." There are all kinds of coalitions. A gratified Koch commented, "New York City must be doing something right if I can bring a Democratic President running for reelection and a Republican former Governor as his opponent together in support of a cause."

Two weeks later, when Carter made an appearance before a large Jewish group in Forest Hills, Queens, at which he was interrupted by hecklers denouncing him as anti-Israel, Koch, the President's most prominent Jewish supporter, was not present. The Mayor explained later to George Arzt, the City Hall bureau chief of the *Post*, which has endorsed Reagan, "I will not participate in advocating the Carter position to Jews," citing what he considered to be the Administration's anti-Israel votes in the United Nations. That same week, he met with the Republican Presidential candidate at Gracie Mansion. In the last days before an election whose results, many people believe, may hinge on how things go in New York, where the outcome could turn on the choice of the Jewish voters, Koch said after the meeting that he considered the position of Reagan to be more pro-Israel.

Some people who deal regularly with New York's volatile Mayor find that they will get through each day with less grief if they try never to figure out ahead of time what he will do next—and if they also avoid the mistake of assuming that there is some rational, long-range motivation (even the one about looking out for No. 1) back of all the noise. Almost certainly, Koch will get the Republican endorsement in his reëlection campaign, but that could have been arranged without openly encouraging votes against his fellow-Democrat in the senatorial race. As for the undermining of his formally endorsed Presidential candidate, it is hardly certain that this will be a big benefit to the city, which is the reason the Mayor has several times given for his public stroking of the Republican Presidential nominee. If Reagan should win on November 4th, with or without taking this state, he may be appreciative of the Mayor's efforts in his behalf. However, even if the former California Governor's willingness to "work closely with the city and with Congress" on New York's problems, which is all that he has pledged to do as President, were more deeply felt

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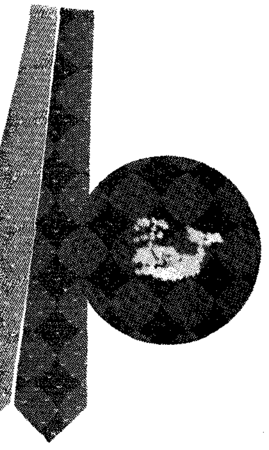

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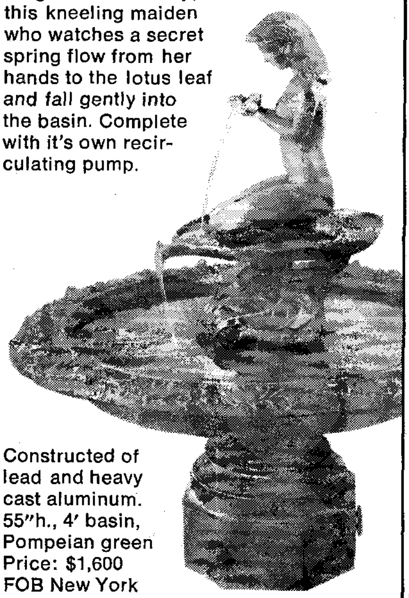

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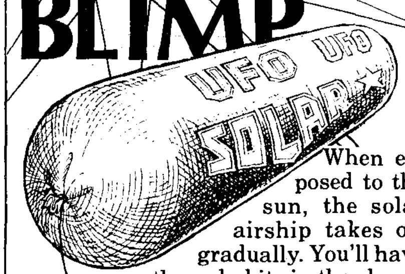

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than it appears to be, the Republicans whom he would carry with him into Congress promise to be even less likely than those already there to come from jurisdictions that look kindly on New York's eternal clamoring for more special favors, as the city's requests for aid are often regarded elsewhere. In the case of a Reagan victory, the Democrats who remain in Washington—and who may well still have a majority in both houses of Congress—will know that some of the blame for their party's loss of the White House and the powers and privileges that go with it should be laid on the Mayor who provided Reagan with badly needed urban credentials and special credentials with Jewish voters. The city would then also have fewer Democratic friends in Congress than it does now. If Carter should win another term, it would not be surprising if in the next four years—during which he will not have to give a thought to any state's electoral votes—he should discover urban areas more worthy of help than the one whose Mayor has been such a trial. A few weeks ago, at this year's Al Smith dinner, which was attended by all prominent local politicians as well as the Republican and Democratic Presidential nominees, Carter jokingly told the crowd that "on the Governor's 'I Love New York' button, the paint is still wet." In a part of the joke that was less commented upon, he said he had pointed out this out to "my good friend Mayor Koch."

—Andy Logan

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the mirror filled,
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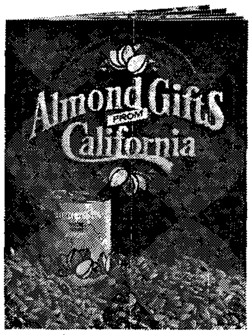
We move, we are moved. It runs
in the family. For the life of us
we cannot stand to stay.

—Heather McHugh



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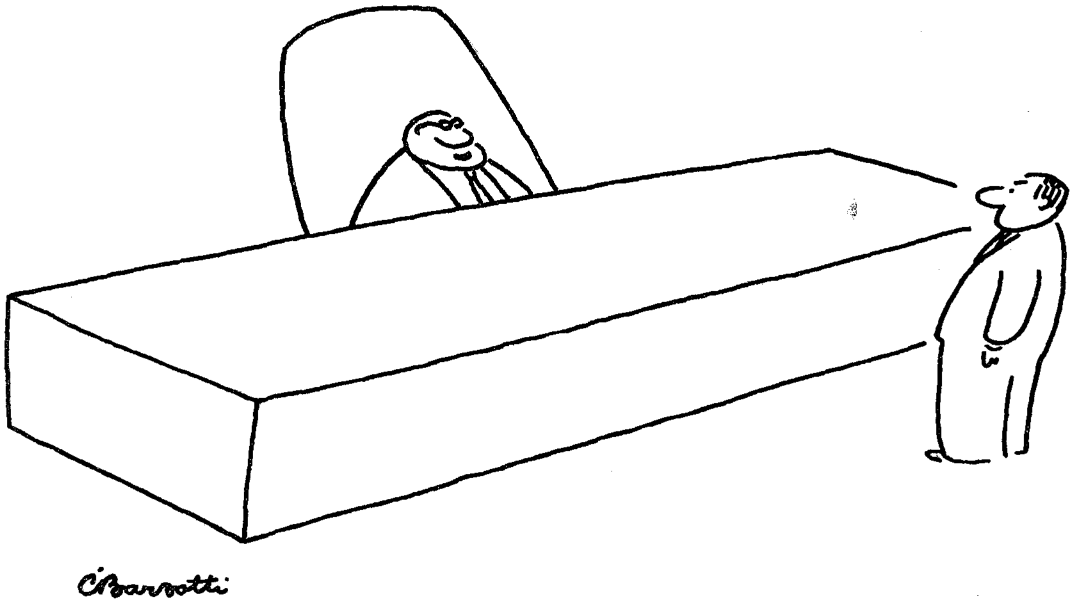
MUSICAL EVENTS

Emotion

IN my younger days, I heard Mahler's Eighth Symphony at decent intervals: in 1948, conducted by Adrian Boult; in 1959, by Jascha Horenstein; in 1964, by Charles Groves. Deryck Cooke's program note for the second of these—the fourth-ever performance of the work in London—began, "To hear Mahler's Eighth Symphony in the flesh is an experience as rare as it is tremendous." Those early performances made a great impression on me. I have lost count of later ones. Within the space of a month, I have just heard three different performances of the symphony: in San Francisco, where Edo de Waart conducted it with the San Francisco Symphony in the new Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall; from Orchestra Hall in Chicago, whence the inaugural concert of the Chicago Symphony's ninetieth-anniversary season, conducted by Georg Solti, was widely broadcast; and in Carnegie Hall, where it was conducted by Seiji Ozawa at the Boston Symphony's first New York visit in its hundredth-anniversary season. The eighty-minute progress, with immense forces, from the urgent, ardent summoning of a Creator Spirit to a heaven where "the ineffable is enacted" and—in the Jungian parlance of the new Boston translation—"Eternal-*anima* compels us on" used to be no everyday event but a huge, exciting adventure earnestly embarked on by both executants and audience. Now that the adventure is no longer rare—now that conductors and listeners are ready to take it in their stride—has it also become less tremendous? I asked the question four years ago, when the Philharmonic's "Mahler-month"—a series of concerts at which Pierre Boulez conducted Symphonies Nos. 3, 7, and 9, Erich Leinsdorf No. 5, and James Levine the rest—had left me not unadmiring but something less than overwhelmed, exalted, shattered. And I decided that the answer is yes—and yes to a similar question about any of the symphonies—except when it is conducted by someone who seems less to "command" the work than to be commanded by it, by a conductor in (disciplined) surrender to the flow and surge and swell of the music and to its emotional dictates. Mahler's forms are easily apprehended; in performance, they must be charged by feeling. Boulez's lucid, "analytical" performances proved cold; at best, they were correctives to emotionally messy, unconsidered, callow, or stalely routine interpretations. Since then, I have heard three Mahler performances in which form and feeling, technical delicacy and sensuous beauty of execution, mastery and mystery conspired to transport listeners: Solti's of the Fifth, with the Chicago Symphony, and Abbado's of the Fourth, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, both in Carnegie Hall in 1977; and now Solti's of the Eighth.

This Eighth as far surpassed Solti's 1972 recording of the work as his 1977 Carnegie performance of the Fifth surpassed his 1970 recording. I heard it, as I said, over the air. The performance—like those of Easley Blackwood's Fourth Symphony in 1978 and of Beethoven's Ninth in 1979—was carried "live" from Chicago to Europe by way of a broadcasting satellite. The relay was a co-production of that admirable Chicago station WFMT and the European Broadcasting Union. Leo Black, of the BBC, came over to direct it. The national stations of Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Italy, West Germany, Sweden, and Canada and about a hundred and fifty local American stations broadcast the concert. (But in Europe at least, I'm told, the Eighth did not make it all the way through. Fifty-five minutes in, some wires got crossed: a diaper commercial began to mingle with the Mahler's elevated strains, and then, understandably, a fuse blew. The BBC, which was feeding the relay to the other countries, switched to its "cover," the 1972 recording.) In New York, however, a tape (undiapered) of the concert was broadcast the next day, by WNCN. The sound was not up to BBC standards. In the second movement, between the harp arpeggios and the "Mater Gloriosa" entry that they herald, there was an audible change of tape, accompanied by a drop in volume. But it was good enough to leave a listener rapt, awed, exhilarated, trembling at the grandeur and beauty of Mahler's visionary work.

The simplest point of excellence to describe is the superlative instrumental playing of the Chicago Symphony; the San Francisco and Boston orchestras were not in the same class. When the march theme of the first movement was passed from horn chorus to oboe chorus, to flute-and-bassoon chorus, and back to the horns and was then scattered through the orchestra, one felt one had never heard wind playing so rhythmically precise, perfectly balanced, and purely tuned. To embark on direct comparisons of orchestral and choral timbre would be unfair: the San Franciscans were playing in a hall with unfinished acoustics; the Bostonians were packed onto the Carnegie stage in a curiously lopsided way, with



"Don't fight the system, Jessup. The system is good."

double-basses banished to the right outfield, where they could provide no deep, firm foundation to the sound. But the Chicago string tone, at any rate as heard from loudspeakers, was fuller, warmer, richer, more beautiful than the "live" tone at the other performances. The Chicago Symphony Chorus (which used a German, not an Italianized, pronunciation of the Latin) was livelier, more accurate in attack, than the others. The children who take the part of Blessed Boys carolled more liltingly. But the Chicago Eighth was memorable above all for the breadth, warmth, and profundity of Solti's reading. He has always been an energetic and exciting conductor. He has regularly secured technically first-rate playing. But sometimes it seemed that his concern was with execution, with orchestral virtuosity, with excitement for excitement's sake. This Eighth, as exciting, as "vital" as anything he has done, was breathed in long spans. All the tempi and all transitions between them seemed natural, inevitable. The first movement was a heartfelt invocation, the second a "drama" of vision upon vision, mystic and beautiful. The preparation for and then the "placing" of each great moment—such as the massed cry of "Accende lumen sensibus"—was exactly right. The solo singers were fervent. By comparison, de Waart's performance was a well-meaning sketch. Ozawa's was shallow, lightweight, and shrill.

Violent physical reactions to Mahler's music—bouts of weeping, for example—are too well documented to be dismissed as merely personal critical indicators of a performance's merit. (A rehearsal for the first performance of the Sixth Symphony left its composer, his wife recalled, "sobbing, wringing his hands, unable to control himself.") More than just emotion—which Boulez considered a "somewhat primitive reaction" to Mahler's music—is brought into play. A great performance of the Eighth Symphony touches on all that its listeners may have thought about religion, philosophy, and art; about individual striving and collective achievement. The Second Symphony, its composer said, asks, and tries to answer, "the great question: 'Why did you live? Why did you suffer? Is it all nothing but a huge, cruel jest?' " The Third Symphony was intended to be "a work of such magnitude that it actually mirrors the whole world." It leads its listeners from awe, chaos, brutality, and terror, through emerging order, a delight in nature's beauty, and a yearning for something still higher, to a passionate, glowing "musical enactment" of bliss. That's what it should do. Zubin Mehta's performance, at the Philharmonic early last month, left me unmoved. I began to fear that—unless Mahler's music has been overrated—I'd lost my ability to respond to it. Solti's performance of the Eighth reassured me that I hadn't.

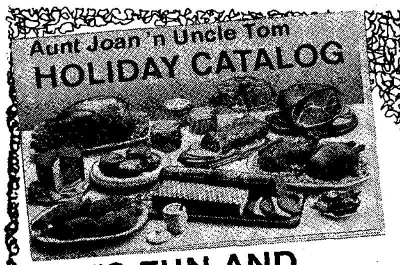
—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Sensations

For brutal sonic excitement, the music of Iannis Xenakis is hard to surpass. Its elemental, primitive, though often immensely complex sound compels the listener to reconsider the boundaries between music and noise, to wonder about the meaning of "beauty" for such a composer, and, finally (in the case of this listener, at least), to be overwhelmed by the coherence and strength that it demonstrates. Yet his music has been attacked by many writers; the composer's daunting explanations of his compositional procedures have perhaps encouraged these attacks. For me, the reasoning behind the pieces pales beside the music itself.

Mr. Xenakis is a Greek born in Rumania. An architect as well as a musician, he went to study and live in Greece but in 1947 fled to Paris as a political exile. His work is now played in Greece, and he has returned there for festivals devoted to his music. His preoccupation with a mathematical basis of composition, with the use of chance procedures and computer technology to determine features of his pieces, and with the use of electronic techniques distinguished him among the members of the European avant-garde in the nineteen-fifties. "Metastaseis"—one of two Xenakis works in a recent Philharmonic program—caused a scandal when it was first performed, at the 1955 contemporary-music festival at Donaueschingen; it proposed a type of music based purely on sound manipulation, whereas the dominant trend at the festival was a fastidious post-Webern working of serial technique to control every element of a composition. In fact, the technique of "Metastaseis" is very strictly controlled, though the result sounds impenetrable. The Philharmonic's program book included an (as usual) unhelpful note by Xenakis on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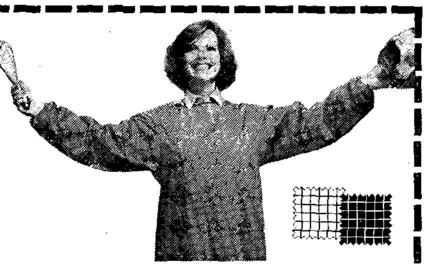
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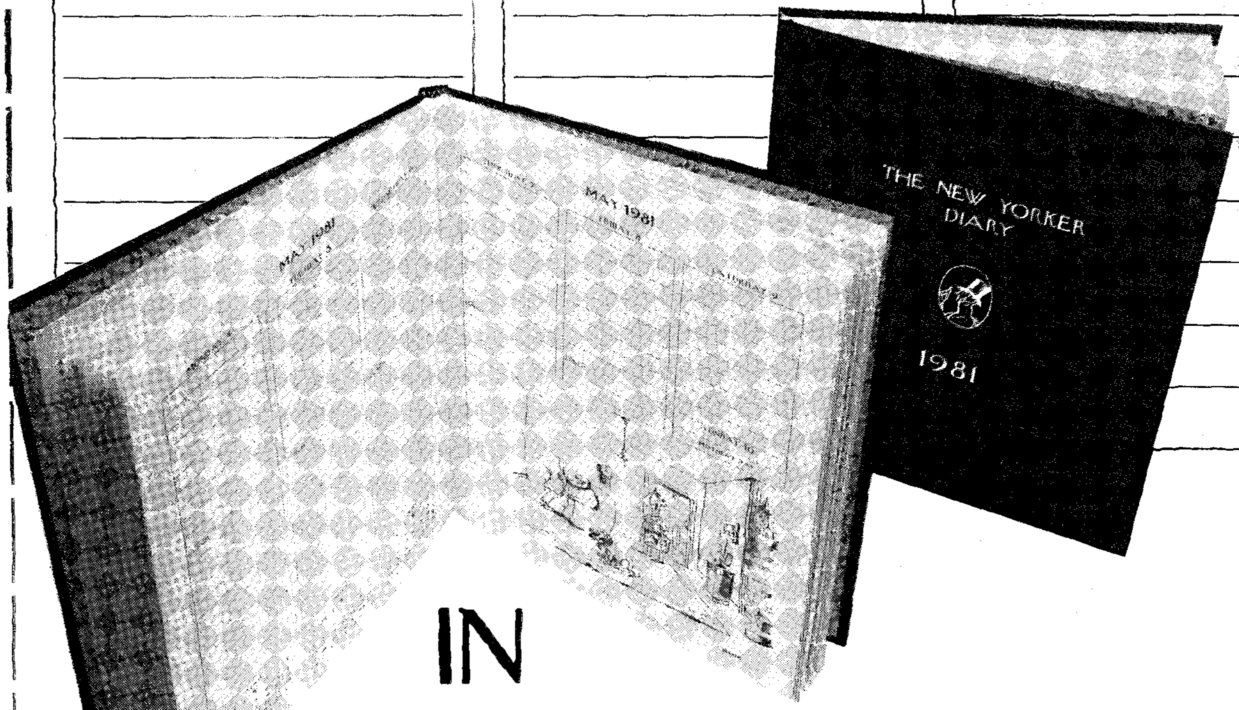

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his piece, and a short biographical note on the composer, by Edward Downes, which mentioned Xenakis' architectural work on the Philips Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair of 1958. No connection was made between the architecture and the music. Yet one way to understand the writing for strings in "Metastaseis" is to see it laid out not in conventional score but in graphic form. For instance, each of forty-six string instruments has an individual glissando line; when the straight lines are plotted on a graph they create curves, and these reappear in Xenakis' design for the Pavilion—the building makes palpable the music's logic.

"Metastaseis" is a short flourish, dour and monochrome. In later works, Xenakis has explored far more intricate methods of organizing his music. Some of these pieces are familiar in New York. "Pithoprakta" was introduced to this country by Bernstein and the Philharmonic in 1964. Both "Metastaseis" and "Pithoprakta" were choreographed for the New York City Ballet by George Balanchine in 1968. This led to an open commission to Xenakis from Balanchine which produced one of the composer's most powerful works—"Antikhthon" (1970). Balanchine never staged it; it was played in England in 1975 with "Metastaseis" and was recorded on a fine all-Xenakis disc (Decca Headline 13), which has not been released here. Another work on that record, the less successful "Aroura," was directed by Boulez at the Philharmonic-Juilliard contemporary-music festival in 1976. "Eonta" was heard at the Philharmonic in 1969, and "Akrata" in 1971.

Zubin Mehta did not choose to introduce "Antikhthon" to Philharmonic audiences; I hope that Chicago or Boston will take it up. Instead, he selected "Empreintes," a piece composed for the extensive presentation of Xenakis' work at the La Rochelle Festival in 1975 and premièred that year by Michel Tabachnik and the Concertgebouw Orchestra. It explores one idea—the "image of waves erasing the footprints of men and animals on the beaches." A single note, fluctuating in volume, penetrates the texture; around it, murmurs of string sound come and go, but the single note survives, like King Canute sitting firm as the waves wash round him. After about seven and a half minutes, the texture suddenly thins and then diversifies (the effect is electrifying). Little staccato blobs in the winds take over, while the single note whistles high on the piccolo. A grunt from the contrabassoon, and it's all over. The Philharmonic account seemed to carry conviction, but it was never as exciting as a good Xenakis performance can be. "Metastaseis," which I followed with a score, was wretchedly played at the first performance of the program; perhaps it improved. The sound was dull and unfocussed. Mehta's direction was casual. At the point where the glissandos give way to exposed writing for solo strings, things went seriously wrong—a couple of violinists kept the piece going until Mehta firmly indicated a double-bass entry.

THE violinist Rony Rogoff, playing in Alice Tully Hall, introduced to this country a version for solo instrument of the music-box melodies, based on the signs of the zodiac, which Karlheinz Stockhausen composed for his "Musik im Bauch," in 1975. I wrote here in August about the background of these music-theatre pieces; I did not expect to find their performance in concert at all effective. Yet Mr. Rogoff, by selecting six of the melodies, by varying the expression, emphasis, dynamics, and character of each, and by playing them with complete seriousness and involvement, created a magical fifteen minutes of music. He was not afraid to apply the full resources of his romantic playing style to the miniatures; their exotic, wayward lines and Oriental-sounding intervals and harmonies were seen as if lit from different angles and in contrasting colors. This personal interpretation was a fine example of a performer's creativity complementing that of the composer.

THE Philharmonia Orchestra, of London, has always been a virtuoso ensemble, and a highly musical one. (It plays on the Xenakis record mentioned earlier.) When it was founded, by Walter Legge, after the Second World War, it brought together many of London's outstanding orchestral musicians and undertook important recording work. It might (like almost every other orchestra in London) have been directed by Sir Thomas Beecham, who gave its inaugural public concert in 1945, but Legge was unhappy about the degree of control Beecham might demand in the venture, and Beecham went on to form the Royal Philharmonic a year later. The Philharmonia had outstanding success under Karajan and Giulini, but its reputation is probably

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most closely associated with the name of Otto Klemperer. When Legge decided, in 1964, that he could not afford the orchestra any longer, it was Klemperer's support that enabled the musicians to carry on as the New Philharmonia. In 1973, after Klemperer's death, Riccardo Muti became principal conductor, and in 1977 the orchestra reverted to its original title.

At two Carnegie Hall concerts, the orchestra played magnificently, and occasionally it was exciting to listen to. But Mr. Muti appears to concentrate more on breadth of tone and precision of phrasing than on rhythmic tension. His conducting does not lack poetry and grace, but those qualities are restricted by an inflexible metrical control. Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony moved solidly and resolutely; it included many superb moments—the gentle firmness of the strings in the very first answering phrase of the piece, the wind solos in the finale—yet it never moved me. There is one moment in the recapitulation of the finale, just when we think that all the disruptions and dislocations of the development section have ceased, where jagged lines for violas, cellos, and basses should suddenly make us feel that the world is about to collapse. Mr. Muti strode through this passage with unruffled confidence. Rhythmic insistence goes a long way in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and this was a more successful performance, but it never had the broad majesty of Klemperer or the terrifying relentlessness of Solti. In Schubert's Ninth, Mr. Muti jabbed at the cellos and basses in the Scherzo and interrupted the flow at other moments as well. The second violins introduced the first movement's sublime song finely, and the oboe solo in the Andante was delicate. But in the end the conductor seemed to inhibit the orchestra's singing qualities. The best performance in the two concerts was of the least significant piece. Prokofiev's Third Symphony, with its screaming banalities and unintelligibly thick scoring in the outer movements, was projected with strength and unanimity. Mr. Muti gave it tension and conviction. This, far more than the nineteenth-century repertoire for which he is becoming famous, appeared to show him in his element.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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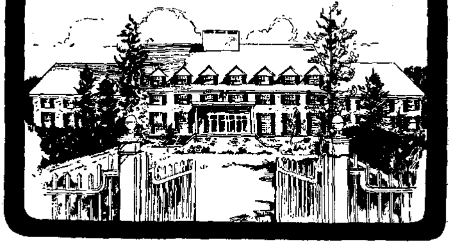
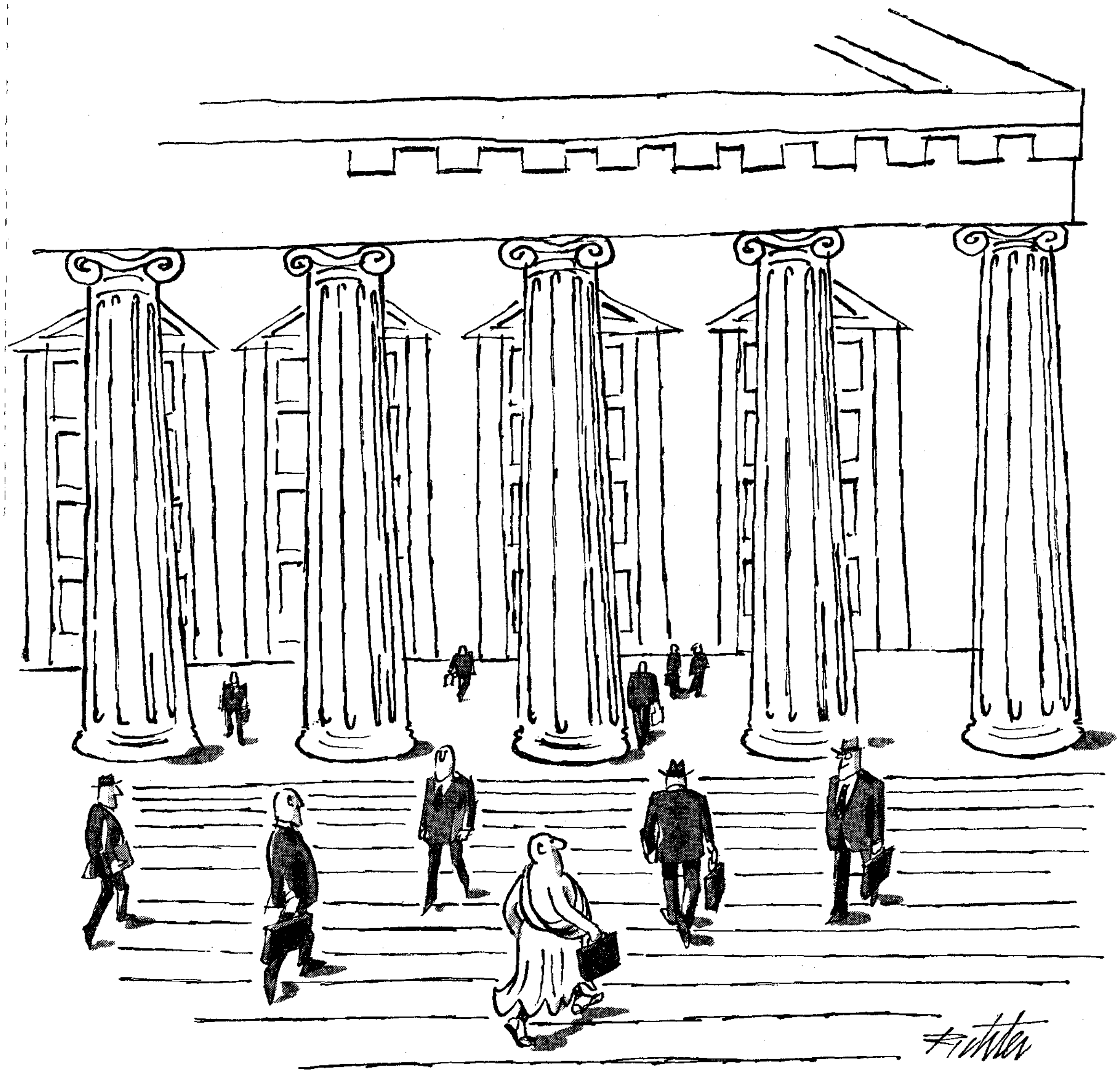


DANCING

Americana

BALLET west of the Mississippi is pretty much the creation of the Christensen brothers—Willam, Harold, and Lew—of Utah. Born to a family of music and dance teachers of Danish descent, the brothers as boys toured in vaudeville; they were hoofers as well as classical dancers and, with the Littlefields of Philadelphia, they became the most productive native-born founders of American ballet. Willam, the oldest brother, has been the principal pathfinder. Having started the Portland Ballet, Willam in 1938 took over the San Francisco Ballet, then a rib of the Opera, and built it into an independent institution. In the early fifties, Lew, a Balanchine star and an established choreographer, assumed the direction of the company—Harold was already in charge of the affiliated school—while Willam went back to Utah and began what eventually became Ballet West. The San Francisco Ballet and Ballet West, of Salt Lake City, are today generally reckoned to be the third- and fifth-largest companies in the nation (with the Joffrey in between). Both have had important New York seasons; Ballet West's début came last spring at the City Center, and San Francisco had a milestone week at the Brooklyn Academy last month. It may be said that with these two companies the Christensens' lifelong mission is fulfilled. Colonizing the entire Western United States will take another generation; that is the mission of younger men. The question is: Which of the younger men now in charge of the territory will take the lead? There is the San Francisco's co-director Michael Smuin and its team of Christensen-Smuin protégés. Further Christensen influences will probably be felt through Kent Stowell, who runs the burgeoning Pacific Northwest Ballet, in Seattle. But under Bruce Marks, who succeeded Willam Christensen in 1978, Ballet West has made a turn away from the Christensen tradition. John Clifford and the Los Angeles Ballet (which comes to the Brooklyn Academy next) are not firmly enough established on their home base to make much of a difference. The powerfully supported Houston Ballet could make a difference if it wished, but its repertory and artistic direction are largely—and peculiarly—London-Festival-Ballet British.

The eclectic Christensen tradition, a bold yet somehow impeccable combination of classical-academic and popular dance, probably got its impetus during the late thirties, when Lincoln Kirstein, temporarily split from Balanchine, started Ballet Caravan out of a near-chauvinistic urge to foment All-Americanism in ballet. Lew Christensen, Eugene Loring, Michael Kidd, William Dollar, and Erick Hawkins were among the members. Of the works that were produced Christensen's "Filling Station" and Loring's "Billy the Kid" are still being danced. In these ballets, there's the still hearty flavor of vaudeville and the movies—a bit as if Fred Astaire or James Cagney (both of whom Kirstein has acknowledged as actual inspirations) had suddenly discovered fifth position. Balanchine, of course, has always had the healthiest regard for American pop; during the Ballet Caravan years, he was at work on movies and shows. In later years, many dancers formed by the Christensens would pass into Balanchine's company. One who would not was Michael Smuin; when he went East, it was to perform on Broadway and television and to start a night-club act with his wife, Paula Tracy. Smuin and Tracy then joined American Ballet Theatre. As a choreographer, Smuin is all the places he's been as a dancer; his strength is



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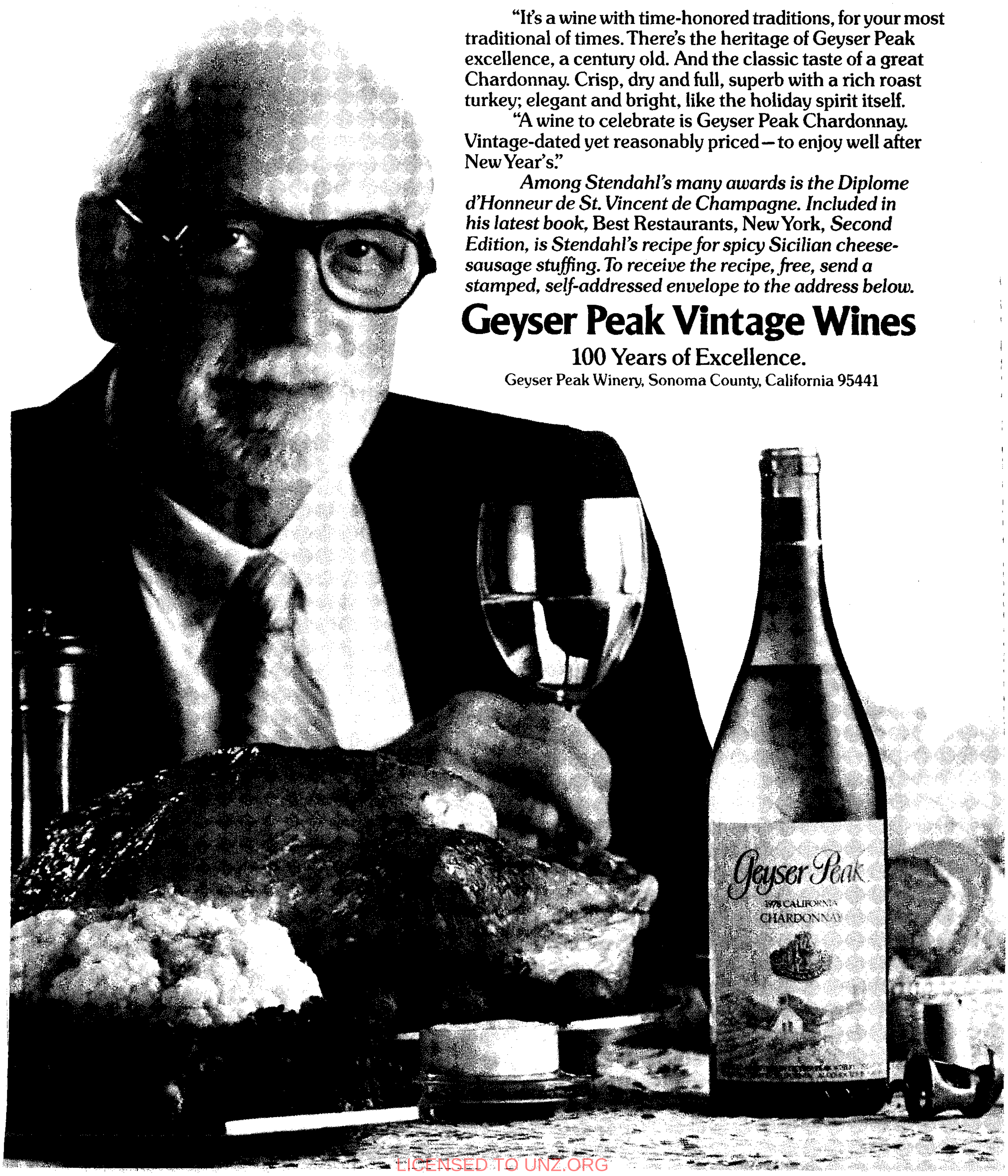

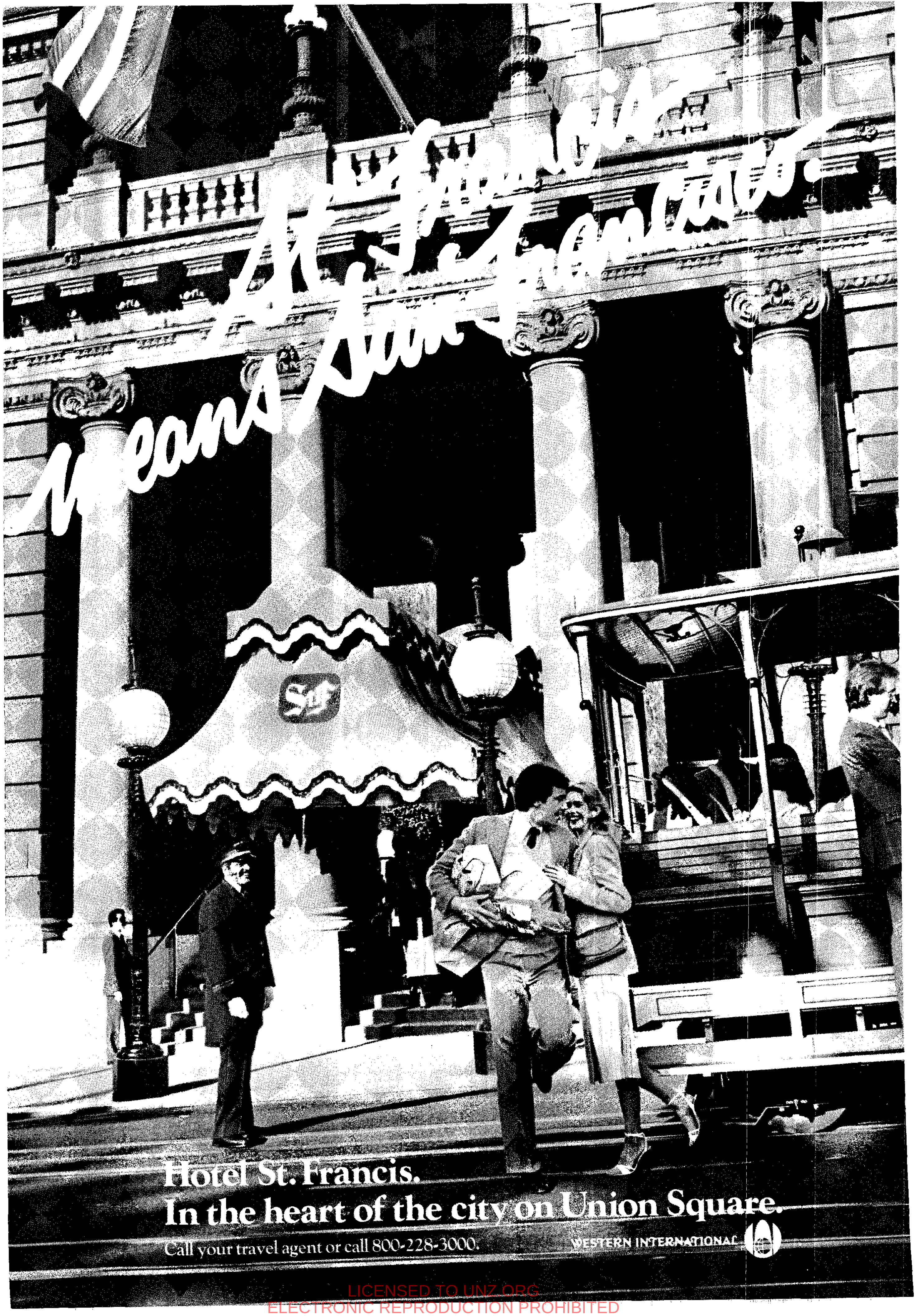
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to have grasped what was "American" in ballet and what was "classical" in popular dance. Eclecticism flows naturally in his choreography; there are no quotation marks to categorize and stiffen effects as they happen. Smuin, who was born in the year of "Filling Station" and "Billy the Kid," may be the last American choreographer to deal directly in the vernacular, without the crutch of nostalgia. And he handles the material of great popular myths as if those myths had never died. "A Song for Dead Warriors" is about the oppression of the American Indian; though its story is real enough, its emotions and the specific situations that evoke them are supra-real: we're back in the land of "Billy the Kid"—the boyhood land of legend and mythic terror. Smuin is the show-biz descendant of Christensen and Loring; his texture is coarser (a pool-hall scene, expressionistically staged and lit with a green rectangle thrown on the floor, evokes some of Kidd's numbers in "Guys and Dolls"), but his sentiment is no less sincere. Part of the strength of his Indian ballet comes from our feeling that Smuin is unconscious of any relation to "Billy the Kid" or anything else we may have seen before. He can immerse himself in his material even as he manipulates it with formulas—formula racist villains, formula ethnic rape, formula beatings up—and we succumb afresh, as he has himself.

Nothing is so powerful in the theatre as belief; shamelessness born of innocence is hard to resist. Smuin may push some of his violent scenes too far, but he does not mistake violence for power, and the single most violent scene in the ballet is also the tersest: a stabbing, a scalping, and then death in a fusillade—all acquitted in about five blinding seconds. This ballet has no use for the stylized combat of "Billy the Kid," and if the fact were mentioned to Smuin he would probably say, "That was fantasy—this is real." Yet some of the most provocative moments in the ballet are deliberately artificial. When the Indians dance, they do aerial turns and jumps; they're great warriors of the past who appear to the young hero in visions. But in the climactic vision they are doing a stomping tribal dance, and we experience the moment not as "truth" but as an extension into a new key of the former dances. If anything, it's more brilliant and idealized than the ballet-style leaps and turns. Smuin begins and ends the ballet with black-and-white photographs of Indians living in degraded conditions, some of which correspond to images in the ballet and were obviously posed and taken with the ballet in mind. But these fake-real photos reinforce the meaning of the lives the ballet is about—lives of literal nightmare, in which pain has become almost ritualized in its ceaseless repetition and facts are indistinguishable from the mythic echoes they release. Who does not feel both real guilt and artificial piety about the Indians? And why is this commingling of guilt and piety so *enjoyable*? Perhaps because of the way the Indians resonate in the American psyche, touching our earliest and most elemental fears and joys. They're a collective childhood memory we want to celebrate, and yet they are disturbing to think about. Venting our loaded feelings theatrically may not take care of the problem, but there's no question that we need to do it. And Smuin has perceived that we need to do it many different ways—lyrically (through music and dancing), luridly (through melodrama), factually (through photographs), scenically (through projections that range from meditative vistas to menacing shadows). There are even things like headlights from a car that appears to be driven onstage and, when the hero's hallucinations are at a peak, a line of demon buffalos charging head-on, which is *not* a projection. All these effects are balanced with fastidious coordination; here more than in the dance scenes Smuin shows his flair for movement and design. Indeed, his contribution is more than choreography. It's as if, having assigned every expressive theatrical resource a separate task, he had then orchestrated the whole in a seamless spectacle and dominated it with his personal vision. The music (Charles Fox), the projections (Ronald Chase), the lighting (Sara Linnie Slocum), the costumes and décor (an uncommonly restrained Willa Kim), and the performing of a large cast are of remarkable quality, but more remarkable still is the authority that fuses them.

I once called Smuin a Belasco; here he's more a Max Reinhardt, but I wonder if even Reinhardt could have reconciled as many contrasts as Smuin does. The visual style of the production is yet another pair: austere and extravagant. Not that Smuin is a great artist. "A Song for Dead Warriors"

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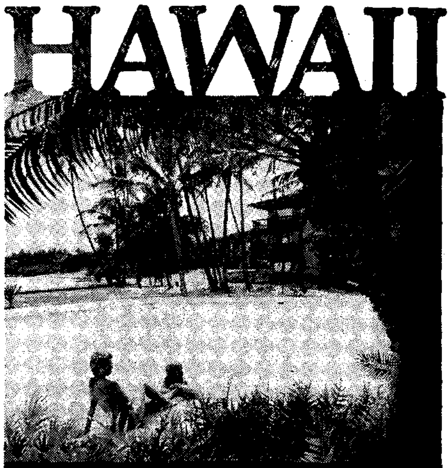

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isn't a ballet one needs to see again. Once catharsis is over, there's not much more it can make happen. Yet I did *want* to see Smuin's Mozart ballet again. When the company was here two years ago, they left that one out of the repertory and I was relieved not to see it; it sounded dreadful—a ballet to the C-Minor Mass. Now that I have seen it, I still think it's a dreadful *idea*, but the ballet itself is not bad. It's exuberant, so pure in spirit that it's totally inoffensive. Smuin, in a program note, says he wanted to make "a completely uninhibited physical celebration of Mozart's music," and the only thing that inhibits him is his limitations as a choreographer; the naïveté of taste that made him want to set a piece of sacred music, and this piece in particular, doesn't extend to his technique. But the technique is nowhere near big enough. Smuin has aimed the choreography away from religiosity (except for a few token gestures). It follows the Mass's structure without forcing a liturgical parallel. Smuin's mind is clearly on adapting Mozart's musical forms to the requirements of a big, brash, variously accomplished but raring-to-go ballet company. In fact, what he has achieved is a physical celebration *to* Mozart's music. "Mozart's C-Minor Mass" comes out looking like the definitive company display piece that the repertory needs right now. Smuin has a sharp musical ear, crack timing, and impressive fluency as a craftsman, if not great eloquence. He also has a fatal attraction to great music and great themes, but his innocence is always there to protect him; one could never accuse him of exploitation. Pragmatist yes, opportunist no.

The younger San Francisco choreographers—Robert Gladstein, Tomm Ruud, John McFall—have no impact comparable to Smuin's, but they are patient and serious workers. Gladstein's setting of Leonard Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms," involving the inhabitants of an embattled kibbutz, impressed many people with its quiet dignity—a bloodless virtue, to my mind; the dancing was just not very interesting. It occurred to me, though, that pieces like this and like "A Song for Dead Warriors" are hardly ever done back East, and while unfashionable is not the same as original, it still invites risks that, in a conformist art like choreography, can be salutary. Privileged isolation may actually be the largest benefit that the Christensens' decision to stay out West has conferred on their successors, and it may be what enables Lew Christensen to keep turning out his delightful anachronistic ballets. "Scarlatti Portfolio," a batch of sketches of harlequinade characters, is one of his vaudevilles—light, amiable, with a teasing strain of eccentricity. Had I not known the date of composition to be 1979, I'd have guessed 1950. And instead of 1950 I'd have guessed the date of Willam Christensen's "Nothin' Doin' Bar," also performed in Brooklyn, to be 1938 (because of its resemblance to "Filling Station"). These ballets aren't uselessly dated; they seem to have been stranded by history, but they continue to tell us something about the popular theatre they came out of and about the tradition of synthesis in which so many saw the future of American ballet.

The company, on the whole, left an even stronger impression than it did two years ago. In dancing as well as in choreography, there seemed to be more individual initiative, less conscientious aping of things done elsewhere; the company style had grown larger—more courageous and concerted. There were dancers as well as ballets that I would like to have seen more of. (The week's run could easily have been extended.) Men, as usual in this company, are more exciting than women, but in two duets by Smuin, a new ballerina, Evelyn Cisneros, exemplified the bold new spirit that seems to be sweeping the company. Cisneros has exceptional aplomb along with exceptional softness and refinement—she's not at all brash. Though her technical command is considerable, a lot of her power is still in bud. The San Francisco, with its choreographers and its tradition of male dancing, already has more vitality than most companies across the continent can claim. To have a rising ballerina, too, is a piece of luck.

ANOTHER American ballet from that consciously American year of 1938 is "Frankie and Johnny," by Ruth Page and Bentley Stone. Unlike the Christensen and Loring works, though, it's almost undigested burlesque, with nothing much going on under the surface. At least, that is how it was done by the Cincinnati Ballet in the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts series at Brooklyn College. Frederic Franklin staged the ballet, probably from his memory of the 1945 Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo revival; the Cincinnati dancers play it not for any historical values (assuming that these could be recaptured) but for whatever laughs are left in it. In this way, they are sometimes able to revitalize the wheezy old routines. When Frankie discovers Johnny's infidelity and goes into disjointed spasms, Cynthia Ann Roses doesn't suggest the parody of "Giselle" that may have been the original point; she suggests a dancing Gilda Radner, and she's really funny. Like "Filling Station," "Frankie and Johnny" is the type of street-scene ballet, filled with various and colorful lowlifers, that was once so common. Besides the streetwalkers Frankie and Nellie Bly and the pimp Johnny, there's a fat barkeep, some athletic cops and servicemen, three Salvation Army sisters, and the usual quota of uppity characters. More or less the same cast kept turning up as late as Antony Tudor's "Undertow," so you can see how absorbing a stereotype it was.

I had not seen the Cincinnati Ballet before and was pleasantly surprised to find it a refreshing, sensibly disciplined, poetically expressive company of dancers who swept through Daniel Levans' "Concert Waltzes" (to Glazunov) and Todd Bolender's "The Still Point" (Debussy) with the kind of ease that one doesn't often encounter, even in high-powered troupes. Someone—most likely David McLain, their artistic director—has taught these dancers to phrase sequences to music so that they look impelled by its pulse, not by mechanical standards of efficiency. This creates a different spectacle from the spectacle of mature virtuosity, but it is the basis of virtuosity. The Cincinnati dancers are on the right track. Mikhail Messerer, who was presented as a guest star, dancing the "Sleeping Beauty" pas de deux with one of the Cincinnati ballerinas, is on the wrong track—he's on a rusty spur heading back into the past. Messerer, the most recent Bolshoi defector, is thirty-one, yet stylistically he looks older than Maris Liepa, the senior danseur of the Bolshoi. His variation (to the Golden Fairy music) had old Bolshoi virtues of placement and ballon but also the relaxed knees, curled wrists, and dainty manner that even old Bolshoi virtuosos don't give us anymore. The style is not only out of date (like some Christensen ballets); it's out of context, too. If Messerer means to have a place in American ballet, he is in for a period of decalcification that may be more painful than the one Alexander Godunov is undergoing now. He could find few

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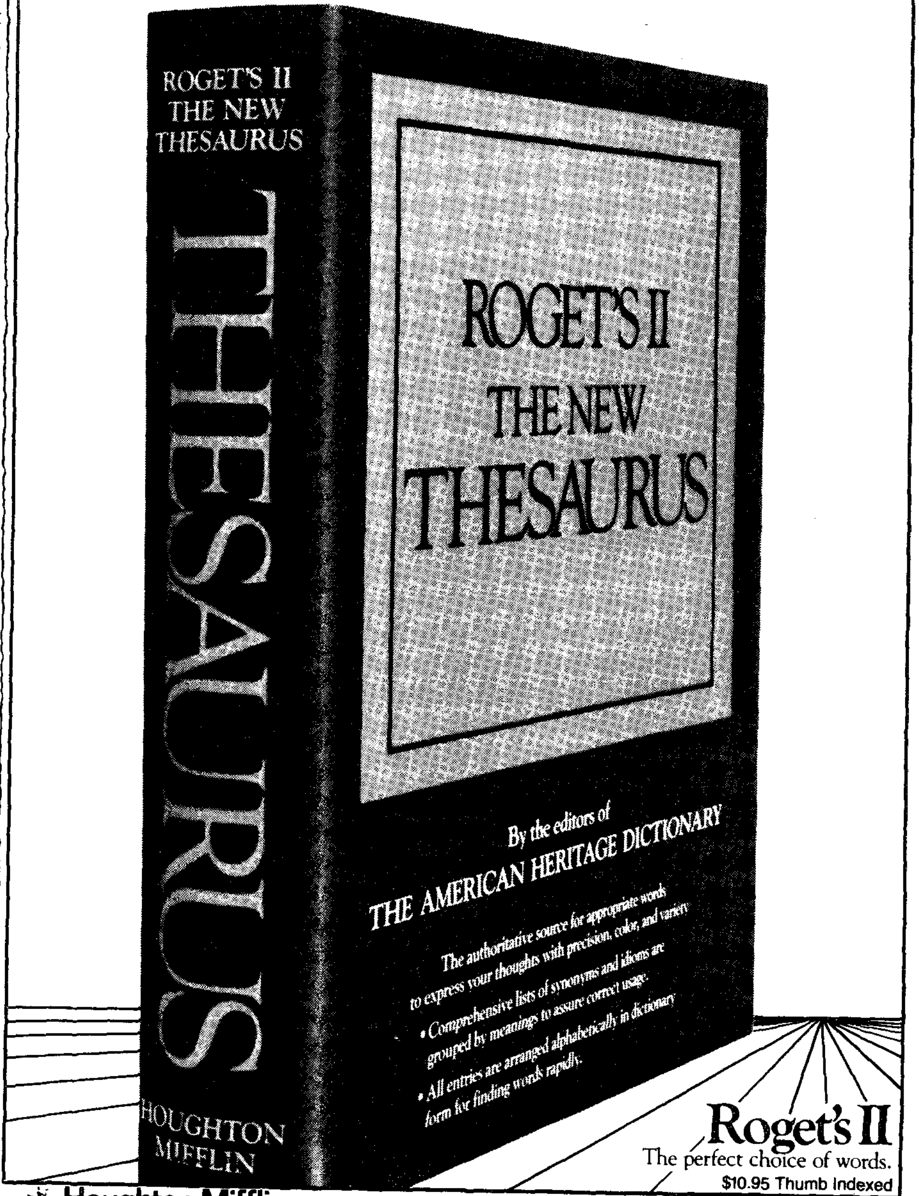
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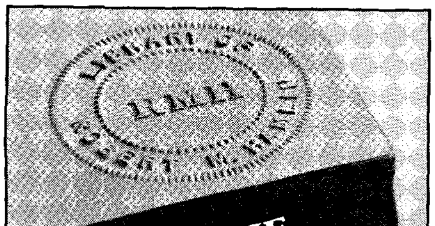

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better places to begin than the Cincinnati Ballet.

Brooklyn College and the Brooklyn Academy are running concurrent seasons of out-of-town ballet companies. The week before the Cincinnati Ballet performances, Brooklyn College opened its season with its resident company, the Joffrey II Dancers. The junior company of the Joffrey Ballet always has fresh talent, and it's always fascinating to see the forms that talent can take before it is overhauled by the rigors of the big time. On this occasion, Ron Reagan was making his début among the other young dancers, and the company chose to publicize this with clips—shown on the Cronkite show and most of the other New York news shows—of the worst-choreographed and worst-costumed ballet on the bill. "Court Dances," however, was a world première. The media view of Reagan's début was of a skinny Martian executing incomprehensible movements in something that looked like death to watch. It *was* death to watch—almost. David Anderson, the choreographer, seemed to have no idea what to do with Gerald Busby's original score or how to present the dancers. Why couldn't the publicity have centered on Reagan's second appearance of the evening, which was in a much livelier and more broadly congenial piece, to big-band music? Reagan not only looked better—pleasantly Bolgerish in a sweater and pleated trousers—he looked like a real dancer. "Threads from a String of Swing" (choreographer: Daryl Gray) is unfocussed and too literal in its treatment of forties hepcats, but it's in a style Americans know about, and Americans who don't know about professional dancing or why the son of a Presidential candidate wants to do it would have understood. Maybe they'd have enjoyed as much as we did at Whitman Hall seeing the son in dances that go back to the father's Hollywood period. The directors of Joffrey II missed their chance to do right not only by Ron Reagan but by the company, by American ballet, and by the history of us all.

—ARLENE CROCE

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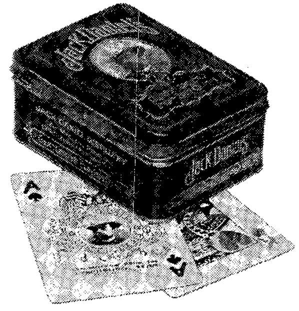

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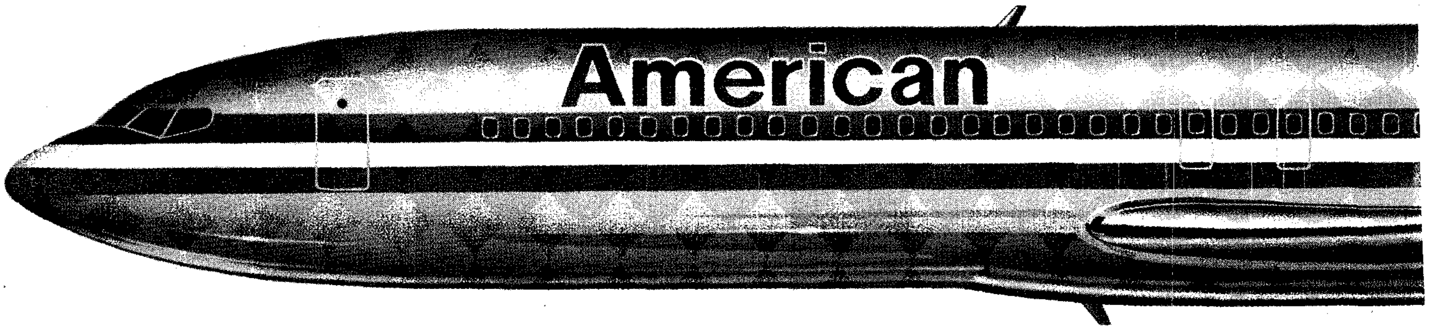

FOOTBALL

Endurance Vile

MAD dogs and Englishmen relish climatic aberrations, and so do the buffs of amateur football. On a Saturday that persuaded many of the pro-lucers of the high-school version of he sport to await another afternoon, he troops of the Ivy League went into attle just as though everything was ll right. And it wasn't. In the wind nd the rain and the cold, quarterbacks lid to their knees as they launched a eftly concealed draw, split ends lost heir footing as they snaffled an excel-ently thrown pass. It was, in general, matter of picking up what could be icked up as quickly as possible, before he turf grew less and less possible, nd then of hanging on sternly to hat had been picked up. Harvard, ad it been given the services of its wo invalid leading men at quarter, hould have taken over Princeton with ase, but then an early touchdown pass y Marion, filling in for those celebrated absentees, went straight into e hands of a Princetonian. Where-pon Lockenmeyer, who the Princeton anagement has belatedly discovered the man for the job, went in at uarter and took his comrades eighty ards (the final five of which were his) r the only—and winning—touch-own of the day (Princeton 7, Har-ard 3). Thereafter, everyone was eated to a sterling exhibition of how arvard football could look when it is n by experienced hands. Yale might, n a dry field, have toyed at will with ennsylvania, but instead it suffered ore of its midseason sputters, and it ill has not made up its mind about hether Rogan or Manley is the better an at quarter. Anyway, it had its uchdown, the only one of the match, rly in the meet, and that was more an enough for Pennsylvania, whose ason-long experiments at quarter ave produced nothing of note and oduced not a single point against ale. Columbia, whose difficulties at arter do give signs of becoming ronic, at least put on a much more stive show up at Colgate, even ough there was an excess of rain ere, too. Colgate's devil-take-the-indmost offense was at season's height r most of the event, and then olumbia picked up thirteen points in the second half to make the final count Colgate 35, Columbia 22. Odd it is, by the bye, that when the Colgate offense is in high gear its defense is more than a trifle porous. Brown, too, went outside the League for the afternoon, to put away Holy Cross—no great feat these days, but done in a way that causes this observer to ponder why Brown, with such as Carbone at quarter and Villella at running back, is not up at the top of the Ivy League.

All of which leads to the occasion that may have decided the issue of the League championship. Dartmouth and Cornell fought it out on Saturday. Dartmouth, overcoming a sluggish first few weeks this fall, has ascended to the form that all of us have been waiting for it to attain; Cornell, overcoming a sluggish start of its own, has been mending with celerity, though damage to its best quarters has considerably delayed that acceleration. Nevertheless, on Saturday a recovered Ryan, Cornell's first choice at quarter, was again in charge when his team collected the match's single touchdown. The weekend before, Dartmouth had pushed a thitherto undefeated Harvard out of a first-place tie in the League with Yale and installed itself in that preëmpted spot. Now it was Cornell's turn to depose Dartmouth, which, despite its best efforts, was still in the ruck, at 3-7, right up to the end. Then, three seconds before closing time, a Dartmouth touchdown pass crossed the Cornell goal only to fall into the wrong hands. That is the occasion that may have decided the League championship. Of course, all of us who believe in the manifold schemings of fate will be going up to Hanover this Saturday to see whether Yale can overcome Dartmouth in a match that can (a) completely tangle or (b) completely untangle the issue.

One last note: Cuccia, who has been a Harvard flanker, punt returner, split end, and quarter this fall, was still at quarter (on the roster, though not on the field) last Saturday. Obviously, the management was *not* saving him for a rainy day. —J. W. L.

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BOOKS

A Sense of the Day

IN 1937, a young Russian poet, Varlam Shalamov, publicly declared his admiration for the work of the émigré novelist Ivan Bunin, who four years earlier had been given the Nobel Prize. (Bunin was famous in Europe and America for his story "The Gentleman from San Francisco.") The Stalinist purges were at their height. Shalamov was arrested at once and sentenced to seventeen years of forced labor in the notorious region of Kolyma, in northeastern Siberia. There he joined millions of kulaks, politicals, and common criminals working in the gold mines of a region of permafrost, an early outpost of the Gulag Archipelago, under conditions that anticipated the Nazi policy of extermination by work at Auschwitz. From Robert Conquest's researches in "Kolyma: The Arctic Death Camps" (1978), it is certain that at least two million of the prisoners died. Even if the camp managers or guards were not always brutes, they were relentless in establishing excessive "norms" of production and were incompetent theorists in the use of "medicines." A horrible daily cocktail made of cedar needles was supposed to cure scurvy; whereas nature, as Shalamov wrote, had taught the dwarf cedar to survive the appalling cold by falling down flat in the snow until warm weather began in the spring, at twenty below zero human beings dropped in their tracks for good as they were marched to work.

Yet some prisoners, like Varlam Shalamov, did survive. He was released in 1954. A selection from his writings on the experience, "Kolyma Tales" (Norton; $9.95), has been translated by John Glad. Solzhenitsyn, who had not known Kolyma, was humbled when he read of an older prisoner's sufferings far greater than his own, and he invited Shalamov to be a co-author of the "Gulag" books. Shalamov declined, probably because of age and ruined health, but also, I would think, because his precise and essentially poetic talent had little in common with Solzhenitsyn's torrential documentary habit. Without in any way denigrating Solzhenitsyn as a historian of the Gulag, one is relieved to have the record of a writer who has none of the orating prophet or his scorns. Solzhenitsyn is a "crowd" man, his language is crowd language in all its variety; Shalamov is moved less by the crowd and is concerned more with drawing strange single human beings out of the crowd. He is quieter than the Master—less sweeping, more subtle in the analysis of what extreme suffering does to people, more curious about what constitutes the will to survive or, indeed, not to survive.

It is a defect of Mr. Glad's introduction to the sketches and stories in this book that he tells us next to nothing about Shalamov's background—he was probably at the university; he may have known something of law or medicine; he was certainly an intellectual—but there is one note of interest: contemporary Soviet critics apparently evade judgment by calling him "a nature writer." Shalamov indeed notes the life of wild nature as well as human nature in those frozen lands in a manner that enhances the vividness and dire meaning of the particular day he may be evoking. This sense of the day is a traditional Russian gift, and Mr. Glad calls it Chekhovian, because of the plain, transparent style; but Chekhov's name is so often taken in vain nowadays that one doubts the comparison. Many of Shalamov's precisions seem natural to one who would get into trouble by praising the laconic conscious art of Bunin and the classical tradition. Shalamov is a careful distiller of small events that evoke a whole.

He is, for example, minutely concerned with the *daily* effects of prolonged hunger—with the growth of physical weakness and what this does to the mind and senses. He notices the defensive rituals of eating, the care for each crumb on the plate. He knows that big men collapse faster than the small simply because the big need to eat more; to their weakness is added the panic of unbelief. The killing work was in the burning cold of the mines. To be too weak to work, to be flogged for failing, and then to be "rescued" by getting a job in the open for two or three days, picking cedar needles or cutting logs is the ideal. There are

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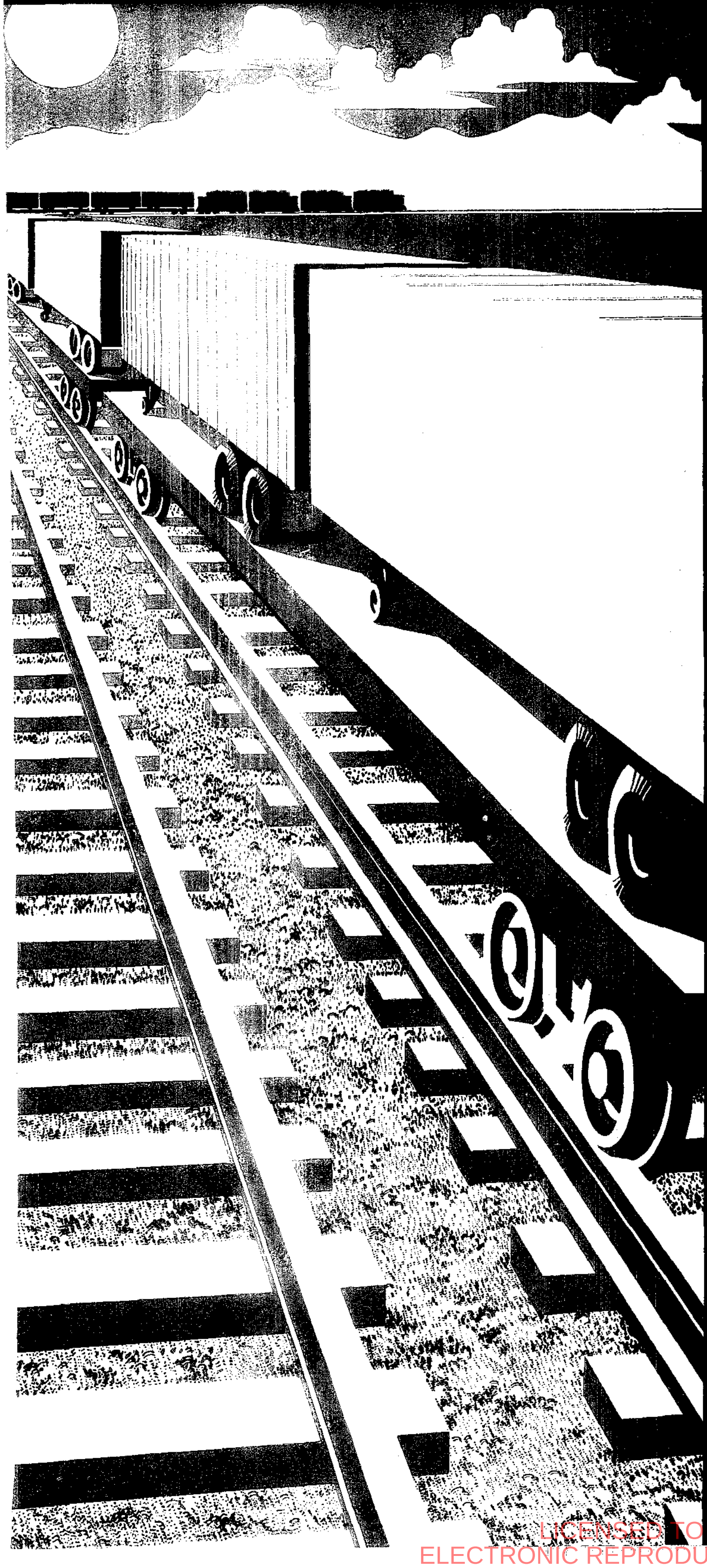

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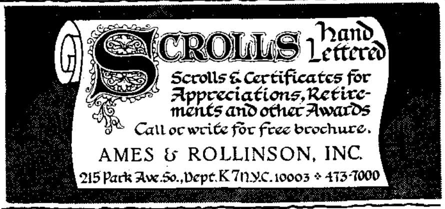
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berries to eat, and perhaps a chance of getting mice or squirrels. Certain passionate yet rational mass resentments are found in people who are otherwise stunned: the general hatred of the bathhouse, the preference for being filthy, the hatred of mass disinfestation. (Who will be stealing your clothes or your "treasures" while you're naked in the bathhouse?) There is total indifference to the daily deaths. Who is going to inherit the underwear of the dead? In a grim story, two men go out secretly at night to look for a suspected hole beneath a heap of stones. One, Bagretsov, cuts his finger, and the other, Glebov, looks at the blood and says, "Poor coagulation." Bagretsov asks if he is a doctor:

> [Glebov] didn't know the past of the people who surrounded him and didn't want to know. But then, if tomorrow Bagretsov were to declare himself a doctor of philosophy or a marshal of aviation, Glebov would believe him without a second thought. Had he himself really been a doctor? Not only the habit of judgment was lost, but even the habit of observation.... The consciousness that remained to him—the consciousness that was perhaps no longer human—had too few facets and was now directed toward one goal only, that of removing the stones as quickly as possible.
>
> "Is it deep?" Glebov asked when they stopped to rest.
>
> "How can it be deep?" Bagretsov replied.
>
> And Glebov realized his question was absurd, that of course the hole couldn't be deep.
>
> "Here he is," Bagretsov said. He reached out to touch a human toe. The big toe peered out from under the rocks and was perfectly visible in the moonlight. The toe was different from Glebov's and Bagretsov's toes—but not in that it was lifeless and stiff; there was very little difference in this regard.

The two men had come to the heap of stones to get the shirt and underwear of a dead man. Back in the camp, the clothing could be traded for a bit of bread or tobacco.

The stories of Shalamov are divided into seven categories, each marked by the same uninflected irony: Survival, Hope, Defiance, the Criminal World, the Jailors' World, the American Connection (the bulldozers of lend-lease were a Christmas present for the Gulag), Release. The most powerful story and the richest in evocative detail is "Dry Rations," an account of four men out in the dead country on a job of roadmaking. The narrative opens with the simple quiet that beguiles us in passages of Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches," where the trees and grasses insinuate distracting or terri-

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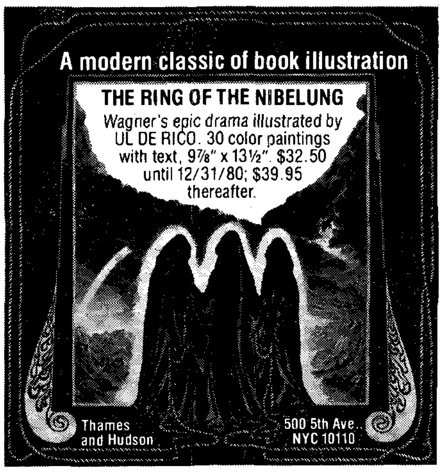
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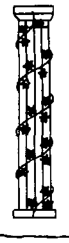

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ying messages. Dense forests of pines row out of the ice and stone of the ermafrost; the trees are huge and eem at first to be exemplars of the nkillable force of nature. But Shalanov, the poet-naturalist, reflects:

> Trees in the north die lying down—like eople. Their enormous bared roots look ike the claws of a monstrous predatory ird that has seized onto a rock. Downvard from these gigantic claws to the ermafrost stretch thousands of tiny tentales, whitish shoots covered with warm rown bark. Each summer the permafrost etreats a little and each inch of thawed oil is immediately pierced by a root shoot hat digs in with its fine tendrils. They rst reach maturity in 300 years, slowly oisting their heavy, powerful bodies on hese weak roots scattered flat over the tony soil. A strong wind easily topples hese trees that stand on such frail feet. he trees fall on their backs, their heads ointed away from their feet, and die lying n a soft thick layer of moss that is either right green or crimson.

The unflinching moralist notes that he struggle for existence has made the narled wood worthless.

The young men in this story are umbly inured to physical and moral xhaustion. Shalamov says they had all learned meekness and had forgoten how to be surprised":

> We had no pride, vanity, or ambition, nd jealousy and passion seemed as alien to s as Mars, and trivial in addition. It was uch more important to learn to button our pants in the frost. Grown men cried if ey weren't able to do that.

Again: "Our spiritual calm, chieved by a dulling of the senses, vas reminiscent of the 'dungeon's supreme freedom' and Tolstoy's nonesistance to evil." (The other side f the coin to the boundless Russian ense of mission.) And then, of course, e foreman arrives, and sardonically lls the gang that their "rest" is over -the "norms" have not been reached. he men know what this means: back slavery in the mines, the nothingess of the camp. There is a silence. hat night, one goes off to a tree and angs himself. Two others take his othes at once—mere routine. The urth man picks up an axe and chops f the fingers of his left hand. Respite over. In another story, a sectarian ho annoys his group by singing ymns suddenly disobeys a guard, who usually shoots him dead. A suicide. ut how did the prisoner get the will disobey? An extra issue of grub that ay had given him the strength to go ff to certain death.

In this climate, mass extermination -for that is what it really was—

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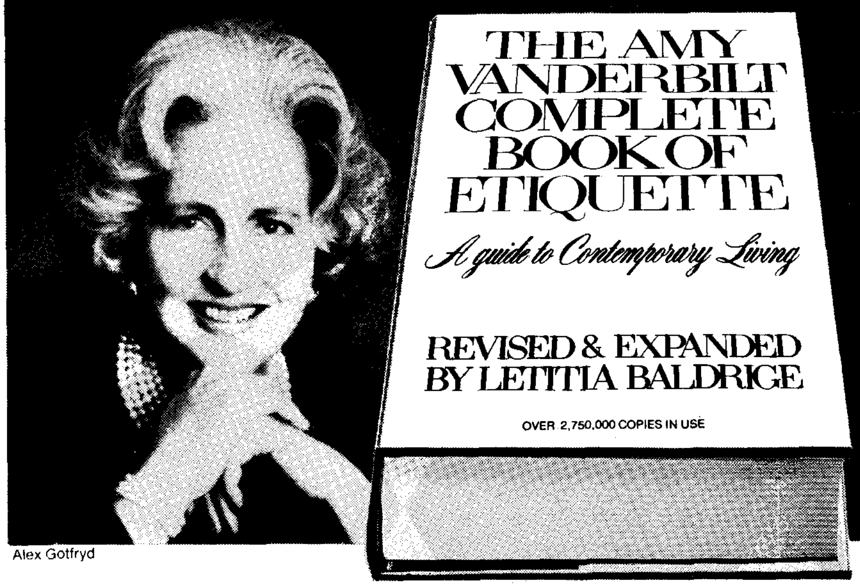
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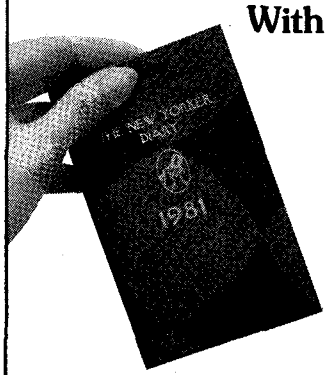

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cannot be concealed. The bulldozer reveals all secrets. Dead bodies did not decay: "They were just bare skeletons over which stretched dirty, scratched skin bitten all over by lice." And again: "The earth opened, baring its subterranean storerooms, for they contained not only gold and lead, tungsten and uranium, but also undecaying human bodies." The bodies might slide down slopes as if attempting to fly: "From a distance, from the other side of the creek, I had previously seen these moving objects that caught up against branches and stones."

Narratives of the camps occasionally contain brief diverting moments; there is scarcely a flicker of this in the gentle Shalamov. Even small conspiracies of escape have to be looked at with mistrustful care: What is the hidden motive of the plotter, when the risks are high? Hunger has killed all feeling, even feelings like pity or envy or curiosity. Since many escapers will die and since survival depends on food, is cannibalism at the back of the plotter's mind? One has to weigh that up. It was not in the mind of Major Pugachov, whose fierce and efficient attempt at escape almost succeeded. This is the most dramatic story in the book. Although Pugachov failed, the point of *his* story is that he was a relative newcomer and had not yet been morally weakened, nor had he lost the skills of command and survival. He selected men who had not lost the active will that frees one from the fear of death. The Major pauses in reverence for his dead friends and then kills himself. Reverence or wonder at any surviving glint of human stoicism or hope is the real point of all Shalamov's best things.

The incidents or sketches seemingly concerned with Shalamov's release are confusing. The release appears to be the outcome of an intrigue among officials. One cannot tell, but that, of course, suggests the deviousness of a corrupting system. We have to keep in mind that Shalamov is not collecting material for a historical document, nor is he writing a macabre thriller; unlike Solzhenitsyn, he is not building an archive. Without illusions, Shalamov is a moralist and a collector of individuals and situations. His book does have the weakness of being a mixture of stories and extracts. We could do with much more of Shalamov, even though we cannot tell how close to the Russian text the translation is, for plain or vernacular Russian writing is, by all accounts, far richer in hidden allusions and revellings in the word than most English or American translators can manage convincingly. Perhaps the grimmest and yet most hopeful words in Shalamov's book are those that make it clear that if the survivors ever met "outside" and "free," they might have forgotten one another, either from animal mistrust or because they had become human again. The thieves, murderers, and informers coped better with the experience of Kolyma than ordinary people did.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DANCE OF THE TIGER: A NOVEL OF THE ICE AGE, by Björn Kurtén (Pantheon; $10.95). A prehistorical novel. The time is roughly thirty-five thousand years ago, the setting is what is now Scandinavia, and the characters are the two species of human being then existent—the doomed Neandertal man of the North and the eventually triumphant Cro-Magnon, from whom we are all descended, moving up fror the South. The action has to dc with a series of touchy encounter: between members (male and female) of these similar but different races herein called the Whites (Neandertal) and the Blacks. Professor Kurtén is on the faculty of the University o Helsinki and a paleontologist of international distinction. The peoples the flora and fauna, the artifacts and the climatic vagaries that he describes here are as authentically depicted as present scientific evidenc allows, and it is satisfying to knov that we are on solid (or reasonabl solid) factual ground. The grea charm and fascination and the excitement of the novel, however, li in its fictional qualities—in th conjectures and flights of imagination that the author has dared t undertake. There is also dram here—probably the greatest dram and the greatest puzzle of our history: the nature, the phenomenon of the extinction of Neanderta man. This is in every respect a extraordinary novel. Stephen Ja Gould, a Harvard scientist an scientific historian, contributes a appreciative and most useful introduction.

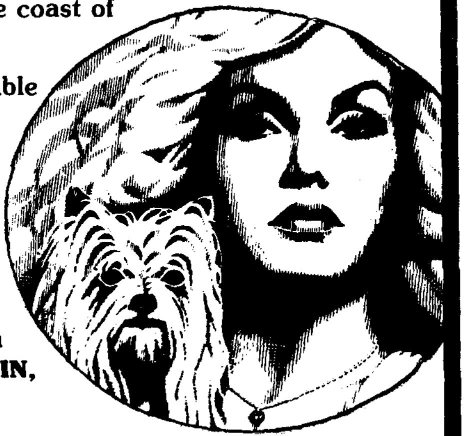
NOTE: "The Glass House," a novell and five stories by Laura Furman has been published by Viking

($10.95). A number of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE BURNING BED, by Faith McNulty (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). A biography of Francine Hughes, who, in Michigan in 1977, set fire to her sleeping husband and was tried for and acquitted of first-degree murder. The narrative, told with effective simplicity, is the life story of an abused wife—what factors in her childhood disposed her to accept thirteen years of physical brutality and public humiliation; how her husband's violence was regarded by relatives, neighbors, and friends; its effect on their children; and the reasons that her desperation exploded when and as it did. Though the book is about a specific place and a specific group of people—semiskilled, casually employed white migrants from the Southern hills—the broader implications, for all Americans, are unmistakable. Many families discriminate between sons and daughters; in this case, Francine's husband, an undisciplined dropout given to tantrums, drink, and drifting, was cosseted by his parents, while Francine, a good student and an excellent homemaker, was ignored by hers. In different ways, each had been programmed for failure—he as unemployable, she as defenseless.

MATHEMATICS: THE LOSS OF CERTAINTY, by Morris Kline (Oxford; $19.95). Mathematics had its origins in empirical science. Geometry—"earth measure"—developed from the discoveries of builders and surveyors and then, with the Greeks, became the model for deductive logic. Morris Kline, professor emeritus at New York University, traces the development of the common attitude toward mathematics from the idealism of the Greeks to the current loss of confidence in its logical foundations, which came about with the discoveries of Gödel, among others. This book will be a surprise to people who still think of mathematics as grounded on a secure and consistent logical base; Professor Kline makes it clear that this is not the case. His call for pure mathematicians to return to their roots in the empirical sciences will not be very popular with most practitioners, who pride themselves on the lack of applicability of their work. If there is any fault in this fine book, it is that the author, who



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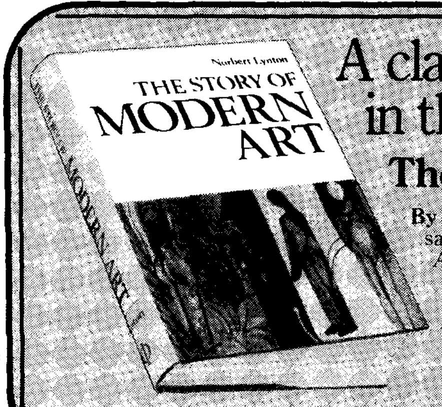

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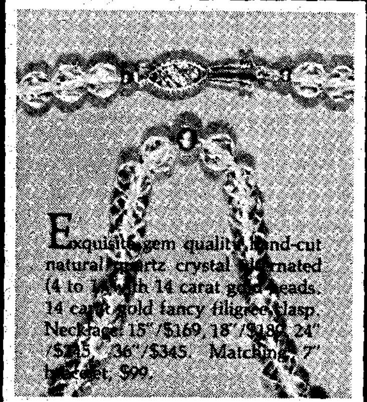

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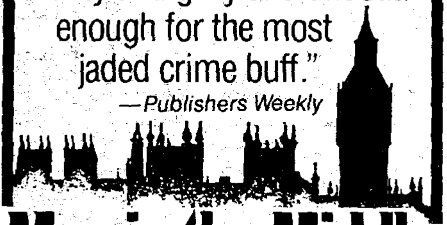

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has made a lifelong study of the history of mathematics, cannot resist going off on historical tangents, which, while interesting, distract him, and us, from the main line of his history of one of the great human enterprises—made all the more human by its fallibility.

ON MENCKEN, edited by John Dorsey (Knopf; $15). Eight essays by eight writers on H. L. Mencken, written in commemoration of this centenary year of his birth. Each contributor has chosen a particular aspect of Mencken: William Manchester tells of his last year on the Baltimore *Sun;* Alistair Cooke discusses his lifelong fascination with the English language; Alfred A. Knopf recalls forty years of being Mencken's publisher. Others write about Mencken's politics, his thought, his literary criticism, and the power of his style. All seem to agree, in fact, that Mencken will be longest remembered as a stylist, and each essay includes enough examples of his writings to bear that out.

NOTE: "Quartet," Helen Drees Ruttencutter's Profile of the Guarneri Quartet, much of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Lippincott & Crowell ($10.95). . . . "The Photographs of Chachaji: The Making of a Documentary Film," by Ved Mehta, has been published by Oxford ($15.95). All the contents first appeared in these pages. . . . "I'll Skip the Appetizer—I Ate the Flowers," a collection of drawings by Arnie Levin, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by New American Library ($4.95, paper only).

•

ERRATUM
Released: August 1, 1980

1. On July 1, 1980, the Commission released a *Memorandum Opinion and Order* in the captioned proceeding denying a petition for stay pending judicial review filed by the Western Union Telegraph Company. This order was rereleased on July 16, 1980, to indicate that Commissioner Brown did not attend the June 25, 1980, Agenda Meeting at which this item was adopted. The order was also reissued to show the FCC order number (FCC 80-364) as well as the FCC mimeo number (27663).
2. The body of the order released July 16, 1980, is an unedited version of the July 1, 1980 order and does not supersede the July 1, 1980, order. The July 16, 1980, order was released only to indicate the FCC order number, the FCC mimeo number and Commissioner Brown's absence.—*Federal Communications Commission.*

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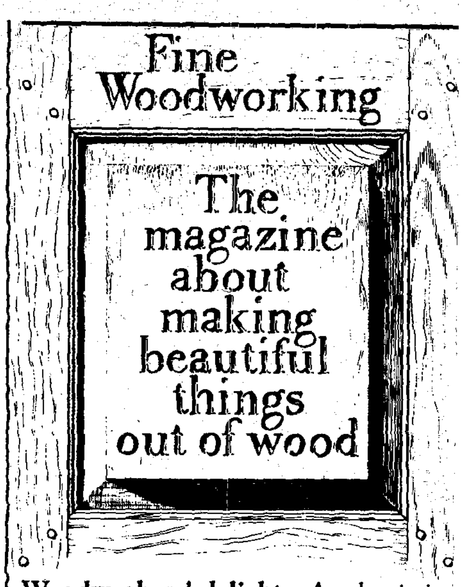
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What clearly isn't the same, though, is the luxury that greets you once you slip inside. Regency luxury. Seats with the loose-pillow look. Plush velour. Available custom leather trim in the seating areas. An impressive interior designed for six adults and their demanding sense of comfort.

No less impressive is Ninety-Eight Regency's resale value. With diesel engine, 1978 Regencys hold their value better than any other 1978 American full-size luxury car.

What does it all mean?

Simply this. With Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency, you can have luxury without giving up that measure of economy you want.

REMEMBER: *Compare* the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Estimates lower in California. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

IMPORTANT: Computer Command Control is on all standard 1981 gasoline engines. It helps reduce exhaust emissions while allowing good fuel efficiency.

The new Ninety-Eight Regency.

Oldsmobile

GM

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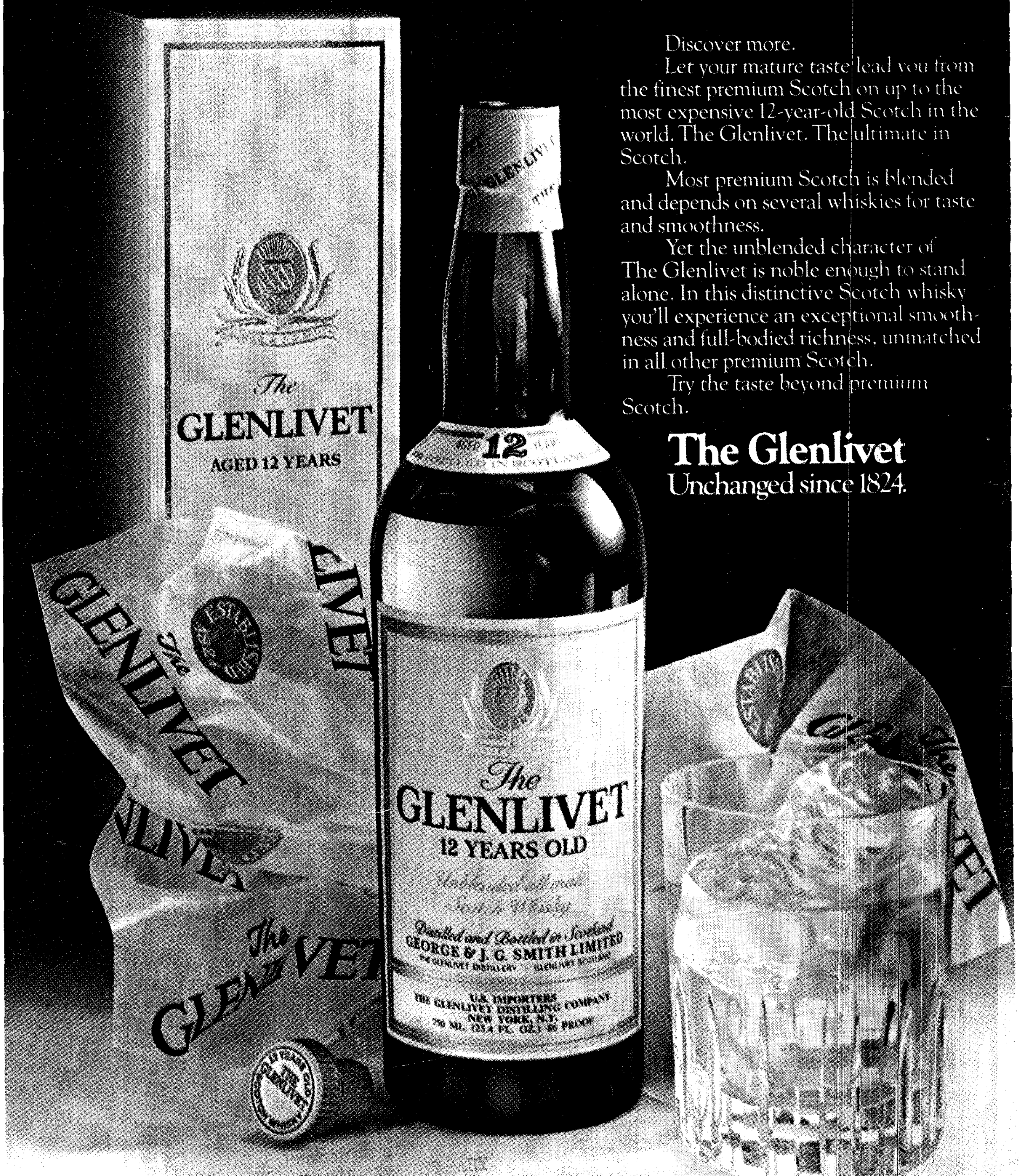
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